My worst hours on Everest

Brigadier Sir John Hunt tells his own story

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MACLEAN'S NOVEMBER 15, 1953 VOLUME 66 NUMBER 22
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

DEBATE CAN BE OVERDONE

LESTER B. PEARSON, Secretary of State for External Affairs and retiring President of the United Nations Assembly, set off a flurry of journalistic argument recently when he pleaded for a little privacy, a little old-fashioned diplomacy for the United Nations. "There should be opportunities here for other than public appearances," he said. "A television panel discussion can be instructive or entertaining, but it is no substitute for direct consultation or for that old fashioned diplomacy which is becoming more respectable by comparison with some of its gaudier but not always more responsible or restrained successors. It is, of course, essential that all free peoples should know and understand the great issues of policy which may mean life or death to them. But it is not essential, indeed it is often harmful, for the negotiation of policy always to be conducted in glass houses which are often too tempting a target for brickbats. It is all too easy to strike attitudes in public, only to find later that we are stuck with them. Open diplomacy now tends to become frozen diplomacy."

These words, which seem to us the plainest common sense, moved a number of editorial writers on both sides of the border to voluble horror. Editor and Publisher, the trade paper of journalism, was "shocked" by this "double faced approach to world affairs." That professional lowbrow, the New York Daily News, detected "that old proverbial fishy smell" in Pearson's "dangerous and anti-democratic" suggestion. Even the Montreal Gazette thought that "the harsh light of publicity must continue to show the world that contrast between what the Reds say and what they do."

All this high minded alarm springs from an old and well-founded distaste for secret international agreements. Private, under the table deals between great powers shocked the public at the time of World War I and left President Wilson to inscribe "open covenants openly arrived at" among his fourteen points for world peace. But Wilson's phrase has now been carried far beyond Wilson's own concept and practice. Harold Nicolson, who attended the Peace Conference of 1919 as a junior British diplomat, recalled in a recent article how he went through police barriers and military guards to the room in which Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau were conferring over the map of Europe. "But," says Nicolson, "such confidential conclave was absolutely inevitable. I am perfectly certain that if in 1919 the negotiations had been conducted in public, no settlement whatsoever would have been reached."

If you think about it for a minute, this becomes obvious. No one in his own private affairs and no country in its own internal affairs would ever think of conducting negotiations in public. Conclusions, yes. Sales must be recorded, legislation must be debated. But the initial consideration of these things is always private. Cabinet meetings in all countries are strictly secret, protected by a solemn oath of office. Parliamentary caucuses, where party policy is determined, are conducted behind closed doors. Why do we require the United Nations to observe a standard of purity or publicity which we don't impose on ourselves at home?

In practice this standard of hundred percent publicity doesn't work any way. Public sessions are held at which public speeches are made invariably directed to the folks back home. But when countries propose to get together on some compromise for the solution of disagreements, they confer in private at least in the initial stages.

Public business is the public's business and the public's right to know who's doing what business on its behalf—and to approve or reject the transaction as it sees fit—cannot be disputed. But it's only secret *agreements* we need fear—secret discussions are inevitable and up to a point can also be desirable.

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BALANCE is important in DIABETES, too . . .

IN A WAY the skillful performer on the tight wire and people with diabetes have certain things in common.

The performer depends principally on proper balance and control to accomplish his difficult act. Likewise, diabetics must be equally concerned with balance and control — if they are to live nearly normal, active lives.

The three essential factors which diabetics must keep in proper balance are, diet, exercise and insulin.

1 Diet is a vital part of the treatment of every diabetic. In many mild cases, *especially when diabetes is discovered early*, diet alone can control the disease.

2 Exercise, or active work, is also important in the treatment of diabetes, because it helps to increase the ability of the body to use sugars and starches.

3 Insulin does not cure the disease, but it has often given diabetics a new lease on life. Insulin enables diabetics to utilize food and convert it into energy in a normal way.

New and different types of insulin, which vary in speed and duration of action, now make possible more effective control of diabetes. Many research studies are now under way to learn more about the chemistry of insulin and how it is used by the body. These and other investigations will probably bring an increasingly hopeful outlook for most diabetics.

When diagnosed early, diabetes is easier to control, and serious complications can often be avoided. Fortunately, diabetes can be readily detected by having a urinalysis — preferably with your periodic health examination. This usually permits its discovery before the appearance of typical symptoms such as *excessive hunger or thirst, frequent urination, loss of weight, or constant fatigue*.

No one should neglect regular medical examinations — particularly *overweight people who are past 40 and also those with a family history of diabetes*.

Metropolitan's booklet called "Diabetes" tells how diabetics can usually live long and active lives. It also includes facts about the progress made by medical science in the treatment of diabetes, and information which may be helpful in guarding against this disease.

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London Letter

BY Beverley Baxter

A LINGERING LOOK AT CANADA

THE NEAT little Pullman car train slid out of Victoria Station and the journey to Margate-on-Sea had begun. The Labour Party was holding its annual conference there and although I had been back in London for only a few hours from my Canadian tour I felt I must have a look at the gentlemen — and ladies — of the Left.

But as the train went on its way I could not get Canada out of my thoughts nor avoid comparisons between the old world and the new. The English landscape looked as if a gardener had just manicured it. Not a tree was out of place; even the cows seemed to have been arranged by Constable. The church steeple against the sky line was just in the right architectural position and the meadows were softly undulating and lushly green.

"Would you care for a whisky and soda, sir?" said the Pullman attendant who looked and sounded like an ambassador. Just then I saw something that seemed to epitomize the whole scene. On the sloping roof of a small country house a man sat apparently lost in reverie. He had no tools and not even a book to read. Perhaps he just wanted to get away from his wife. It just could not happen in Canada.

A week ago I was in New York, which never looked more attractive. No wonder women go shopping mad when they reach it. Temptation in its most sensuous form beckons seductively from every window. In the room of our hotel there were instructions on what to do in an air raid. We should leave the room, sit down in the corridor against the wall and await further instructions. What a target New York would present in an atomic war! No longer is the United States in a position to temporize in case of war. It has now an urgent priority interest in the prevention of war.

On the Queen Mary there was a peace conference which gave me pleasure. Readers of Maclean's may remember that I blasted Gloriana — the opera specially written for the Coronation. There were strained relations between myself and the producers and on the Queen Mary I ran into David Webster, head of Covent Garden, who had been launching the Sadler's Wells ballet season in New York.

We talked long and earnestly on the ship and amicable relations were resumed. He told me he is convinced there is much musical talent in Canada and that he plans a visit next year to seek talent to train for opera in London. If you want to write him he can be found in Covent Garden.

Fan greets Bax, speaker at club lunch in Chateau Laurier, Ottawa.

Canada! The word is on the lips of everybody. Young men go starry-eyed when they hear it mentioned. British industrialists mutter it in their sleep. If the pound and the dollar could ever re-establish parity and convertibility the British would swarm across the Atlantic.

On my tour I traveled about eight thousand miles in Canada and now I am going to try and sort out my impressions.

Humanity has always interested me more than meat or metals and therefore I feel the best thing about Canada is the Canadian. There is a strong puritanical strain which is reflected in your newspapers and your day to day lives.

In the Maritimes I met a schoolmaster who had served with me in the First World War. I asked him whether French was still taught in his school as it was in my day at Harbord Collegiate in Toronto — with irregular verbs, grammar, and the strange element of sex which makes everything either masculine or feminine.

He admitted it was still so. Yet not very long ago in Berlin I visited a school during its English hour. The girls were about thirteen or fourteen and during the hour *not one word of German* was spoken. The woman in charge was a very Brunnhilde of vitality. Her gestures were terrific, her voice volcanic, her good humor inexhaustible. "Spik English!" she shouted. "This is English class. Always it is the same. First we spik

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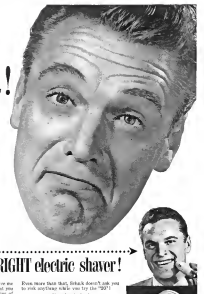
"I don't believe it!

An Electric Shaver Give Me Close Shaves?"



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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

A New (and Better?) 27th Brigade

REPLACEMENTS for the 27th Brigade, now being moved to Germany, are reported to be of better quality than the much-criticized troops who are ending their tour of duty there.

Officially, of course, National Defence follows the Chief of the General Staff in denying that there's any truth in the criticisms of Lionel Shapiro in this magazine, Ross Munro in Southam Newspapers and Bill Boss through the Canadian Press. Unofficially, at less exalted and more realistic levels, the army has not pretended that the 27th Brigade was much of a showpiece. These officers don't agree with Shapiro's low opinion of the troops' *military* efficiency but they admit that most of what he said is true.

They add, however, that the flaws are being mended. The new 27th Brigade had a longer training period in Canada than its predecessor. The worst of its misfits were weeded out at home; previously, the same type had to be carried on strength in Germany because there was nowhere to put them, except in the overcrowded guardhouse. Also, the army has been able to use a slightly finer screen in picking the men now on their way overseas.

The new provision that soldiers' families may go with them is expected to make a big difference, too. The general level of behavior will rise, and the VD rate will fall. Army Public Relations has not been able to make much of this point, because the public is allowed to assume that only single men get VD, but the improvement, when it comes, will speak for itself.

WHETHER it's mentioned or not in the Speech from the Throne, a reform of parliament's rules will probably take place at this session.

You may think this a matter of no public interest, but you're wrong. It's probably the most important thing parliament will do all winter. It's the longest step toward making Canadian democracy work since patronage was abolished in the civil service. It may even do what the Opposition has been clamoring for and restore the authority of parliament.

Not that Opposition MPs will think so. The immediate effect will be to make some of them stop talking. Only one change in rules will make any real difference, and that's a rule for allocation and limitation of time for debates.

Opposition MPs won't like it. They will call it a barefaced attempt to muzzle parliament, imposed by a dictatorial Government with the aid of its servile majority. Yet in the long run it's the Opposition that suffers most from the state of verbose paralysis that parliament is in now, and the Opposition that will gain most from reform. That is the real reason why nothing's been done about it before.

As it is, legislation is debated until the last back bencher has had his full forty minutes' say. The Government has no control of the duration of debate. As former House Leader Alphonse Fournier used to say, "We pick the date when parliament opens and they pick the date when it closes."

But although it can't shut off the stream of oratory, the Government can and

Continued on page 94

Cartoon by Grassick

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MACLEAN'S

SIR JOHN HUNT DESCRIBES:

"My worst hours on Everest"

Here is the enthrolling story behind the conquest of Everest: how on inspired bond of unsung heroes fought the unique terrors on the roof of the world to pove the woy for the finol ossoult

A BONUS-LENGTH FEATURE

ALL THE WORLD knows the final drama of Everest how on May 29 1953, Edmund Hillary of New Zealand and Tenzing a Nepalese made a breakneck dash to the top What the world doesn't yet know is the equally gripping drama of how the final dash was made possible how the first assault failed, how exhaustion sickness, heartbreak and the worst weather in the world were overcome by inspired men who have since slipped uncomplainingly into relative obscurity This story is now told by Brigadier Sir John Hunt leader of the expedition Hunt who was up to fifteen years older than the climbers he chose describes the appalling labor of "leap frogging" vital supplies and equipment up the face of Everest so that the two assault teams would be given the chance of victory The long months of preparation the arduous march into Nepal the chilling dangers of the ice cascades that guard the approach to Everest all these are past The last round of the battle opens as Hunt begins the story of his greatest personal ordeal

FOR ME it was a bad start on the morning of May 24 on the climb from Camp VII at the twenty four thousand foot level to the South Col the "saddle" between Mount Lhotse and Everest The Col at 25,850 feet was a logical base for the final assault We were two ropes one consisting of Tom Bourdillon and Charles Evans the first assault team now moving up for our first attempt on Everest's peak my own party carrying supplies to the topmost camp consisted of two Sherpas Da Namgyal and Balu In keeping with our "leap frogging" assault tactics Edmund Hillary and Tenzing the second assault team would follow from a lower base camp in twenty four hours.

Right from the outset I found each step an

THE APPROACH was cut by chasms which had to be spanned by ladders.

THE FIRST TRY: Exhausted and bitterly disappointed, the team of Tom Bourdillon and Charles Evans (shown also at right, Bourdillon above) returns to camp. They were forced back just two hundred and eighty-two feet short of top.

THE SECOND TRY: Hillary and Tenzing start their dramatic dash. On Tenzing's axe are the flags he flew on the summit.

SUCCESS: The triumphant team in goggles is escorted back to base. Hunt and other anxious watchers at the base camp at first believed the two men had failed to hit the top.

immense labor even along the level hundred yards of the lower lip of the crevasse dividing us from the cliff above. Climbing this very steep pitch, the effort was agonizingly great. I stopped to gasp after every step upward. Some feet farther on I could continue no longer and for a terrible moment imagined that my day, and in fact my part in the summit effort, was over. My fears of the day before returned. Then I had found the climb to Camp VII almost equally exhausting and wondered at one rest stop whether I would perhaps fail the summit party.

I had had no reason to suspect my oxygen equipment which had previously worked perfectly, but now I stopped to consult Tom. In private life Bourdillon is a physicist working on rocket engines and at twenty-eight he is an expert in the use of oxygen gear in mountaineering. He and his father had devised the equipment we were using.

Tom found that my oxygen pipe was kinked and I had been carrying a dead weight of more than fifty pounds without oxygen; small wonder it had been a trying experience! He put this right only to find that there was a leak in the tank connection which supplied oxygen at the rate of two liters a minute. This leak could be prevented only by plugging my mask into this connection although I had been using the other connection which provided oxygen at the rate of four liters a minute. There was nothing for it but to climb at the lower rate of flow. Apart from the extra effort involved, this might not be a disadvantage for it would bring my pace down toward that of the native Sherpa carriers who were climbing without oxygen. It would also economize oxygen and there would be thus less danger of the supply running out.

So on we went after losing a valuable half hour on this incident. I thought of the watchers below wondering, as I had done on similar occasions, what on earth we could be doing to stop so soon after leaving Camp VII. We went on up, very slowly indeed, to the top of Lhotse Glacier, the steep barrier to the South Col; it seemed to us that here lay the crux to the ascent of Everest.

Both ropes of climbers were moving at much the same snail's pace. Just before the top terrace is reached two final obstacles bar the way: another ice cliff, with a yawning crevasse along its foot. Miraculously, a shelf of ice ran across this rising steadily from left to right. It meant a deviation from the direction in which we wanted to go, but it led us to the top of the cliff, delightfully. An old line, left behind by last year's Swiss attempt, lay about loosely, but it was unnecessary to use it.

Above, another big crevasse stopped us; we had to move yet farther to the right until it narrowed sufficiently for a big upward stride to be made. An awkward and anxious stride, for the edges on both sides overhung and you stepped from one fragile snow bracket on to another. But we got across, and after climbing up a few more feet we all sat down to rest at the level of the Traverse.

It was about 1 p.m. The Western Cwm, the great high-level glen which slopes from the foot of Lhotse at the twenty-two-thousand-foot level, down to the brink of the Icefall at nineteen thousand feet, now looked shrunk and very distant; it seemed to have narrowed to maplike proportions. The Cwm had been named for his favorite Welsh climbing haunts by George Mallory, the Everest pioneer whose body has lain lost somewhere on this mountain since his tragic attempt with Andrew Irvine in 1924. Below the Icefall, which had earlier challenged us with an all-but-insurmountable cliff of ice two thousand feet deep, the Khumbu Glacier was a black well of seemingly bottomless depth.

An insignificant blur some way down, under the west ridge of Everest, was Advance Base. We saw beyond the dwarfed cone of Pumori to the level summits of two other giants, Gyachung Kung (25,900 feet) and Cho Oyu (26,900 feet) and felt we could almost count ourselves on equal terms with them. We were very high in the world.

On we went intrigued toward the Traverse. The wind had coated the surface with a treacherous boardlike crust. Sometimes it let you sink awkwardly into the underlying soft snow; at other times it bore your weight. It was a tiring progress. For a while the angle was fairly steep, more so than I had expected; perhaps as much as fifty degrees at the point where the gully runs beside the Lhotse Glacier, an old rope could be seen a hundred feet below us, fixed between the glacier edge and a horizontal band of rock. Then the gradient relented as we stepped across the huge slope. I remembered Raymond Lambert, the Swiss guide who with Tenzing had reached within less than a thousand feet of the summit a year before, mentioning that it might have been possible to ski down. It was in fact about the limit of steepness for skiing turns; it would have made a strenuous but exciting plunge down those three thousand feet to the Cwm.

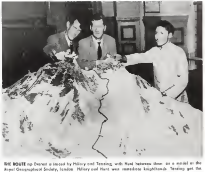
Slow Going Three Miles Up

The hours began to drag as we went across this slope. Charles and Tom were ahead, having a hard time of it breaking the trail through the crust; the Sherpas with me were now tiring rapidly, and our pace was even slower than that of the leading pair. Time seemed endless. We would advance for perhaps four or even six successive paces. After the third, there would be suggestive groans from behind—Sahu wanted to rest. Another pace and he would give clearer expression to this: "Sahib, *Aram mangta hai*," and when I had taken yet another step forward I would be forcibly restrained by the rope. There was nothing for it but to stop, watching the agony of these two men as they crouched over their axes, puffing and panting for a full minute at a time. "*Thik hai?*" I would ask. A faint grunt from Da Namgyal and we would go on, to the accompaniment of a few encouraging but probably unconvincing words from myself about the nearness of the Col. The performance would then be repeated. About every hundred yards I stopped and carved a large hole in the slope for all three to sit in safety and we rested for a longer spell, our feet dangling out over the great slope sweeping away beneath us toward the tiny speck that was Camp V.

By about 3 p.m. we had entered a couloir, or gully, and were close in beside the rocks. We had been going five and a half hours and I glanced at the pressure gauge of my oxygen bottle: three hundred pounds per square inch. This is almost the point where the effective supply dries up and I shouted up the slope to Tom and Charles to wait while we crawled toward them. Was I to go on without oxygen? It would certainly give out within the next half hour. Or should I join the other rope and leave the two Sherpas to come along at their own pace? We were now only about two hundred and fifty feet below the point where it is possible to traverse out of the couloir to the left and across the upper part of the Geneva Spur; the Col was not far off. I consulted Da Namgyal who assured me that they were happy to come along slowly; anything was better than being dragged along as at present. So I tied on to Charles' rope and we went ahead, glancing back from time to time to make sure that the Sherpas were following.

It was 4 p.m. when we topped the Spur and stopped for a minute on

Continued on page 100



THE ROUTE up Everest is traced by Hillary and Tenzing, with Hunt between them, on a model at the Royal Geographical Society, London. Hillary and Hunt won immediate knighthoods. Tenzing got the George Medal. Everest was climbed a century after being established as the world's highest peak.

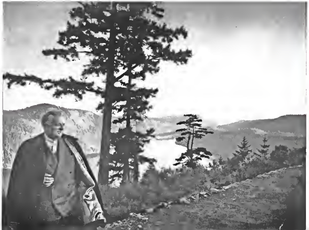
PICTURES COPYRIGHT THE TIMES, LONDON

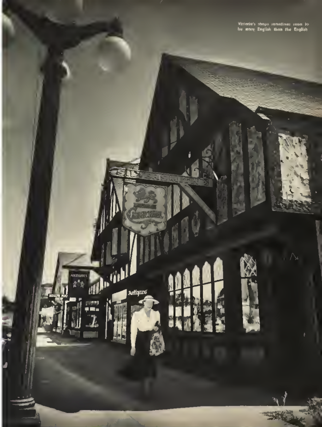
Beautiful, Hammy Victoria sits for a Karsh portrait

Breathtaking scenery, a pseudo-English accent and some mild eccentricities give Victorians a special reputation

TO LAUNCH HIS SECOND SERIES of picture essays for Maclean's, Yousuf Karsh took his roving camera to Victoria, British Columbia, a city which revels in such slogans as "Follow the Birds to Victoria," "The Land of Sunshine and Flowers," and "A Little Bit of Old England." Karsh felt, as some Victorians do, that the Olde English atmosphere was a bit overdone and slightly hammy, but the city's other attributes delighted him. The citizenry he found as unique as the climate. The Mayor C. L. Harrison for example nearly always wears a black, scarlet-lined opera cloak even in the warmest weather. He also collects ancient bars and bar equipment as a hobby and spends a good deal of his time walking in the woods, communing with nature. Karsh photographed him (below) against the scenic beauty of the Malahat, which the mayor can always see from the windows of his mountain retreat.

Victoria has the longest growing season in Canada (it compares climatically with Kentucky) and raises flora that can't be found elsewhere in this country, notably the graceful arbutus tree with its peeling orange bark. Karsh, a keen gardener who has to struggle with Ottawa's early frosts, took note of all this with his color camera. Then, almost a Victorian himself, he left to record his impressions of five other communities for Maclean's: Calgary, Fort William-Port Arthur, Hamilton, Quebec City and St. John's. They will appear in five future issues.





Victoria's shops sometimes seem to be more English than the English

Some Eminent Victorians

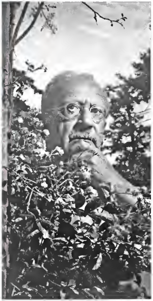
Easterners and prairie folk flock to Victoria to die, but often live on to a ripe age among the poets, gulls and gardeners who dominate the populace and sing impassioned lyrics to their city

For forty years S. Melville Webb farmed eleven thousand acres in Kindersley, Saskatchewan. Now at seventy-two he grows jumbo sweet peas in Victoria, communes with his budgie and loves every minute of it.

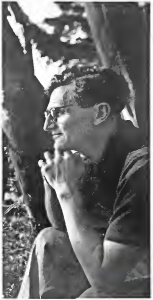
George (Rebel) Mowat, a favorite with adults and children alike, has been conducting Grey Line garden and city sightseeing tours for twenty-five years. He possesses a rich fund of highly implausible stories.

Archie McKinnon of the YMCA has over a quarter of a century taught about fifteen thousand Victoria youngsters to swim at the Y pool and in the salt water of the city's famous Crystal Gardens, shown here.

Lester Patrick, familiar "Silver Fox" of professional hockey, is a Victorian native who returned from a successful career in New York to launch the Cougar Hockey Club in the town which made him famous.

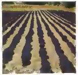


Late Victorian



Early Victorian

THE TWO VICTORIANS whose portraits appear on this page reveal something of the essence of their city. Dr. H. T. Gussow, the man on the left, is a retired Dominion Government botanist from Ottawa in his mid-seventies, who came to Victoria because it is a paradise for botanists and septuagenarians alike. Dr. Gussow found he could do a great many new things here and promptly developed a red-leaved fuchsia which will make Ottawa gardeners' mouths water but will not surprise the imperturbable Victorians. The brooding figure on the right is, of course, Bruce Hutchison, the official keeper of Victoria's soul. Mr. Hutchison is a successful author, biographer, novelist, pundit and (when it comes to Victoria) poet. He has had many rich offers to quit his city for eastern fleshpots but he has refused them all. Recently, Mr. Hutchison commented on Karsh's visit to Victoria. After delivering himself of a few puns for which he is rightly famous ("We take the Karsh and let the credit go"), Mr. Hutchison prophesied that Karsh would never discover Victoria's secret. Mr. Hutchison said that *he* knew the secret but it was safe with him. Nonetheless the secret is here in these pictures of the exile who came to wonder and the native who will never leave his home town.



Karsh was much taken with the graceful curve of this new destroyer still under construction in the naval shipyards

Frogmen, like creatures from another planet, plunge cheerfully into the sea, oxygen tanks on their backs, for Karsh's camera

Karsh's Victoria *continued*

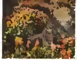
The sea is never cruel in Victoria

Sailors are handsome, fish monstrous, ships graceful and waters moonlit

VICTORIA IS BUILT on a peninsula and is surrounded on three sides by retired vice-admirals and the limpid ocean. The ocean, and the vice-admirals, too, are seldom anything but benign. Canadians tend to forget sometimes that this flower-smothered city is also a major seaport, for Victoria has never courted a reputation for gustiness like Halifax or San Francisco.

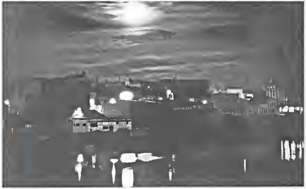
In his travels about the city, Karsh was never far from the sight of the sea, as these pictures show. The navy, with Victorian courtesy, showed him its newest ship, its frogmen and its handsome admiral, the moon thoughtfully lit the waters of the Inner Harbor as Karsh drove by, and while the photographer waited, a novice fisherman at Brentwood Bay not far from town, obligingly caught a husky thirty-pound salmon which won him a prize at a big salmon derby.

Admiral J. C. Hibbard is photographed at the Duntz Head saluting base. The day before, the Admiral had taken the salute of ships bringing back wounded from Korea. The lighthouse in background is an ancient landmark



Colin Lamont, a Scotsman, poses with his winning fish at big salmon derby

On way out to Malahat Drive one evening, Karsh saw the moonlight striking the waters of the Inner Harbor. He stopped his car and made this photograph.



Its art can be great ...and also gaudy

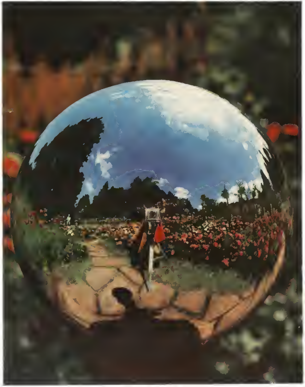
Karsh finds Victorians seek expression in oils, wood, gardens, clothes and even electric lights

ARTISTIC EXPRESSION In Victoria takes many forms, from flowerpots on street lamp standards to the great forest paintings of the late Emily Carr whose studio now occupied by a new artist (and a new Victorian) as shown in the photograph below. On these pages Karsh shows something of Victoria's art as well as something of her artiness. The fairyland lights which illuminate Legislative buildings and Empress Hotel have long been a Victorian landmark and so have the genuine all wool tartans which sell like oatmeal cakes to tourists and help keep alive the city's prized old-world atmosphere. The greatest attraction of all (far greater than Emily Carr's paintings) are the fabulous Butchart sunken gardens on the city's outskirts. When Karsh arrived he found the entire area of the garden crammed with photographers. Searching about for a fresh angle he decided to photograph the rose garden reflected in one of the crystal balls that ornament it. He can be seen behind his camera in the picture on the right. After he had made his photograph dozens of amateur photographers lined up behind the crystal ball to do the same thing as Karsh and to say that they were every bit as good as he was.

Legislative lights are Victoria's pride and joy. They've been photographed from every conceivable angle. Karsh decided to try fresh approach through waters of fountain

Scotty shop sells nothing but tartans. In this photograph a Danish customer, wearing a Maclean tartan, is being served by a Hungarian saleslady wearing Calhoun tartan

In the late Emily Carr's studio, Czech artist Jan Zach has taken up residence. Zach is a painter, sculptor, glass blower, wood carver and metalworker. He did murals for Czech exhibit at 1939 World's Fair and never went back



Karsh photographs himself, his camera and the late Mrs. Jennie Butchart's famous rose garden in the distorted mirror of an old fashioned gazing ball

THE UNHOLY MESS OF OUR CHARITY APPEALS

By SIDNEY KATZ

The fierce and often selfish competition by hundreds of organizations for the Canadian charity dollar — with the apparent results of unrealized goals and exorbitant expenses — leads many confused and harried givers to echo Henry Ford's ultimatum that the fund raisers "federate or perish"

IN OTTAWA recently eight major campaigns to raise money for charitable or philanthropic organizations were under way at the same time. An alarmed Board of Trade looked into the situation and discovered that during the previous year Ottawans had been solicited for funds no fewer than three hundred times. In May and June of this year Montrealers were being asked for donations by twenty charities. Throughout Canada the number of financial drives by national and local groups of varying worthiness runs literally into the thousands.

Pertinent facts about these campaigns are: Many do not reach their objectives; in many cases the money that did come in was raised at a cost for campaign expenses of ten to sixty percent of the total.

Commenting on the state of charity financing in Canada, Carl Reinke, a Montreal business executive and chairman of the Community Chest Division of the Canadian Welfare Council, declared that "philanthropic fund raising is probably more chaotic and more wasteful than at any time in our memories. It's an unholy mess."

Business executives, labor unions, welfare officials and individual citizens are becoming more and more outspoken in criticism of charitable appeals. The specific complaints made are these:

TOO MANY FUND-RAISING DRIVES MEAN THAT TOO MANY CHARITY DOLLARS ARE WASTED ON CAMPAIGN EXPENSES. The multiplicity of appeals and their failure to attain their objectives are matters of record. In one case, that of the ill-fated Canadian "March of Dimes," it was revealed that of three hundred and sixty thousand dollars raised in a campaign, two hundred and ten thousand dollars went for "campaign expenses, administration and overhead."

NO RESPONSIBLE BODY EXISTS TO SCREEN CHARITY APPEALS. "It costs money to raise money," Irving P. Rexford, president of the Crown Trust Company, Montreal, and long active in philanthropic work, points out. "At present any enthusiastic individual, even without financial standing or ability, or even a reputation for honesty, may launch an appeal for funds and no one is responsible for following through to see how the money is collected or spent."

VOLUNTEER WORKERS ARE BECOMING DISCOURAGED AND FATIGUED. The fund-raising drives are now so numerous that there aren't enough volunteer canvassers to go around. Some volunteers work on four or five campaigns at the same time. Recently a Montreal fund raiser became so worried about his volunteers that he enlisted the services of a psychologist to draw up a program that would banish their fatigue and low morale.

DRAMATIC APPEALS SOMETIMES GRAB A DISPROPORTIONATE CHUNK OF THE CHARITY DOLLAR. Purse strings readily open to appeals that can feature photographs of crippled and helpless children. In Canada, it has never been difficult to raise money for poliomyelitis, a disease which is forty-ninth in importance in the fifty principal diseases causing death. Heart disease heads the list—it's responsible for more than half of all deaths. Yet there is no voluntary agency conducting a money-raising campaign to combat it.

Of all these complaints the one most frequently voiced concerns the great number of appeals. Yet our large national charity organizations, such as Red Cross, Salvation Army, Canadian Cancer Society, are firmly opposed to the principle of combining their fund-raising campaigns with the community chest or with other organizations. They believe if they did this they would raise less money and lose their individual identity. In 1951 a committee made up of representatives from the community chests and the voluntary organizations considered the possibilities of combined fund raising. Four or five meetings were held but no progress toward united fund raising was made. The national agencies held firm to their policy of individual campaigns.

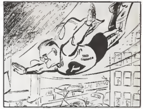
Canada's health and welfare program has expanded to the point where federal, provincial and municipal governments now spend more than a billion dollars a year on it, but many people believe there is still a place for voluntary organizations, among them Hon. Paul Martin, Minister of National Health and Welfare, who has repeatedly referred to the major charities as the pioneers which by tackling welfare and health problems point the way to their solution.

But there is widespread alarm and annoyance at the frequency with which these private charities are appealing for funds. These campaigns break down into three types. Perhaps the best known is the community chest drive conducted in sixty communities each fall. Then there are about thirty major campaigns each year staged by national groups like the Canadian Cancer Society, the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, the Salvation Army and so on. Finally, there is a flood of appeals, both local and national in scope—conducted by a variety of cultural, religious and educational groups for money to provide operating expenses or for building purposes.

The danger signals that too many appeals are threatening our entire system of voluntary welfare services are only too evident. Twenty-nine of Canada's sixty

Continued on page 95

Beset by super-problems like vast traffic jams and sewerless suburbs, the new Super-Toronto has hired Fred Gardiner (at a pay cut of twenty-five thousand) for a role a cartoonist described as . . .



How Grossick portrayed Gardiner's super job in the Toronto Telegram

It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Supermayor!

By IAN SCLANDERS

LAST SPRING Frederick Goldwin Gardiner, QC, a barrel-chested man with a determined chin, a pleasant Irish smile, greying hair, bushy brows and blue eyes that sparkle shrewdly through plastic-rimmed glasses, forsook a law practice worth forty thousand dollars a year to accept the chairmanship of Toronto's brand-new Metropolitan Council at fifteen thousand dollars a year. He did this partly because of the urgent request of his friend Leslie Frost, Premier of Ontario, and partly because he believes he can help his native city rid itself of nerve-tearing traffic jams, overcome its acute housing shortage, eliminate its slums, improve its schools and parks and even clean the filth from its two rivers, the Don and the Humber.

The Toronto Telegram greeted his appointment with an editorial page cartoon in which he was shown soaring over Toronto in the costume of a familiar comic-strip hero. The caption read, "It's a bird! It's a plane! It's Supermayor!" Supermayor sums up his job. He's North America's first—a new kind of official invented in the hope of solving the super problems confronting most big cities in this age of super housing projects, super factories, super shopping centres, super highways and super congestion.

If Supermayor Gardiner succeeds in what he hopes to do other, standard-size mayors will take heart. His progress is being watched both in Canada and the United States. Governor Thomas Dewey of New York State studies copies of his reports for possible remedies for the ailments of New York City. The mayor of Miami Beach visited Toronto to interview him. Gardiner has been swamped with invitations to address important bodies like the American Bar Association, the Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities, the American Society of Planning Officers and the Canadian Association of Real Estate Boards.

For North America Gardiner's position—created by an act of the Ontario Legislature—is a new approach to the mounting troubles of urban areas. Many of them stem from the fact that such an area grows piecemeal, with business and industry concentrated at its heart in the city proper and self-governing residential suburbs scattered around the city's rim. The interests of one section often collide with those of another, so that they can't agree on an orderly pattern of expansion. The supermayor idea recognizes that while full amalgamation of a city and its satellites may be politically impracticable, and may likewise be undesirable because some things are best handled on a purely local basis, there has to be an over-all authority to deal with matters of over-all concern. It sets up a new level of government—a super municipal government with a group of local governments

Continued on page 60

In a suburban field doomed by industry, Gardiner (centre) lectures Metropolitan Council on dangers of unplanned growth. Even antagonistic members cheered.

How to make a reader of your child

By MAX BRAITHWAITE

Photos by Pando

Are you worried about the effects of comic books, movies and TV on your child's development? As Book Week opens, this article offers sound advice on how to guide a child toward the satisfying entertainment that is found between hard covers

2 - 5 YEARS

5 8 YEARS

8 - 10 YEARS

THE CANADIAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION SAYS

THESE ARE YOUNG CANADA'S MOST POPULAR BOOKS

THE STORY OF LITTLE BLACK SAMBO Helen Bannerman.
THE STORY OF BABAR. Jean de Brunhoff.
CHOO CHOO Virginia Lee Burton
MILLIONS OF CATS. Wanda Gag.
THE LITTLE FARM Lois Lenski
THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT Beatrix Potter
CURIOUS GEORGE. Hans A Rey
THE STORY ABOUT PING Marjorie Flack.

THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO C. Collodi
TALES FROM GRIMM Wanda Gag
JUST SO STORIES. Rudyard Kipling.
THE STORY OF DOCTOR DOLITTLE. Hugh Lofting.
WINNIE THE POOH A A Milne
FLOATING ISLAND Anne Parrish.
MARY POPPINS. P L. Travers.
THE DOLL WHO CAME ALIVE. Enys Tregarthen.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND Lewis Carroll.
THE MOFFATS Eleanor Estes
THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS Kenneth Grahame.
THE JUNGLE BOOK. Rudyard Kipling.
THE ARABIAN NIGHTS Kate Douglas Wiggin.
FIVE CHILDREN AND IT E. Nesbit
THE STORY OF GRETTIR THE STRONG Allen French.
EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON

ONE DAY last year a neatly dressed, intelligent-looking seventeen year-old girl walked up to the desk at a Toronto library and said "I saw a wonderful story on television last night It was called Hamlet Has the man who wrote it written any more books?"

Most teen agers have, without doubt, heard of Shakespeare and know his principal plays But this incident did happen and it serves to point up a question that more and more educators and parents are asking themselves "How can we encourage our children to read more good books?"

Two years ago a group of Ontario parents teachers librarians and publishers organized the Committee on Children's Recreational Reading to study this problem. They sent questionnaires to most of the elementary schools in the province they received replies from more than a thousand teachers and they gathered some startling information

The survey showed that more than sixty percent of our public-school pupils spend less than three hours a week reading at home and half of that reading is in comic books. It showed that many school libraries are inadequate that some teachers think that reading anything but texts is a waste of time (one commented I'm interested in teaching not reading"). More significantly the survey revealed that many parents are not doing what they should to make readers of their children

Yet there's no doubt that the value and importance of good reading both for adults and children is generally accepted In his new book Children Learn to Read David H Russell, formerly of the University of Saskatchewan states "The existence of democracy is dependent upon the free communication of ideas and a well-informed citizenry He goes on to comment that a large amount of evidence accumulated throughout the U S indicates the conclusion that "reading abilities and tastes are on too low a level for the preservation and improvement of democracy "

Many educators are concerned about what they call the "cartel of the mind" the tendency of large masses of people to think alike on any given subject. A child watching television or listening to the radio is entirely passive he makes no effort to get his information doesn't even have to select a book or turn a page "What happens" said Dr B C Diltz of the Ontario College of Education recently "is that he swallows what he gets He'll grow up to be a dupe if we don't watch out."

Perhaps worst of all, in terms of the child's intellectual growth he is being cheated if through lack of guidance he passes up the best writing of the greatest minds of all time for the often second-rate efforts of his own generation

But if a child seems hopelessly entranced by his comic book cowboy and TV heroes, how are you going to get him to read good lasting literature? Must you drive him to it?

Fortunately all the evidence points to the fact that good books can hold their own if parents make sure they get a fair chance The Ontario survey led to this conclusion "All reports indicate that wherever they are available and where there is a librarian who can use them, the circulation of children's books is increasing regularly Elizabeth Homer Morton executive secretary of the Canadian Library Association stated recently that "for the most part children will choose a well-illustrated and well written book rather than a comic book

Reports from libraries all over the country show that this is true In Vancouver for instance children took out 728 237 books last year almost four times as many as they took out in 1947 Toronto has doubled its circulation of children's books (from one million to two million) since 1935 In Halifax, where a children's library was opened for the first time last year children borrowed 60 290 books This encouraging progress has taken place in spite of the fact that last year about one hundred and twenty million copies of four hundred and seventy-one different comic books were bought by Canadian children

To many parents comic books are the main bogey Educationists aren't so concerned

In the first place comic books don't seem to be as harmful as was once feared In 1950 after an exhaustive examination of all the available studies of the effect of comic books the Toronto Board of Education reported "No significant influence on intelligence, social or personal adjustment or educational achievement from reading comic books." The worst indictment of the comic book is that it robs time that might have been spent reading a satisfying book

On the other hand a comic-book reader is at least a reader He is interested in stories. It isn't difficult for thoughtful parents to show him that The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn is a better story than Superman that The Wind in the Willows is more fun than Donald Duck One parent got her non reading twelve year-old child into Treasure Island by first getting him to look at the pictures in the Classics Illustrated comic book.

The best test of a good book whether for children or adults is how many like to read it and reread it how it stands the test of time. Thousands of books that were once considered proper for children have been forgotten while hundreds never written for children at all books like Pilgrim's Progress, Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe have been taken over by junior readers Louisa May Alcott wrote a book called Little Men but unlike her great story Little Women, it has been pretty well ignored

Continued on page 68

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

A MACLEAN'S NOVEL AWARD

the alien

CHAPTER FIVE

BY W. O. MITCHELL

The Time of Grabbing-Hold

The blanket marriages of his young charges meant heart-searching for Carlyle: now he knew his concern for the girl was not an official's duty — it was a man's entreaty

HIS INDIAN grandmother's blood, which had secretly nagged Carlyle Sinclair all his life, finally drew him as teacher and agent to the Paradise Valley Reservation; perhaps it was this heritage, combined with his white man's energy and purposefulness, that enabled him to do more for the Indians' welfare than others had accomplished before. Now their crops no longer rotted unreaped in the fields. The children no longer stayed away from school as a matter of course and a few were now showing great aptitude; blooded stock ousted the scrub cattle. But strangely Carlyle found no lasting sense of accomplishment in his role of guardian to the people with whom he had thrown in his lot. Instead there was deep conflict both in his work and in his private life. Even as he prodded the government to do more for the Indians, their own sometimes aimless fatalism infuriated him; even as he felt fatefully attracted to his demure, slender pupil Victoria Rider, the sight of his own son Hugh taking part in a wild Indian dance with the other children at recess caused him to lose his temper. "That's not for you — understand?" he shouted harshly. But as he said it, he knew that he himself did not understand what he meant.

V

CARLYLE'S OLD FRIEND, the Senator, had managed to visit them. Late into the summer nights they talked with the Senator before the fireplace. The old man told Carlyle he had the makings of a good stock man, judging from the improvement he'd managed in the agency herd and lease. He was pleased to know that the Indian cattle had increased to one hundred and fifty head.

But it wasn't enough, Continued on page 81

Raymond looked at Sam without surprise. "Lavalle has you covered," he warned him.

Ralph Connor And His Million-dollar Sermons

The Rev. Charles Gordon of Winnipeg (under his pen name Ralph Connor), still holds his position as the most successful Canadian novelist of all time

This Winnipeg parson who loved to preach in kilts made a swift fortune with his inspirational novels and never lost his simple faith, even when his wealth vanished as swiftly as it came

By BETH PATERSON

LATE ONE NIGHT in the year 1896 the pastor of a small run-down mission church on the outskirts of Winnipeg walked home through muddy streets after a prayer meeting, sat at his desk and forced himself to write a story.

Rev. Charles William Gordon was thirty-six and had written only sermons until then. But the tale he now laboriously set down into the early hours of the morning was the only hope offered by Presbyterian Church officials in Toronto to raise money for the western missions of which he was secretary. "Write me something to illustrate the need," Gordon had been told by Rev. James A. Macdonald, editor of the church weekly Westminster, A Paper For The Home, after church authorities had turned down his request for increased mission grants. The editor had shrugged off Gordon's objection, "But when will I find the time?" And now the overworked parson was robbing himself of sleep to "illustrate the need."

The story, Christmas Eve in a Lumber Camp, was a sort of fictionalized sermon about how a Presbyterian missionary moved to prayer a camp of hard-drinking lumbermen in British Columbia. But since fiction writing of any kind was not considered a respectable occupation for a minister, Gordon needed a pseudonym. The mission board letterhead on the desk before him read Brit Can Nor West Mission. Gordon absently circled the second and third syllables and arrived at Cannor, to which he prefixed Ralph.

The editor believed that Gordon had made a slip of the pen and on that story and on the seven subsequent episodes Gordon wrote for him he used the name Ralph Connor.

The result made Canadian publishing history. By the turn of the century Gordon's eight stories, collected into a volume titled Black Rock, and the two novels which followed, The Sky Pilot and The Man from Glengarry, were having phenomenal sales in bookstores from Calcutta to New York—they were to total five million copies—and with his subsequent twenty-seven novels were to make him Canada's all-time best-selling novelist. Curiosity over his real identity reached fever pitch before it was revealed after publication of his second book. "Ralph Connor is some man's nom de plume. The world will insist on knowing whose," the St. Louis Globe-Democrat had enthusiastically demanded.

Praise came from as widely different publications as the Manchester Guardian and Harper's Bazaar. "He touches the chords which vibrate luxuriously in the popular heart," wrote the Boston Transcript. The Chicago Tribune found him "so intense that one grinds his teeth lest his sinews snap ere the strain is released." The San Francisco Chronicle commended his "passionate appeals to all that is best in human nature."

In the United States police were called out to control crowds attending lectures he gave. President Woodrow Wilson admired his books and Henry Ford, as Connor's luncheon host, sent a servant to his library to get a pile of them for the author to autograph. When he spoke in a Detroit church the congregation interrupted him boisterously at the beginning of a prayer by singing For He's A Jolly Good Fellow.

Connor's first two novels, concerning the influence of a Presbyterian missionary on the frontier Canadian west, were read throughout Europe and set up in braille. The third, about the immigrant Scottish lumbermen and farmers of Connor's native county near the Ottawa River, was said to have gone into the hands of one in every sixty English-speaking Canadians and was classed as supplementary

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A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

IN FEAR: In Vienna, Annemarie was [illegible]

“We are escaping from bad men in the forest and . . .

IF YOU CRY, THEY WILL GET US”

With these mind-scarring words this Hungarian couple silenced their child as they blundered and bribed their way through the Iron Curtain to freedom in Canada

By PETER KERESZTES

as told to June Callwood

LAST SUMMER just before my wife and daughter and I were to leave on a vacation to Muskoka my wife suddenly threw herself on the bed in our Toronto apartment and hid her face. "I can't do it," she began to moan. "How can I manage to pack our clothes? How will we find the right train? I can't manage it, I can't. It's too difficult."

These attacks of fear and indecision have occurred before. Once in Paris on an escalator she was struck with such terror that she nearly fainted. Another time in Toronto she had to draw on all her courage to climb on a bus and go to work. "You are safe now," I said to her this time as I had before. "It's all over and we are in Canada. You're safe, Judith, safe."

As we climbed on the Muskoka train my wife's face was still anxious and I felt her hand trembling but a few days after we arrived at the cottage of some friends she was her old self again, gay and witty and full of plans.

The Taste of Fear Still Remains

There are names to describe what we are—immigrants, refugees, stateless DPs—and they all have an ugly sound. Four years ago we were Hungarians and like most Hungarians who have left their Communist-controlled country in recent years we did so at night while searchlights sparkled off the barbed wire around us and a dog, chained somewhere in the darkness, snarled viciously. It is because of this that my wife, who was unnaturally calm and nerveless when we were dodging the police in Budapest, sometimes breaks down and cannot face a decision as trivial as whether to pack one or two sweaters for our daughter.

Maybe these periodic attacks, the reaction of our tragicomic three months of trying to escape, are over now. We have been in Canada for two and a half years and our fantastic adventure is beginning to blur. The other evening my wife and I were in a Toronto restaurant, eating by candlelight while someone played the piano softly. "The worst moment of our escape," my wife observed dreamily, "was when the Austrian frontier guards turned us back." I was astonished. "No, no, Judith," I said. "It was much worse when the Slovak police leaped out of that taxi and grabbed us." Soon perhaps we will forget entirely how fear tastes and the sharp agony of an unexpected knock on the door. It is time to write it down before it is gone.

Our story begins in Budapest in the summer of 1949 when our life was wonderful. We lived in a six-room villa apartment high on a hill overlooking the Danube, drank our coffee in the sunshine on our balcony and watched the panorama of the city and the river. Judith's father, a brilliant man who spoke six languages perfectly and had three doctorates, had given her his priceless library of two thousand books, hundreds of them irreplaceable histories of art. We had a collection of more than a hundred recordings of symphonies and concertos we loved and our walls were hung with valuable paintings. Every piece of our furniture had been specially made but none was prized so much as the nursery furniture in our daughter's room because it had also belonged to my wife's happy childhood. Our baby Annemarie, a laughing child with a deep tan and a tangle of yellow curls, slept in a white bed beside a window seven feet long.

I was a sales engineer with my own agency, representing manufacturing companies all over Europe. Since our marriage three years before Judith had worked with me as my secretary to help build up the agency to the point where we were very comfortable financially. When Annemarie was born we hired a nurse to care for her and cook for us. Every morning Judith had breakfast in bed and every evening she returned home from our office to find the table set for supper.

Evenings when I worked—for I was very ambitious—Judith met with some young friends from the university to discuss philosophy. We had season tickets to two concert series that were to begin that fall. Sometimes we ate in lovely little open-air restaurants under trees hung with paper lanterns where violinists wandered from table to table. It was, as I have said, a wonderful life, and for two years we did not realize that, inevitably, it would have to come to an end.

At first the Communist regime scarcely made any difference to people like us and their friends—doctors, teachers, musicians and architects who were neither openly for or against the Communists and who deliberately lived as passive a life as possible. But after the

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IN FREEDOM: In Toronto, now six and safe, she has a nursery filled with dolls and crayons. She laughs with her parents and, the ordeal only a memory, they laugh aloud too.

"Shut up!" Bradshaw lifted his gun. "I'm sick of your lies"

Sabati was the only man who could help them and Sabati could not make them understand. In the Mau Mau councils the pangas waved and the chant rose higher . . .

"WHEN DO WE KILL?"

By LARRY FINN

Illustrated by Nick Cantwell

Lunjani broke into a chant, stamping his feet on the sun-baked earth

SABATI had thought that, since he was an educated man and a schoolteacher, the Bradshaws might have overlooked on this occasion the fact that he was black, a Kikuyu, and tried to have put him at ease. At least they might have asked him to sit down instead of keeping him standing in the middle of the room like a servant who is being asked to explain a stupid lie. But they did not, and he sighed when he thought how difficult it was going to be to help them. If only they would try and realize that he, Aro Sabati, now held their fate in the pink palms of his graceful hands, then perhaps it would make matters easier to explain. If only they could ignore his color for a moment and treat him, not exactly as an equal, but as someone a cut above the average African, then perhaps too he might tell them all he knew. But as things were going, Sabati was thinking, he'd be lucky if he left the room without having made enemies of them.

"No, I'm afraid I can't see it myself," Bradshaw said finally, glancing at his wife. "I mean, what makes you think Mau Mau is spreading up here?" He was a tall, lean man in corduroys and khaki shirt, tight-lipped, dark-eyed and swarthy. An ex-officer who had always been able to handle natives, he was very much aware that he was handling one now.

"It is true, sir," Sabati said, with a note of protestation in his voice. "I have heard it whispered here and there. And the children, sir. They hear things from their parents and talk. I think there is definitely something in the wind." He chose his words carefully, preferring to be vague rather than admit how serious it really was, or how deeply he himself was implicated. A shrewd man, Sabati knew what to say and what to omit when dealing with a bwana who mistrusted all Africans because that kind would never believe that one could take the Mau Mau oath and still want no part of it.

"Anyway, I don't think it would amount to much," Bradshaw said, leaning against the mantelpiece and putting his hands in his pockets. "We're very isolated here, too far away from the centre of Mau Mau activities, and your people would gain nothing by it. I tell you, Sabati," he said coldly, "that your people would be fools to get mixed up in that sort of thing. They're poor enough as it is."

"Yes, sir." Sabati lowered his eyes, knowing how true that was. But what the white man did not seem to understand was that poverty was the root of the whole problem, that Mau Mau offered his people more than they had, or were ever likely to get, from just cultivating their tiny shambas. More land, which meant more food, was the burning idea that appealed to them, for they were too primitive to care much for the promised self government that went with it; they did not care who governed them provided their stomachs were full. Didn't the bwana know this?

"Well, if I were you," Bradshaw told him in a more friendly manner, "I'd warn them about the dangers of this Mau Mau business. Tell 'em to keep their noses clean, Sabati, and then we'll have peace in at least one corner of the damn colony. You should be able to do that surely? I mean, an educated man like you who is a power among the people."

"I am just a humble schoolteacher, sir," Sabati reminded him. He was impressively solemn, his eyes wide and unwavering. "I work for the children. Mine may not necessarily be the will of the people."

"Oh, don't talk such bloody rot, man!" Bradshaw smiled with affected good humor. "You can bully 'em a bit if necessary, can't you?"

"I don't think so, sir," Sabati said unhappily, remembering what had happened in the village the night before.

There had been a shauri, an important meeting of tribesmen and elders, and they had rowdily decided to sweep down in force and kill the Bradshaws while everybody was in the mood, one and all swearing that they must have blood. Fortunately however, the combined effects of Sabati's oratory and a surfeit of home-brewed beer had finally prevented them from carrying out their plan, but it had been a near thing. Another such shauri and Sabati could not guarantee holding them back. He had in fact, to stave off disaster, committed himself by telling the villagers that he personally would get rid of the white people, though he had no idea at the time of how to go about it. And so here he was in the Bradshaw home, trying to frighten them, trying to get them to leave without actually saying so. But his hints, his own expressions of fear, were wasted on the white man who did not frighten easily.

Sabati was baffled and disconsolate. He had no warm regard for the Bradshaws—or any white people for that matter—but their presence here was strong provocation to the tribesmen, and it was his ardent wish that they should never clash. Mau Mau meant nothing to him personally, because it fed on blood and hate, it was evil, and there was no room for it in the village of Njong. It was as simple as that. But if anything went wrong it was the people who would suffer in the end, because the police would come and take them all away, and their huts would fall to ruin, and where would be the consolation then?

"It's quite obvious," Bradshaw was saying in a hard voice, "that the villagers have heard what's going on around Nyeri and the Aberdares, and are blabbing their heads off. Just because a few white men have been done in and their houses burned, our people here seem to think there's a bloody war on which they must join. Well, now's the time to talk sense to them before it's too late. And it's your responsibility, Sabati, to see to it." He looked sternly at the black

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KID IN THE KLONDIKE

CONCLUSION

Girls, Gold and Gamblers

By BERT PARKER

Charlie Anderson took a million dollars from a claim he bought when he was drunk. One-Eyed Riley made a fortune at faro bank. Cad Wilson dug gold from the pockets of her dance-hall partners. And the writer, a retired sourdough at eighteen, hit an unexpected bonanza selling newspapers in Dawson City for as much as sixty-five dollars a copy

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Bert Parker was eighteen when he climbed the frozen White Pass and floated down the Yukon River on the Trail of '98. Five years ago, when he was dying of cancer, he decided to write his memoirs. He completed his manuscript before he died. This is the concluding installment of his eventful story, just as Parker set it down.

DAWSON was strictly a tent city. I had never seen anything like it. The tents were all shapes and all sizes. Some were on frames and some looked as though the occupants were holding them up with their hands. Every tent had a cache for storing supplies, a miniature cabin built on stilts about eight or ten feet high so the dogs and bears could not get into it.

There were a few cabins when we arrived and they soon started to build more, but the place to see the cabins was on the hill, back of Dawson, and in the Klondike Valley, between Dawson and the mouth of Bonanza Creek. There were thousands of them of all shapes and sizes, some of them works of art, and others that looked as though they had been put up by ten-year old boys. Very few had windows. A favorite stunt was to insert a row of about ten bottles, usually quart beer bottles. You could not see out of the window, but they did let in a little light to help out the candle.

We pitched our own tent on an island at the mouth of the Klondike. It took us a day or two to get our camp on a permanent base and our outfits in the cache, and then we started for the creeks where they were mining the gold. There were four of us in the tent: my partner, Angus McIntosh, and myself, Jack Riddel and Bert Hargraves.

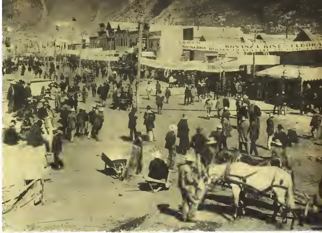
Riddel seemed to know all the worth-while people. One man he knew was F. C. Burnham, who later became famous as a South African scout in the Boer War. Burnham had come in ahead of us with a man named Anderson who owned the Anderson Concession two miles up Hunker Creek. It proved to be very rich ground and was still being worked forty years later. Anderson told Burnham that the hillsides on the left limit of the concession had gold in them so we all went up there and staked. I staked Claim No. 15 two or three days after I arrived.

A man could stake only one claim. My partner had No. 12 and we thought it was better than 15 so decided to record it and prospect it before recording mine. We brought up a tent and the materials necessary to put down a shaft. The ground was frozen and had to be thawed. We did this by cutting wood and building a fire. Then when it had burned out we'd clean out the dirt and put in another fire. Down about fifteen feet we ran into solid ice. This was easy to pick out and we could have got through it in short order. We decided there was no gold there and abandoned the hole. It was the best claim of the lot and was sold that fall for about twenty thousand dollars. That was not much in the Klondike but it was quite a sum for a kid who had been working on a farm for the preceding three years for ten dollars a month.

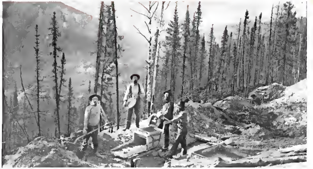
We left Hunker Creek and started scouting around the country for something that looked better but never found anything good that someone hadn't found before us. We did see lots of rich ground though and I think we lost our sense of proportion looking at it.

After our first mining venture folded up we went back to our town house and decided to have a look at the cultural side of Dawson City. This proved very interesting. There were two or three theatres running full time and more getting ready as fast as possible. The stage manager and principal comedian at one of the leading shows was John Mulligan. Mulligan was versatile and it did not take him very long to find out that the acts he'd been putting over in the Pacific Coast towns were not spicy enough for the Klondike miners. He lost no time switching. The miners had money to pay for their fantasies and Mulligan did his best to give them what they wanted. He put on some great skits based on suggestions from gamblers, miners, dance-hall girls and saloon keepers.

For instance, there was the business of the river boat Bonanza King. This boat was ready to enter into competition with the up-river steamers, haul



Dawson City's main street in 1898 was a shambles of drinking, gambling and dancing palaces. The residential districts were chiefly clusters of tents.



The banks of Eldorado Creek formed "the richest four miles in history" and more than one sourdough took a million dollars out of a few square yards of stony ground. The four men shown are using the standard primitive gear of the Trail of '98 — picks, shovels, pans and a portable "miner's cradle."

The drama thrived in Dawson's many theatres — in uninhibited skits and plays. This group of actresses pause at Happy Camp en route to Dawson. They discovered slacks fifty years before Marlene Dietrich.

All kinds were drawn to the Klondike in 1898:
John Mulligan whose skits were raw and lusty
Father Judge who died healing sick miners
Nigger Jim whose mad stampede led to nowhere
The Oatley Sisters who sang sweet ballads
And Bert Parker who remembered all of them

The village of Gold Bottom on Hunker Creek where Parker staked his first claim. It was worth twenty thousand dollars — but not to him

ing passengers between Dawson and Whitehorse. To get a little free advertising they put on an excursion. Sunday was a dead day in Dawson: theatres, saloons, gambling houses and dance halls were closed up tight, and the gamblers, actors, actresses and dance-hall girls hibernated from midnight Saturday till midnight Sunday. So the Sunday excursion went over big. The Bonanza King left Dawson early Sunday morning and headed down river for Alaska, known then as God's country, where a man could do what he liked on Sunday or any other day. As things worked out, going down river was a mistake. Something went wrong with the engines and they could not get back.

This was fine for a while, they had all the women in the town on the boat and a lot of the liquor. But when Monday came and went and then Tuesday and supplies were running short things changed. The girls were used to seeing lots of men, got tired of seeing the same old faces day after day and began to get peevish. The owners in Dawson did not know what was wrong. There was nearly two thousand miles of the Yukon River below Dawson and they thought the Bonanza King might have been kidnapped. However, she limped back to her wharf on Thursday with a sad looking bunch of fun seekers.

During this time Dawson was also completely closed up for there was nobody to run things. It was a dark period. Up to this time I don't think anyone realized to what extent the city was dependent on these people who, in a very few years, were to be legislated out of business. The Bonanza King's reception was as spontaneous as it was sincere. When her whistle was heard down river it was the signal for everybody to get down to the waterfront.

I will never forget the remarks that were hurled at the girls as they walked down the gangplank —or the retorts of the girls, who were all able to take care of themselves in any kind of company. Someone would shout, on seeing Nellie LaMore walking down the gangplank, "Hey, Nellie, do you know that Dago Frank committed suicide yesterday? You ought to be ashamed of yourself you didn't have him half cleaned. Now all his money will go back to his mother. Why don't you tend to business?"

The next week John Mulligan had a show ready for the Monte Carlo Theatre showing what happened on the trip down river. There were no censors then and the word subtle did not have any meaning for Mulligan. He did not believe in leaving anything to the imagination.

Dawson was a lively town in '98. Twenty years later on a trip up the Yukon a Fairbanks lawyer named de Journel and I got to talking about those days. I mentioned a dance-hall girl who came to Dawson to do a hoochy koochy dance but was stopped by the police. "My God!" said de Journel, "it must have been some dance if they wouldn't let her do it in those days. I myself saw Captain Harper of the Northwest Mounted Police bet a hundred dollars he could strip off naked, stand on his head on the stage of the Monte Carlo Theatre and eat a pound of raw beef steak off the floor. And he won the bet."

After sampling the life in Dawson, we went up to have a look at Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks. These were the main creeks in the district and everybody was talking about the money that was being taken out there. One place that interested us greatly was Dick Lowe's Fraction, a piece of ground at the mouth of Big Skookum Gulch, one of the richest pieces of ground in history. A fraction is a part of a claim. When the surveyors came along to survey the claims the miners had staked they often found that the man had staked more than five hundred feet, the legal length. The piece of ground between the end of the five hundred feet and the number one stake of the next claim would be open for relocation, and the first man lucky enough to become aware of it could stake it. Dick was one of the gang that worked the original survey party when Bonanza was being surveyed. All the other members of the party had staked a fraction but Dick and, when the one at the mouth of Skookum was found, the chief of the party pointed it out to him. It was shaped something like a piece of pie. None of the three sides was much over a hundred feet long. Dick decided it was too small but as they worked along till night and no other fraction appeared he thought that he had better go back and stake it. He did, and within a couple of years had taken a million dollars in gold out of it.

The bedrock was mixed in with a sort of gumbo clay and the gold stuck in this clay. There were a bunch of Lowe's men standing around the dump box with brushes made of small buck brush boughs, tied together with wire off the hay bales. I really do not think that they could have mined at all in the early days if it had not been for the hay wire. Every one of those rocks had to be scrubbed and then his men would scrape the gold out of the cracks and indentations in the rock.

We stood there for a long time and the foreman finally came over to us and said, "I see you boys have axes, do you want a job cutting wood?" He offered us five dollars a cord to cut wood up Big Skookum Gulch. There were three of us and my partner and myself were good axemen so we decided that was a pretty good way to make fifty dollars apiece. He took us up that night and we threw up a lean-to.

Gateway to two golden rivers: Grand Forks grew at the junction of the Eldorado and Bonanza Creeks

Mechanized mining by water pressure was started early at French Hill, one of Yukon's richest finds

It worked out according to plan: we got one hundred and fifty dollars, fifty dollars apiece for two and a half days of the crudest sort of work. We would have been well advised to stick at it, but we had come into the Yukon to mine and we still had the gold fever. That was the last contract that I was party to in the Yukon, I am sorry to say.

Lowe was soon driving up and down the creek between his claim and the city of Dawson. He had a fine team of trotting horses; they did not grow on trees up there nor did the hay and oats that they turned up, but by now Dick didn't care. He usually had a girl with him and these also came high in the Klondike in 1898. Dick was one of the lucky ones, or so we all thought at that time. He had one hell of a good time for a couple of years, then he began to realize that the harvest days were almost over. This did not greatly alarm him as he figured thirty or forty thousand would keep him happy for the rest of his life. But the claim was worked out before he had even thought of saving anything. The last I heard of him he was peddling water in Fairbanks at so much a bucket —one of the toughest jobs in the world. I can't see how he could ever have spent his fortune in a primitive camp like Dawson without a lot of expert assistance.

We spent a few days in Dawson, baked a fresh supply of bread and cooked up a pot of beans. We used to cook the beans so they were practically dry when they were cold; this made them easy to carry. Then we hit for the creeks again.

There were no roads at that early date; the weather was comparatively dry but the trails were knee deep in mud. This was largely due to the fact that most of the ground in the Yukon is permanently frozen. It never thaws out for more than a foot or two unless the moss and the muck are removed. This muck is anywhere from one foot to more than a hundred feet deep, very black in color and wondrously rich. The trails would get churned up by the horses' hooves and in lots of places you could almost navigate with a small boat. This all went to make

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Most sourdoughs lived in tents on their claims, but this fortunate miner set up housekeeping, complete with family, where he found gold. Women were few, and one miner bought a wife for her weight in gold

Father Judge trekked a thousand miles to build St. Mary's Hospital, and died serving the sick

A Klondike stage switches from runners to wheels as it leaves the frozen highway of Dominion Creek to continue journey overland. Summer and winter the waterways offered the best means of transport

Lucky miners' claims were located where mountain streams could be diverted into sluices. Heavy gold was caught by wooden crossbars as mud and gravel washed down

With the economy of Prince Edward Island depending on her, the Abegweit shoves aside ice five feet thick to maintain her nonstop timetable. She might look like a luxury liner and steer like a yacht but she's

The Toughest Boat Afloat

By DAVID MacDONALD

IN THE HOT August days of 1950 when the newspapers were filled with black accounts of a nation-wide railway strike the provincial premiers across the land called emergency meetings in the hope of getting the trains rolling again. On Prince Edward Island where the trains were just as immobile as anywhere Premier Walter Jones summoned his cabinet pounded his desk and declared "If we don't get that boat running this island will go smack dab to the devil!"

The vessel he was referring to only a man of Jones' well-known bluntness would call it "that boat" was the Abegweit the sleek seven-thousand five-hundred-ton ship that normally shuttled passengers, cargo, automobiles and entire trains across the nine-mile neck of the Northumberland Strait separating P. E. I. from New Brunswick. As Jones spoke the Abegweit owned by the federal Department of Transport but operated by the Canadian National Railways lay idle at her berth. Her crew walked the picket lines.

For a week P. E. I.'s one hundred thousand inhabitants found themselves virtually cut adrift from the rest of Canada. A smaller ferry from Caribou, N.S., which with air travel remained the only slender link with the mainland met a mile-long queue of cars every time she warped into the dock at Wood Island, P. E. I. The island's economy did a deep dive. Tons of farm produce for export began to rot in glutted warehouses. Fuel stocks dwindled, many bakers ran short of flour, grocery, drug, department and liquor stores were low on supplies. Canada's pint-sized province had a king-sized crisis.

In the crisis Premier Jones moved decisively. He produced a copy of the railway's agreement with the striking unions and underlined a clause which provided that strike action should not apply in case of emergency.

"This is an emergency," he proclaimed, thumping the desk again. "Any time that boat stops for even one day it's an emergency!"

Jones, a lifelong Liberal who has since been rewarded with a seat in the Senate, notified Ottawa that unless the Abegweit was freed he would sue the Government of Canada in the name of the people of Prince Edward Island "for every dime in damages we can trump up." A rumor quickly flashed around Charlottetown later confirmed by one of his ministers that Jones was freely using the word "secede," a nasty term that brought echoes of other troubled times in the island's history.

Finally, at Ottawa's urging, the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees released the Abegweit's crew and the big ferryboat, locals proudly claim she's the biggest in the world, went back to work, a full day before the strike was settled in the rest of Canada. Life on the island soon returned to normal but the layoff confirmed one hard fact about the good ship Abegweit: Prince Edward Island can't live without her.

This is best explained in cold figures. Eighty-five percent of P. E. I.'s imports and exports, total value one hundred and fifteen million dollars—are ferried between the glistening red clay banks of Borden on the island and Cape Tormentine, N.B. Except in summer when she gets help from the SS Prince Edward Island, a tired relic of 1915 vintage, the Abegweit totes the entire load. Agriculture, the island's biggest and almost only industry, leans heavily on her. So does the second-ranking tourist business. Of the eighty thousand sight-seers who left five million dollars in P. E. I. last year, sixty thousand disembarked at Borden, most of them from the swank lounges or the salty decks of the Abegweit.

In short, she is of no less consequence to the island than sunshine and rain. "If we didn't have our car ferry," Graham Rogers, P. E. I.'s Director of Transportation, remarked recently, "the Garden of the Gulf would become a desert island."

This cheerless prospect has been troubling islanders for many years. Although Charlottetown entertained the Fathers of Confederation in 1864, P. E. I. stayed out of the union for nine years. It joined only on Sir John A. Macdonald's guarantee that the federal government would provide continuous efficient boat service to the mainland, summer and winter.

Short of promising to halt the tides Macdonald could not have made a more impossible pledge. For the placid blue waters that separate P. E. I. from the rest of Canada in summer often become in winter treacherous grinding fields of ice. They present a sight that would shiver any Eskimo. Picture two vast slabs of ice five feet thick moving silently, almost imperceptibly, together through a shrinking grey lane. When they meet the crash can be heard for miles. The edges of each slab buckle upward, tossing two-ton cakes like snowballs. The edges roll back till they form a ridge as high as a house.

To battle this seething

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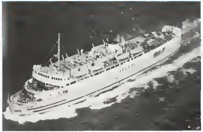

Seven million dollar Abegweit carries trains below decks, cars on top, passengers in plush lounges

Before the icebreakers came Prince Edward Islanders dragged boats across the partly frozen strait.

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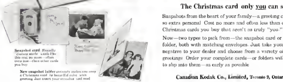

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Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

Fiction's tough private-eyes are satirized by Astaire and Charisse in Band Wagon.

THE BAND WAGON. A brilliant satiric ballet kidding the pants off the Mickey Spillane school of tough private-eye fiction is the climax of this top-drawer Hollywood musical starring Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse. Occasional dull patches fail to prevent it from being a highly recommendable entry in its category.

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY. I would have wagered heavily that James Jones' bitter army novel couldn't possibly pass the screen censors without losing most of its fury and compassion, and I would have lost my bet. There are so many characters that we never do learn quite enough about any of them, but the film is enlivened throughout by acute performances and memorable moments.

POWDER RIVER. A smooth but stereotyped western in which Rory Calhoun and Cameron Mitchell are friendly enemies who finally battle to the death. A sexy showgirl (Corinne Calvet) and a fluttery angel (Penny Edwards) help to keep the plot boiling.

ROMAN HOLIDAY. Italy's ancient metropolis provides an eye-filling backdrop for a charming romantic fable. A princess (Audrey Hepburn) plays hookey from stuffy court routine and a gentlemanly reporter (Gregory Peck) helps her have the time of her young life.

THE SWORD AND THE ROSE. Produced under Walt Disney's supervision, this is a good-looking but rather rambling and bumbling adaptation of the old Charles Major novel, When Knighthood Was in Flower. Richard Todd and Glynis Johns are the hard-pressed lovers, and James Robertson Justice is a convincing figure as Henry VIII.

TARZAN AND THE SHE-DEVIL. The noble apeman (Lex Barker) despondently submits to capture by swinish ivory hunters after he thinks Jane has been killed. It takes him quite a while to get back into action, and much of the waiting is anything but exciting.

WINGS OF THE HAWK. Van Heflin, an American mining engineer, tangles noisily with conflicting sets of Mexicans in a fair 3-D Technicolor western. Julia Adams is implausible but easy on the eyes as a fiery outlaw girl who is also a ponderous philosopher. ("Time," she murmurs, "runs out for all of us. There's nothing we can do about it.")

Gilmour Rates

Arena: 3-D rodeo western. Fair.
Bad Blonde: Sexy drama. Fair.
The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms: Sea fantasy. Fair.
Call Me Madam: Musical. Tops.
Charge at Feather River: Western in 3-D. Fair.
City of Bad Men: Western. Fair.
City That Never Sleeps: Crime. Fair.
The Cruel Sea: Navy drama. Excellent.
Dangerous When Wet: Musical. Good.
Fast Company: Turf comedy. Poor.
The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T: Anti-music fantasy. Fair.
Fort Ti: 3-D adventure. Fair.
Genevieve: British comedy. Good.
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes: Comedy-glee musical. Good.
The Girl Next Door: Musical. Fair.
The Glass Wall: Drama. Fair.
Great Sioux Uprising: Western. Fair.
Innocents in Paris: Comedy. Good.
Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent.
The Last Posse: Western. Good.
Lili: Musical fantasy. Excellent.
Man on a Tightrope: Drama. Good.
The Master of Ballantrae: 18th-century costume drama. Good.
The Maze: Horror in 3-D. Fair.
Member of the Wedding: Drama. Fair.
The Moon Is Blue: Comedy. Good.
Moulin Rouge: Drama. Excellent.
Ride the Man Down: Western. Fair.
Scandal at Scourie: Comedy-drama of rural Ontario. Good.
Sea Devils: Spy drama. Fair.
Shane: Western. Excellent.
Sombrero: Mexican drama. Fair.
South Sea Woman: Comedy. Fair.
Split Second: Suspense. Good.
Stalag 17: Prison-camp tale. Good.
Story of Gilbert and Sullivan: Musical biography. Good.
Times Gone By: Italian multi-story comedy-drama. Good.
White Witch Doctor: African jungle melodrama. Fair.
Yellow Balloon: Suspense. Excellent.

If You Cry, They Will Get Us

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Communists had been in control of the police for a year or two it became apparent that our middle road was no longer acceptable. By the summer of 1949 there was no neutral ground. Failure to join the Party now was regarded almost as open defiance. We saw fewer and fewer of our former friends as circumstances forced them into one camp or the other. It was too dangerous to be seen with known anti-Communists and we chose to discard our friends who became Communists.

My wife had been eager for a year to leave the country, but I hated to abandon my flourishing business. I used the excuses that perhaps it wouldn't get any worse, that probably we would be let alone, that in any case we would need a good deal of money and I had not yet saved enough. While we argued out of earshot of our servant, it became more and more difficult to get out of the country. In 1948 it had been possible to make a donation to the Communist Party and secure a valid passport; after that the passport became impossible but the border was relatively unguarded. By the summer of 1949, however, check-ups on all roads leading to the frontier had begun, watch towers with searchlights were spotted along the border, patrols with man-hunting dogs, mine fields, machine-gun emplacements and barbed wire lay between Hungary and freedom. The papers were full of stories of the capture of fleeing Hungarians; everyone caught received a harsh prison sentence, after which it would be difficult for him to get work. It was whispered that these people were also beaten and tortured.

Every day I grew more disgusted and ashamed of myself because I would have to pretend to agree with some dreadful remark a Communist business acquaintance would make. Finally something happened to bring me to resolution—at the end of June a bylaw was published canceling the trade licenses of foreign agencies. This was the end of my business. There was no longer anything to hold me in Budapest. We began looking for a guide to lead us across the border.

One night on a rare visit to some friends who were known to be against the regime we dared to mention that we were hoping to escape. To our delight they told us they too were leaving soon and gave us the name of a woman who was to smuggle them across the border. If they arrived safely in Vienna they would send a vaguely worded telegram and we would know the guide had been reliable. We waited impatiently for almost two weeks until we heard our friends were in Vienna. They had arranged previously with the woman that we would go on September second. At that moment the problem that had annoyed us so long seemed, after all, overrated.

First we set about selling the lease of our apartment. In Budapest the lease is purchased by a new tenant and sold when he leaves. We advertised that ours was for sale for fifteen thousand forints, about twelve hundred and fifty dollars at the official exchange rate, and we were careful to explain we were forced to give it up because our circumstances had been reduced. Selling a lease immediately made the police suspect an escape was being planned. Many people visited the apartment, but the price was too high for them. Finally a seedy young man said he would take it. We began to distribute our belongings to our friends.

The furniture, rugs, books, pictures and records were loaded at night into cars and taken to homes of friends. Judith hated parting with the nursery furniture. Losing the books caused us the greatest anguish because they had been collected slowly and lovingly for two generations. It was understood that if the Communists ever left Hungary we would have our things back, but we never expect to see them again.

People who notice how fondly we speak of our former home ask how we could leave such lovely things when we were in no immediate danger. It wasn't so difficult because we had realized that our kind of people were doomed in the new state and our books and paintings would be taken from us. Some friends who were richer than we and owned many works of art could not bring themselves to abandon their collections. They are still in Hungary, but they have lost everything.

We are sentimental enough, and the one book we cared for most of all is the album which contained Annemarie's baby pictures, locks of her hair cut when she was an infant, again at six months and again at a year. We even have an outline drawing of her hands and feet at these ages. This precious book we gave to some Jewish friends of ours who were permitted to emigrate to Israel and take some baggage. They got the book through safely and mailed it to us when we got out of Hungary.

He Was An Informant

Meanwhile the seedy young man who said he would buy our lease kept returning full of excuses for not paying us the money. Each time he came his shifty eyes took in the empty spaces on the book shelves, the bare floors, the place where our reproduction of a fourteenth-century Crivelli Madonna had hung. We couldn't understand his motive but it began to dawn on us that he had no intention of paying, hoping to outlast us and get the place free. With five days to go before we were due to leave we put the matter in the hands of a real estate agent and he sold our lease for ten thousand forints, about eight hundred and thirty dollars. We moved into a boarding house and waited with great excitement for September second.

I was kept busy organizing our clothing. Most of our things were packed into ten trunks and stored in the basement of a trusted friend. I filled a leather trunk with Judith's best suits and dresses, our daughter's little frocks, some suits of mine, our jewels and my wife's furs. Along with some business documents and about two hundred and fifty dollars in Hungarian money, I gave this trunk to a sleeping-car attendant on the train between Budapest and Vienna. I tipped him liberally and asked him to deliver these articles to a friend of ours in Vienna. I must admit I was enormously impressed with the brilliant way I had arranged our departure.

Our first shock came when the new tenant of our apartment phoned us to say the police had been notified that we had fled the country and that our lease was going to be granted to the informant as a bonus. We realized that the informant was the seedy young man who had guessed the truth. I now had to take a bold step. I appeared in person at a police station and asserted that I certainly had not left the country. I was still in such good standing that positions were being offered me in Communist companies. I assured them I would consider their offers.

September second came and we had no word either from our guide or the sleeping-car attendant. We decided to visit the attendant to find out if everything had gone smoothly. His

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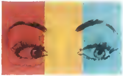

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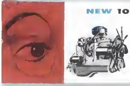

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home in a nearby suburb was dirty and neglected and Judith, Annemarie and I were received by a disheveled woman surrounded by filthy children. She wept when we mentioned her husband, shrieked that he was always leaving her and usually with some woman, demanded to know if my wife was one of his women and finally explained that he had gone ten days before and she had heard nothing.

We were horrified. If the police had captured our man the business documents would incriminate me. Perhaps the police were already at our rooming house; maybe they were watching for us to turn up at this very house. We were afraid even to get the train at the station near the house. We walked along the tracks past two stations, looking over our shoulders to see if we were followed, before we dared to get on the train for Budapest.

We phoned the boarding house and our landlady said affably that no one had been asking for us. Was this a trick? We discussed the nuances in her voice, her character and possible political leanings. Eventually we concluded we would have to hide. Judith phoned one of her young university friends, a musician, who said he had a small boat moored at a nearby resort. We could stay in the cabin, he offered, though it was rather cramped.

WRONG NUMBER

It wasn't just the stolen kiss
That made her feelings whirl,
What bothered her was only
this —
The theft was not from her

G. E. Twiggs

With Annemarie, then two and a half and fascinated with the varied life her parents suddenly were offering her, we moved into the boat. It was a terrible place to live. Our friend had never slept a night in it, though it had berths of a sort; he used it only to change for swimming. The broad sandy beach was deserted by vacationers since it was the second week of September so we kept in the cabin to avoid suspicion. During the day we ate fruit and bread and after dark we slipped out and bought dinner at a small restaurant. While Judith and Annemarie ate, trying not to start when a policeman passed the restaurant, I phoned a close friend who had helped us contact the sleeping car attendant. A week passed and he had no news at all. On Sunday we watched some people on the beach who came to feed crusts to the gulls. They seemed to laugh an inordinate amount.

On the eighth day our close friend had news at last. The sleeping car attendant had come to his home and returned my business documents, explaining piteously that he hadn't been able to deliver the clothes and money. The train had been searched unexpectedly and he had thrown the trunk and money out of the window, retaining only the documents. It was an insanely flimsy story—he had obviously stolen the clothes and money but he knew perfectly well we couldn't report him to the police.

Cheating and stealing from people who were trying to flee the country was the safest and most rewarding form of employment in all Hungary. Criminals prospered and farmers living along the frontier reaped a fortune from a crop that was unaffected by drought or vermin. Nonetheless there was some consolation in the fact that our man was just a common thief because it meant that the police still didn't know our intentions and it was safe to return to the boarding house. We gaily told the landlady we had been having a marvelous holiday, paid her some more rent in advance (I still had over two thousand dollars left of my savings) and attempted to look carefree as we went past her into our room.

Then we had another blow. The woman guide who was supposed to be getting us to Vienna had not showed up. An intermediary told us she had decided the trip would be too dangerous with a small child who might cry at a crucial moment. We cursed her bitterly for not letting us know and began looking for another guide. We enquired with the utmost discretion among our closest friends. Many of Budapest's underground were engaged in smuggling people across the border and everyone knew someone who knew someone who knew of a guide. We met only in homes and at night; a conversation on a street or in a cafe might be overheard. In the daytime I dropped into several offices and solemnly enquired about a position. I was trying to give an impression of unconcern but my fear was growing.

Finally we found another guide, a sinister man who hid his face behind his upturned collar. He said he was wanted by the police, which we could believe. With uneasy minds we arranged with him to leave in a few days. Two days before the set time I got a boil so severe that I had to be hospitalized for an operation. The boil turned out to be the instrument of a benign fate: the group of refugees we were to join was captured just inside the Hungarian border and thrown into prison.

Early in October I was ready to travel again and a business acquaintance told me of a lodge on the Austrian frontier where he had just spent his summer holidays. "The border is wide open there," he remarked. "I strolled over to Austria one afternoon just to see what it was like. Nothing to it."

Judith said good-by to her mother. "I'll never see you again," her mother cried, "but I know this is important to your future and your child's." She gave Judith a trinket, a silver-plated Madonna and Child which she piously hoped would help avert the eyes of any border patrol.

We told our astonished landlady that we were again going away for a vacation, paid her in advance for the room to alleviate her suspicions and set off for the airport where we purchased a round-trip ticket to the border town. We traveled by air because that way we had to pass through only two check points, one at each end of the trip. Buses and trains were checked repeatedly.

As we were crossing the field to our plane we had to pass through a bristling group of guards and we were reminded sharply that Annemarie had been to this airport before, the summer before, when we had seen Judith's sister, a British citizen, off for London. Annemarie smiled up at the guards, skipped a step in excitement and squealed, "You know, we are flying to London to see my aunt!" Judith snatched at her, her heart cold with terror. Loyal Hungarian citizens never spoke the word London, much less planned to visit it. We waited for someone to seize us but the guards only chuckled. "What a lovely child," one of them smiled. Weakly we smiled back. They hadn't understood her.

We arrived in the town and discovered at once that our friend had lied about strolling into Austria. The

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frontier was strongly guarded. Through a woman at the lodge who said she was a baroness—we now didn't believe anyone—we met a guide who seemed experienced. He asked twenty-four thousand forints, about two thousand dollars, to take us across, explaining that he would have to split with an Austrian and a Hungarian friend who was one of the frontier guards. I arranged with a close friend in Budapest to give this guide one half the amount. I had left my money behind to avoid suspicion in case of a search on the plane. If I escaped the country without needing it he was to have kept it. This time I entered wholeheartedly into the spirit of intrigue. I gave my Budapest friend a password and my guide the same password. The money would be paid only to the man with the right word. This was sheer nonsense because the guide collected the money with no intention of taking us across the border. In fact, we later learned he was toying with the idea of turning us in and collecting a reward from the police.

He returned to us and began an elaborate game of inventing excuses for the delay in departure. First he said the Austrian was not available, then that his Hungarian friend had disappeared. This went on for two weeks, with Judith and me frantically aware that it looked very strange for people to be vacationing at a deserted resort at the end of October. Finally he agreed that we would leave the next night. We met in his apartment and were buckling on warm boots when the phone rang. Our guide turned to us in magnificent dismay. "The frontier guards who were friendly to me have been changed!" he cried. "We will have to wait two weeks!" We realized we had been tricked again, took the plane tickets we had never expected to use and returned to Budapest. We were too crushed to speak.

We arrived back at our boarding house for the third time aware that our landlady must think us mad. We contacted the friend who had given our thousand dollars to the guide and he was astounded to hear from us. The guide had told him we were already in Austria and he had celebrated our success. A year later in Paris we learned that this guide habitually turned over to the authorities people he promised to help escape. I believe he spared us because he had received such a large sum of money and was afraid it would be taken from him, but Judith, who is very sentimental, says it is because he had a two-year-old daughter like our Annemarie. It seems implausible to me that such a scoundrel would have a soft spot for a child.

We then suffered a fresh calamity. A friend of ours was planning to smuggle some jewels out of the country with the help of an intermediary and I asked him to enclose with his jewels a letter reporting on business affairs which were still pending when I had been forced to close my office. A special permit had to be obtained to send business letters out of the country and I knew I could not obtain one. I phoned this friend when we returned, to enquire how he had made out with his jewels and my letter, and learned he had just been arrested. The smuggler he had trusted had been caught. I realized I would be the next step for the police—and that from that moment my wife, my baby and I were fugitives. We had reached the point of no return; it was no longer possible to toy with the idea of leaving the country. It had become almost a matter of life or death.

We called our best friends and asked them to hide us, but all of them were afraid. I continued to phone while Judith packed a few bits of clothes and kept Annemarie involved in aimless conversation. At last someone agreed to let us stay in an unused utility room in his apartment house. We told the landlady we would be away again for a short time and paid her some more money in advance. We managed to disappear in two hours, only minutes ahead of the police.

The utility room was small and cluttered and the caretaker who admitted us was obviously suspicious. We told him our own apartment was being redecorated and prayed he would be satisfied. My face is rather easily recognized since I must wear glasses and I have a bald head, so we agreed that Judith would try to find a guide. She changed her appearance every time she went out, sometimes with a handkerchief over her head, sometimes by leaving her long hair loose on her shoulders and sometimes pinning it back severely. I sat in the room all day keeping Annemarie quiet by telling her stories. The blind was drawn and I stared a lot at the wallpaper. It was a faded, ugly green. I was growing a mustache and developed a nervous habit of fingering it constantly. We had trouble sleeping at night, both of us rigid with fear, and we were too nervous ever to be hungry. Judith said the most dreadful moment of the day for her was just before she opened the door of my room after returning from the streets. She never knew whether she would find Annemarie and me there or the police.

On rainy nights we visited some friends who were within walking distance. I always kept the umbrella pulled close over my head and we always took Annemarie with us. One night we visited a pleasant home where there were warm pools of light under the lamps, the furniture gleamed with wax, a fire flickered in the fireplace and their children's nursery was filled with dolls. We realized with anguish that only a short time ago we too had lived like this.

We met many guides through friends but we were now excessively suspicious. Finally we decided to try one of them, a ranger who lived near the Czechoslovakian border and who promised to take us through Slovakia and on to Vienna. This meant we would cross two borders, the Hungarian-Slovakian and the Slovakian-Austrian, but he seemed the most reliable man we had yet met. He wanted thirty-six thousand forints, thirty-two hundred dollars, but we were now almost penniless. There was, however, one way in which we might obtain money.

I must explain that people with large savings were aware that their money might be confiscated at any time and there were hundreds of underground schemes for getting Hungarian money out of the country and into a bank beyond the Iron Curtain. I had not collected all the commissions due me from foreign companies before I closed my office and I was able to borrow the entire amount I needed from a man who was almost a stranger, on agreement to deposit certain of these commissions in a Swiss bank in his name if I should manage to escape. If I didn't make it, well, he knew he would lose his money eventually to the state.

Cold-Blooded Approach

We made our arrangements to go—again. Because of the harsh penalties for smuggling anything of value out of the country—worse even than those for trying to smuggle yourself out—we removed our gold wedding rings. The cheap Madonna trinket from her mother was the only ornament Judith kept. We packed a brief case with a blouse and underwear for Judith, some socks, underwear, shaving things and a shirt for me. We had two net marketing bags for Annemarie's things, one for her changes of underwear and a dress and another for her beloved stuffed doll, an aluminum chamber pot and a pillow. We tied our rubber boots together and I carried them slung over my shoulder. I am a prudent man and I decided an umbrella was also important. Judith wore a leather overcoat. It was now November nineteenth. I had a coat such as were worn by rangers and huntsmen and Annemarie wore a navy blue reefer with gold buttons. This was everything we owned in the world.

We paid the ranger the first installment of the money and he told us to meet him at a bus terminal in Elizabeth Park (now Stalin Park). According to the ritual of intrigue, which no longer seemed over dramatic to us, we would pretend not to recognize one another. We bought tickets for Salgotarjan, a village near the Ipoly River that divides Hungary from Czechoslovakia. I carried the second installment of the money for our ranger in a newspaper which I put on the luggage rack in the bus above our heads. I pushed it along until it was closer to the people in the seats in front of us than it was to us. If it was discovered we would not claim it. This may seem cold-blooded now. At that time we thought only of self-preservation.

We told the guards who checked the bus that we were going to the village for a week end with some friends. We still had our identification cards and we tried to keep our faces blank. In moments like that, when our fear was acute, I found myself incapable of thought and my speech even seemed slower. Judith becomes deadly calm when she is afraid; only after the danger is past does she break down—and her brain churns furiously. She is a splendid woman with whom to flee the country.

In the dark of night we arrived at our destination and were met by a farmer's cart. I paid the guide the rest of the money in the newspaper and we went in the cart to another village where we slept in a cottage belonging to a friend of the guide. Early next day we left in the cart again and all day we rode along, smiling and chatting whenever we passed anyone. Judith kept Annemarie amused with stories—she must have told her the one about Snow White ten times that day. Annemarie laughed and sang and enjoyed herself hugely.

That night we arrived at the frontier, the Ipoly River. We stayed in another farm cottage where we found another couple who would be making the trip with us. The woman was the mother of three children and was running away from her family with a very unsavory person. We came to know them very well. This man suggested we throw away everything we had that showed a Hungarian origin: toothpaste, razor blades, documents, money, the labels on our clothes. Then he explained if we were captured before we crossed the Hungarian border we could try to convince the guards we were Slovakians; if we were captured in Czechoslovakia we would insist we were Austrians. Judith and I speak perfect German—it is the second language of educated people in Hungary—so we decided we could pretend to be Austrians. We threw away everything that marked us Hungarian.

We were supposed to start across the river at dusk but our guide chose this evening to become gloriously drunk

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X IS FOR XMAS

Y IS FOR YOUTH

Z IS FOR ZEALOT

"I'll bet you can't stand," he shouted at our host. "Ho!" the host yelled back. "Let's see who can stand!" We watched helplessly, Annemarie in our arms in a drugged sleep from a sedative we had purchased in Budapest. It was after ten at night when we left, the guide reeling joyously. Ten minutes later we discovered that the Ipoly had overflowed its banks and was a half mile wide, a raging river with all places to ford it under deep water. Our guide felt challenged by this misfortune and insisted we walk along beside the river until we find a shallow place. At six in the morning he had another idea—we would walk across a swamp and along a railway embankment which ran parallel with the border for some distance and then cross it.

We walked with Annemarie in my arms, in total darkness along a five-inch path beside the rails, sometimes along railway bridges over abysses, sometimes with water on both sides and steep slopes plunging down. Several times I slipped and rolled down the embankment. The first time I fell—still clutching Annemarie—she was startled from sleep in spite of the sedative and cried out. We were all frozen into horror because the guards were so close we could sometimes hear their voices and see the lights from their frontier stations. Judith stepped up to the crying child and said gravely, "Annemarie, we are escaping from bad men in the forest and if you cry they will get us."

Annemarie never cried again. It was a terrible thing to tell a child and we have felt wretched about it ever since but it was so necessary. Annemarie still remembers that. The other day something reminded her of it as she was leaving for school here in Toronto. "I was good that time, wasn't I, mother?" she said thoughtfully. "I didn't cry." She was only two, a baby.

We walked that night for seven hours and my daughter seemed unbearably heavy. I thought my heart and lungs would burst and that I would collapse. The last stretch was through a swamp where every step we took made a deep hole that sucked at our boots. Finally at five in the morning we arrived in a Czechoslovakian village and fell at once into a deep sleep in the home of a friend of our guide.

Two hours later, while we were cleaning the mud from our clothing, I mentioned to my wife that carrying the child had been agony.

"You should have carried the umbrella!" she retorted hotly. "It kept catching in the trees and bushes every step I took. The child was nothing compared to the umbrella!" This now seems to us extremely comical, but at the time we were so tired and frightened that it resulted in an argument over the respective disadvantages of fleeing a country carrying a child or an umbrella.

The part of Czechoslovakia we now had to cross is a narrow peninsula whose principal city, Bratislava, is near the Austrian border. We slept only two hours and arose in the darkness before dawn to take the train for Bratislava, an unavoidable transit point for refugees going to Vienna. For this reason all trains were met at the station by the police. Ours was a work train arriving at dawn and it was the only train that day to escape a police check. The guide took us to a restaurant, suggested we order a bowl of potato soup and wait for him while he met a friend who was to take us across the Austrian border.

One hour passed, then two, then five. We had no money so we were idiotically pretending that it took us five hours to eat a bowl of soup. The waiters fortunately didn't seem to care. Annemarie ran about the restaurant chattering in Hungarian but we were too exhausted and upset to stop her. When our guide appeared at last he reported that his friend who knew the way to Vienna was out of town for two days. We exchanged looks of pure horror. The hiding of refugees was punished severely in Bratislava and our guide unhappily said he knew nowhere to hide us.

Judith remembered a name and an address of some people she knew slightly who had once said if we were ever in Bratislava we must look them up. Our guide went there and asked them if we could all stay with them for the afternoon while he tried to find a refuge for us. The people reluctantly agreed, but that night they were furious when the guide returned and said he had had no luck and we would have to stay there for two days. By that time our acquaintances were trapped. If they threw us out and we were captured they were afraid we would tell the police where we had spent the day.

My wife, Annemarie and I slept on a bed in a back room, the guide and the other couple on sofas in the hall. Our raging host fed us sausages and bread but he was kind to Annemarie and fed her from his own table. Our guide's friend failed to appear and we were in this house for a week.

During this time the couple who had come with us quarrelled fiercely. The man would have an uncontrollable fury if his shirt was not ironed perfectly. Judith and I spent our time fabricating our story that we would tell if we were caught. That we were Austrians who had come to Bratislava on a visit and

Charlottetown painted for the Seagram Collection by Frances-Anne Johnston A.R.C.A.

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The House of Seagram

had sneaked across the border because we didn't have passports. We knew a Bratislava family that had moved away so we named them as the friends we had been visiting. We kept our same names except for the surname which had a Hungarian flavor, and same birth dates and our own parents' names. This would make it less likely that we could be confused and forget some detail. Judith and I shook hands solemnly and said we would never admit we were Hungarians, not even if they tortured us.

At last our guide found someone to take us to Austria, but they wanted more money. We had nothing left. To our amazement our friend with the perfectly ironed shirts showed the guide some jewelry and said he would turn them over to the Austrian guides when we arrived safely. When the guides left our friend laughed heartily and explained the jewels were fake. We were no longer surprised by anything.

The plan the next night was to put our luggage in a taxi which would precede us across the bridge over the Danube. We would follow in a bus. This elaborate arrangement was to avoid the checks on taxis crossing the bridge. Austria was only eight miles away and once across the bridge we would join our luggage in the taxi and drive in luxury to the frontier.

We gave Annemarie a sedative again and took the bus across the bridge. There we climbed out and looked for the taxi. It was not there and we waited impatiently for ten minutes before it arrived. I was reaching for the door when it suddenly flew open and four policemen spilled out. The guides instantly disappeared into the darkness but we refugees were too startled to move. We were arrested and taken to a police station for questioning.

Judith and I began telling our story about being Austrians trying to get home after an imprudent illegal visit. We named Salzburg, in the American occupation zone, as our home because it would be hard to trace the lie through the Americans. Since it is the birthplace of Mozart we assumed it must have a Mozartstrasse and we gave this as our address. We said Annemarie spoke Hungarian because she was being raised by a sister who had married a Hungarian and though they lived in Austria he insisted on speaking nothing but Hungarian.

"She speaks perfect German," we told the police, speaking only German ourselves. "We can't understand her Hungarian and we can't make her speak German to us. You try and make her speak German, she is such a stubborn child."

We had forgotten to tell Annemarie that she had a new last name. Judith thought of this and asked permission to take her to the bathroom. With the guard standing outside the door Judith continually flushed the toilet to cover the sound of her voice whispering over and over again, "You are not Annemarie Keresztes my darling. You are Annemarie Gyselinn. Gyselinn. Gyselinn. Now say it after me." She is such a clever child that she learned her new name at once.

The police separated us, put us in a prison and questioned us day after day for two weeks. One time they went to Judith and said I had confessed I was a Hungarian. She trembled in real fright. "What have you done to him to make him tell this lie?" she screamed. "You have tortured him or he would never have said anything so untrue! What have you done?"

A Cool Proposal

This convinced them and the same night they put us in a police car and drove us to the border. We walked across between the Slovakian frontier post and the Austrian one with high hearts. The Austrian guards however refused to believe we were Austrians without a passport and angrily ordered us back to Czechoslovakia. It was a dreadful moment.

The Slovakian police were indignant when we returned. "You have been a terrible nuisance," the chief shouted. "I thought I was finally rid of you and I have closed our file on you. Now we shall have no more nonsense. You will be sent to Hungary where I am sure you belong."

My wife was cool. "If we are such a problem," she suggested mildly, "why not leave the file closed and put us somewhere near the border. We will get back to Austria illegally as we planned in the first place and you will be rid of us." We will never understand why he agreed; maybe he had a kind heart. That night the Slovakian police drove us to an unguarded section of the frontier, pushed us roughly toward the Russian zone of Austria and snarled, "Go that way and don't dare to come back any more!" We didn't even look back. It was a cold, moonless night, December ninth. We stumbled across the border, fell into each other's arms and cried. This was the final irony — a police escort to freedom after we had dodged police for so long.

We didn't dare walk along the highway for fear of Russian patrols so I once again took Annemarie on my shoulders and we walked through a terrible thicket. It took us an hour to go a hundred yards. Once we came unexpectedly on the Danube flowing swiftly below us at the bottom of a steep gorge. It was hidden in a swirling fog and looked so weird that we were unnerved and decided to walk along the highway after all. Whenever we saw the lights of an oncoming car we would throw ourselves to the ground. We were huddled in a ditch when Annemarie's tiny voice sweetly asked, "When will I sleep in my white bed again?" Our throats filled so that we couldn't answer her.

We came to a village about eight o'clock and pounded on the door of a likely looking home. We wanted the directions to Vienna but we were also hopeful that someone would feed us and lend us money. The owner of the house slammed the door when we opened the conversation by saying we were refugees.

We walked again, twelve miles in all, until we came to another village. It was about eleven at night and Annemarie was crying bitterly. A woman passed us leading a child of Annemarie's age. "What's the matter?" she asked kindly. We were at the point where we had to take a chance. "We are refugees," my wife said simply. "She is hungry and tired." The woman's face softened. "Come with me," she said.

We washed, ate good warm food and slept that night in a bed. The next day the woman, though very poor, gave us money for our train ticket to Vienna. We gave her in exchange some of Annemarie's clothes for her daughter. We repaid her as soon as I collected some of the commission money due me in Vienna and we have since sent her some gifts. She was a wonderful woman.

We took a taxi from the station to the house of a friend of ours who had almost given up hope of ever seeing us again. We sent telegrams to friends and relatives in Budapest: "Annemarie born safely. Parents and daughter are well." It had been a month since we left. They must have thought we were dead.

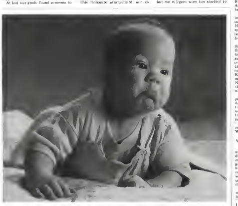
Our friend in Vienna was too poor to care for us so we lived for a few days in an International Refugee Organization camp until my money from unpaid commissions was forwarded. The camp was situated in some school buildings and was dreadfully crowded; twenty people lived and slept in one room. It was clean however. The food was sufficient and the United States administrators insisted that everyone have a hot shower once a day.

When a few hundred dollars arrived we took a room and I threw my energy into getting forged papers so we could go to Paris where the company whose Hungarian agent I had been had an office and a job waiting for me. Obtaining forged papers is a major occupation in Vienna, where refugee lawyers with contacts among the poorer paid officials in embassies could get you anything from a ration book to a passport. Ironically we now needed Hungarian passports which cost us seventy dollars apiece in bribes. With these passports we applied for a visitor's visa to France and were given one through proper channels only when we were able to prove we wouldn't be stopping in the country. To prove this we also took out a Dutch visa and gave Amsterdam as our destination. Then we needed a forged exit visa from Austria which cost us fifty dollars in bribes. During this period we were greatly affected by the tension in Vienna. The movie The Third Man captured this feeling perfectly and it was a great favorite in Vienna. We also have some pictures that capture it. Judith took Annemarie to a photographer's and the pictures showed a beautiful child with the strained expression of a very old and frightened woman.

To escape the agony of too much scrutiny of our forged papers we took an airplane from Vienna to Paris and arrived in bright sunshine on March fourth. We threw away our Hungarian passport as soon as we arrived and declared ourselves to be refugees. This assured that we would not be sent back to Hungary. A short time later I was granted a permit to apply for a job and my company took me back. I was doing the same job in the same way except that now I spoke French. Judith began to have the periods of depression which I mentioned before and this helped us decide to get right away from Europe to a newer, younger country. When my firm announced it was opening a new branch in Toronto I was delighted to go.

We have been here two and a half years and in another two and a half years we will be citizens of this fine country. Because we are sending money to friends in Budapest and have so many things to buy, Judith has a job too and has risen to be assistant manager of an international forwarding company where she can use her several languages. Last year Annemarie went to a private school, Havergal. This year it is impossible because we are helping Judith's elderly mother, who has been allowed to leave Hungary because she is old, and her sister from England. Our library now is very small, but it contains a few histories of art. We have some reproductions on our walls, from da Vinci's head of Christ to some flowers by Gauguin. We have the china head of a beautiful Egyptian queen on our shelves next to a totem pole. Our tastes are catholic.

Everyone asks us if we like Canada and we are always surprised. Of course we like it. This is a place of freedom and peace. ★



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Christina Thorsson— [illegible]

*Letter from Christina Thorsson's prize winning essay in nation-wide competition for High School Students, sponsored by The Bank of Nova Scotia

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• YOUR PARTNER IN HELPING CANADA GROW

"When Do We Kill?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

man for a moment, and then seemed to relax. "Look," he said softly, "what are we talking about anyway? It's quite simple really. If you find definite proof that Mau Mau agents are coming into the district, Sabati, all you have to do is tell me. I'll do the rest. After all, there's no sense in panicking over idle gossip."

"But I've told you——" Sabati began disparagingly, and stopped.

"Merely talk, Sabati, now isn't it? What I want is *proof*."

Sabati blinked. What was the use? The Mau Mau emissaries had already come and gone, and this bwana still talked of idle gossip.

"Tell me now," Bradshaw said, pointing a finger. "Can you name me a Mau Mau agent among your people?"

Sabati stood there silently, a muscle in his jaw twitching. Naturally he could not answer this question. They were all Mau Mau and for weeks had been organized as such by key men from Nairobi, and all this had happened while the bwana slept peacefully in his bed, knowing absolutely nothing about it.

"There! What did I tell you?" Bradshaw was triumphant. He had known all along it was just gossip—perhaps even wishful thinking. But the Kikuyu of Njeng were definitely not the fighting kind, not by a long chalk. They were likely to spend their time just talking.

"There might be something to what he says, dear," Mrs. Bradshaw said, speaking for the first time. "And I think we should take precautions." She had listened all along, half preoccupied with her own thoughts, but she felt sorry for Sabati and she knew how overbearing her husband could be at times.

"It stands to reason, darling," Bradshaw explained to her confidentially, as though Sabati were not present, "that we should have had some kind of warning. I mean, there would have been some kind of trouble, don't you think? Or maybe a note from the police post warning us. The police are supposed to know what's going on, aren't they? That's what they get paid for. And then there's our own boys. I've noticed nothing fishy about them lately, have you? Why, they'd be the first to tell us, now wouldn't they!"

Mrs. Bradshaw shrugged. "I don't think they love you as much as you think they do, dear," she said with a wry smile.

Bradshaw grimaced and turned back to Sabati. "One thing is certain. Nobody's going to frighten us away from here. You can let that be known around the village." He meant it too. His farm was his all; it meant everything to him. He pulsed with warm pride whenever he thought of it, the living he had wrested from a jungle and with his own bare hands too. Not all the Kaffirs in Africa were going to take it away from him.

"I came to help you, sir," Sabati said simply.

"I realize that," Bradshaw said, nodding his head. "Don't think I don't appreciate it."

"Yes, it was very good of you to come, Mr. Sabati. We really do appreciate it." Mrs. Bradshaw had got up from her chair and stood beside her husband.

"Thank you, ma'am." Sabati bowed respectfully, profoundly grateful for being addressed as "mister." And yet the words hinted of dismissal.

"I must leave you now," he said, "and I thank you for listening to me."

He edged back toward the door, a pathetic figure in an ill-fitting cream suit. In one hand he tensely gripped a soiled panama, and on his round moist face there was a look of infinite sadness and disappointment. "I have failed," he told himself. "I might as well not have come."

As they escorted him to the veranda steps Bradshaw said:

"Don't look so worried, Sabati. You're just imagining things. I'm sure. Find out what you can, by all means, but don't confuse gossip with fact, eh?" And on that friendly note he said good-by.

Sabati put on his hat, raised it again to the lady, and nearly fell over as he tried to negotiate the second step with dignity. He felt terrible as he hurried down the gravel path, for now they were probably smiling at him as well.

Leaving the clearing, he entered the bush and followed the trail to the village, head bent and shoulders hunched in concentration. Now and again he removed his hat and swatted absently at the flies which droned around him, but it was mostly a gesture of impatience rather than a definite attempt to keep off pests. His mind dwelt solely on his problems.

There had always been peace in Njeng; even in the Nandi and Kipsigis wars of years ago it had remained isolated and untouched, and that had been a good thing. But now the Mau Mau had come and they, unless something was done about it, would eventually ruin Njeng. It was up to him, Aro Sabati, schoolteacher and man of peace, to see that disaster was averted. And yet how? How to get rid of the Bradshaws! How to keep control of his simple but dangerous fellow tribesmen! And then there was Lunjani, who was a problem in himself. It was Lunjani, that fanatical elder, he would have to meet next, and it was not a pleasant prospect.

There was another meeting already in progress when Sabati reached the village and, tired and hungry though he was, he quietly took his place among the assembled Kikuyu. His European clothes contrasted sharply with that drab mass of skin clothes and dirty loincloths, but he managed to squat down on his haunches with as much speed and grace as any of them. Although one of the elders was still addressing them, many of those nearest Sabati turned and greeted him with *Jambos!* of varying degrees of warmth, depending on what they read on his almost inscrutable face. They had expected much from him, but he did not look like a man who had brought them good news. Not that it mattered very much, since the topic under discussion was the Bradshaws and how and when they were to be killed.

Sabati listened to the speaker, an old man who was merely wasting his time recalling the old days when the Wakikuyu were great warriors and men ("not old women who kill themselves talking") and who had driven all before them, taking what they wanted. The audience was bored. The old man had spoken for too long; he had repeated himself too often, and not once had he squarely faced the issue and mentioned the Bradshaws by name. For all his dull talk about war it was clear that his heart was not in it; he longed for compromise, for any solution that would not result in cutting short what few years he had left to him. He was no great threat, not like Lunjani, who had now raised his hand as a signal that it was his turn to speak.

Sabati braced himself.

When the old man had shakily squatted down again amid a chorus of long drawn-out "A-a-ah-s," sounds that could have meant anything—Lunjani jumped to his feet and began to harangue the crowd with fierce talk and violent spear waving. "We have taken the oath!" he screamed. "When do we kill? When do we slaughter the cattle that will feed our children? When do we take the land that was once ours?" He broke into a chant, stamping his feet on the sun-baked earth with the rhythm of a drum beat. It was taken up by others and soon most of the gathering were working themselves into a state of frenzy and making dangerous stabs with their spears and pangas. One thing was evident: if Sabati was going to speak at all, now was the time. Soon they would all be beyond the power of a human voice.

Sabati rose to his feet, holding out his arms in appeal. "Listen, my people! Listen, you who call me Baba Fethie!" His voice was drowned in the commotion, but he strode fearlessly among them, calling to them, appealing to them. And when he finally stopped them he mocked them.

"Go now," he told them, walking among them, "and kill. Go! Yes, you will wet your spears. And perhaps you will find some guns and fine clothes and other things. But what then?"

"We hear you, Aro Sabati," an elder shouted, while the rest sweated and glared, and this amounted to an order. Reluctantly everyone squatted down, mumbling and complaining.

"I will tell you what will happen," Sabati said in a clear voice, "because it is happening now all over the country. You kill the Bradshaws and the police will come. They will come in great numbers and with many guns, and they will take your leaders and hang them. If you run away they will hunt you until they find you. There is no escape. Women and children will be homeless, for the village will be burned and our shambas ploughed over. There will be no peace, no rest, no lives for us to live." He paused to let his words sink in, watching them, ready to pile on the arguments at the first sign of bravado or arrogance. But his words had sobered them.

Lunjani, realizing that, jumped up again. "O Sabati," he taunted, "who are you to speak thus? Are you not one of us? Or are you a lover of the Wangereza, the English?"

"Yes, I am one of you," Sabati replied. "I am not a lover of the Wangereza. But neither am I one who hates at a shout. Listen to me, all of you! There may be a time to kill—but it is not now. We have little food, and our crops may not flourish. We of Njeng are unprepared for war. Need I tell you?"

It was the chilling truth, apart from suiting Sabati's particular purposes, and there was no one who dared deny it.

"Have you a plan?" a voice asked from the crowd.

"Yes, I have a plan. The fear of death is worse than death itself."

"You speak in riddles, Sabati. What does this mean?"

"Then listen closely, my people." Sabati spread his arms as though to embrace them all and began to explain how they would rid themselves of the Bradshaws without having to resort to murder. The plan, he knew himself, had weaknesses, but he was playing for time, and he really believed only good could come from it. If he could only hold off the Kikuyu until such time as the district became policed or guarded by troops, then he would be satisfied. All he wanted, all he had ever wanted, was to save Njeng, and he did not care by what methods.

"And if the whites do not go?" Lunjani asked, scowling.

"They will go," Sabati said fervently, wiping the perspiration from his brow ing face. "On my head be it," he told them.

It seemed to Sabati during the next few days that he had never been so busy. There was daily routine of plotting and intrigue, a constant sifting of the many findings and growing reminder of the power that was in his hands. His orders had been faithfully carried out. Bradshaw's cattle were being stolen at the rate of two a day, and the meat conveyed to the hungry villagers. His workers were absenting themselves in great numbers, and those that remained were becoming maddeningly lazy. So many had been sacked that, as the houseboy told Sabati, the bwana was always in a white heat of temper and even quarrelled with the memsahib. At nights, stealthy figures crept around the bungalow and windows had been broken, and now the bwana always carried a gun. Everything had changed, said the houseboy. The Bradshaw house was no longer the same place.

After two weeks of such reports Sabati still felt he was not progressing enough. The Bradshaws were still

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MACLEAN'S DECEMBER 1 ISSUE

Citizens of two races play the old game of dominoes at Garrison Club

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them and Lunjani was becoming impatient. Sabati had had Lunjani watched ever since the last shauri and what he had heard filled him with misgiving. It was clear that the wily elder was leading a faction which would not hesitate to strike as soon as there was general criticism of the schoolteacher's methods and it was this thought that gave Sabati sleepless nights. Either he must try more drastic means to get rid of the Bradshaws or . . .

Sabati hesitated. Was there, he wondered, some way to arrange an accident? If say Lunjani were killed by the bwana would it not solve most of the problem? With the elder out of the way he might yet lead his people back to reason by simply outwitting them, by the force of his character and the power of his words. He wondered, in fact, why he had not thought of it before because he was by no means conscience-stricken at the idea; one life meant nothing when the lives of the majority were at stake. If the truth were known Lunjani would not miss the opportunity to dispose of the schoolteacher should it ever arise, though he dare not attempt it against the will of the people. The only trouble was that Sabati had no idea how he stood at the moment; the Kikuyu were secretive and there was no telling how many had been won over to Lunjani and were willing to overthrow Sabati's rule of restraint. In any case time was running out fast and something had to be done at once. The best thing was to get rid of Lunjani.

Sabati had burnt a candle or two late into the night before any sort of plan formed in his mind. But after tiring his brains over the details he came to the conclusion that he must see Bradshaw first and confide in him. There was no other way; he must see him soon and tell all, and only then could he expect some co-operation. He must convince him of the necessity of killing Lunjani. It would take plenty of nerve to discuss such matters with the white man but by now the man should be in no state to raise objections; there should be a lot less of the big white bwana about him after what he had been through. And if all went well there would be peace again in Ngong and Sabati could go back to teaching the young.

Two very important events happened the day he decided to visit the Bradshaws and it was as though all the gods of the Kikuyu had nodded approval and were clearing obstacles from his path. The first was a letter and the second a visit.

Sabati had just left the schoolhouse which he had been sweeping and the first thing that caught his eye when he entered his hut was a note on the table. Bradshaw's houseboy must have put it there, but even before he tore open the envelope he guessed what its contents were. He read:

"Could you call on me please. I need your help.

H. Bradshaw."

Sabati could have rubbed his hands in satisfaction; it was the best news he had ever got. Apart from anything else it meant that a white man needed him and the emotions it aroused were almost overpowering. To think that a white man had actually said "please" and asked for help!

"*Hodi!* May I come in?" Startled at the voice Sabati hastily stuffed the note in his pocket and turned to the door.

"Will you not sit and eat," he replied in the traditional form but he could not hide his surprise as he motioned the man to come in. It was Lunjani.

The elder refusing to be seated stood gravely and stared about the hut that he had never before entered. It was as if he was appraising it for his own future use. Finally he said, "The people are unhappy, Sabati. They are dissatisfied. There must be another shauri and we will discuss other plans. Do you not agree?"

"No, I do not. You must give me a little more time. The end is near. The people must be patient a little longer."

"I do not believe you." Lunjani curled his lip sneering. "You can blind the others with words, Sabati, but not me. And I am tired of waiting."

"Is that what you have come to tell me, that you are tired of waiting?"

"No," said Lunjani. "I came to tell you that we are all tired of waiting. Do you understand?"

Sabati licked his dry lips, his brain working furiously. And then quickly he pulled the note out of his pocket and held it in front of him. "The Bradshaws are leaving," he said hoarsely. "It says so here. I am going to see them and I shall tell them yes, it is better you go, for these are troubled times."

The elder smiled sardonically and turned to go. "At the time of the new moon there will be another shauri. You have until then." He left abruptly without uttering another word.

The new moon, Sabati thought, just three days. Could he do it? He must; it was imperative. Lunjani could not be left alive a minute longer than necessary, if what he had said was true, if it was a fact that he now had the support of everyone. But it would depend on Bradshaw and how he helped shape the scheme. Everything would have to depend on Bradshaw from now on because he was a white man and had a superior intelligence and he could improve on anything that an African had to offer. Sabati fervently hoped so as he changed into a clean suit and prepared to visit him.

Glowing with pleasant anticipation Sabati tapped softly on the Bradshaws' screen door, standing back and removing his hat when he saw the white man appear. It was all going to be so different this time, he was thinking. So different.

"Come in, come in," Bradshaw said, pushing the door aside. "I'm certainly glad you came." He was gaunt and tight lipped but his eyes were shining and he seemed actually pleased to see the schoolteacher.

There was no one else in the room and Sabati, now a little shy and tongue-tied, stood waiting awkwardly while the white man shut the door.

"Take a seat, Sabati," he heard Bradshaw say behind him and the poor man almost collapsed with pleasure. "Thank you, sir."

He chose a simple high backed chair rather than a low soft one because that was what he was accustomed to and really he did not wish to impose too much. He lowered himself gingerly into it, placed his hands on his knees and looked up rather sheepishly. And he was just going to say something when he suddenly stiffened in his seat, his eyes widening in amazement. He had found himself staring into the blunt muzzle of the white man's gun.

"Sir!" he blurted out nervously for the want of something better to say.

"I was afraid you might not come," Bradshaw said smoothly, standing over him.

"I . . . I don't understand, sir. What does this mean, please?"

Bradshaw gave a dry chuckle. "You slipped up this time didn't you, Sabati? This was something you didn't foresee, eh?"

"You must be joking," Sabati said foolishly.

"Joking?" Bradshaw bared his teeth in anger and seemed about to strike the shivering teacher. "I'll show you whether I'm joking, you Mau Mau scum."

"It is a mistake. A terrible mistake! I can explain."

"There's nothing to explain," Bradshaw said brutally. "What do you think I am, a fool? Do you deny you're Mau Mau? Answer me, or I'll put a bullet in you now."

"Well, sir . . . I mean . . . It is like this . . ." Terribly frightened Sabati strove to avoid the admission that would put him entirely at the other's mercy. He wanted to explain that yes, he was Mau Mau and yet he was not, if the bwana understood what he meant. But the words would not come. The sight of that gun paralyzed him.

"Come on, admit it!" Bradshaw thundered, his face working furiously. "Admit you're the leader, the brains behind it all. You can't tell me anything else. Why," he shouted, waving toward the window, "there aren't ten men in your village with brains the weight of a nugget's. You're the only one, the obvious one."

"But you are wrong, sir." Sabati moved forward a little, pleadingly, trying to explain, but the gun jerked up and came level with his eyes. He squinted at it, fascinated. It made his brain freeze.

"I've a good mind to kill you now," Bradshaw told him tensely, "after what you've done to my wife. You nearly drove her mad with your devilish tricks, you swine," he shrieked, his voice breaking.

"Please!" Sabati wailed. "Please let me explain, sir."

"Oh, shut up." Still keeping the gun aimed Bradshaw moved back toward a chair and sat down. Turning his head slightly, but not his eyes, he called loudly to his wife who must have been in her bedroom. When she appeared, standing nervously in the doorway, he quietly asked her to send in the houseboy.

"Don't do anything silly, dear," she begged him, glancing at the stiff figure of Sabati whose back was to her.

"Please tell the boy," he said firmly.

Knowing the woman was present for a moment Sabati decided to risk a question. "What are you going to do, sir?"

"You'll see."

Sabati began to perspire, waiting in an agony of suspense. He had an idea of what was happening but he became all alert when he heard the padding of bare feet as the boy came in. Bradshaw got to his feet and motioned the boy nearer to Sabati.

"You know who this is, don't you, Juma?"

"Yes, bwana."

"And you're not afraid, are you?"

"No, bwana." This came a little hoarsely.

"Well," said Bradshaw, "I want you to take a message to the village. I want you to tell them that Sabati is a prisoner in my house and that unless this Mau Mau business ceases at once I'll kill him. Do you understand, Juma? Tell them I'll kill their leader unless they promise to obey. All right, you can go." He waved the boy off.

"Stop him before it is too late!" Sabati panted. "You don't understand, sir."

"Keep still," Bradshaw warned him, raising the gun, "and quiet. I know what I'm doing. They won't refuse. They know they won't get anywhere without you." He took his place in the same chair again, confident that the wait would be worth it.

"There is a man called Lunjani," Sabati said stonily, "and he is the real leader. He hates me as well as you and desires the opportunity to be rid of me. Mr. Bradshaw," he turned and faced the white man, "you have played into his hands. He wants to kill all of us and he has us under one roof."

"Shut up," Bradshaw said. "I'm sick of your lies."

Nobody spoke again for a while until the grim atmosphere was broken by the reassuring sound of tea cups. Although he could not see her Sabati knew that Mrs. Bradshaw had brought in a tray and was arranging a table. Bradshaw got up and said, "I'm still watching you, Sabati. Don't forget it."

Sabati could hear them talking quietly as they sipped their tea. They did not realize at all the coming danger. It was as though nothing mattered at the moment except their ritual of tea drinking. He was shocked and, not caring any more, said:

"They will come and kill us when you least expect it. I did my best but you would not listen to me."

There was no reply, just the tinkle of delicate china.

Sabati shook his head sadly and stared through the window opposite him, watching the shadows lengthen as the sun went down. He watched with growing fear because he knew that for him and the other people in the room it was going down for the last time. ★

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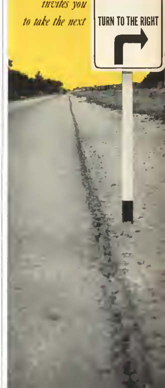

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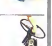

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Ralph Connor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

reading in United States high schools. Glengarry School Days, drawn from his boyhood, had a great vogue among Canadian youths. His reading public, many of whom had previously shunned novels on religious grounds, fondly nicknamed him "the sky pilot." In forty-one years of writing he gave them thirty books, most of them full-blooded westerns with an evangelical and temperance appeal.

Connor—as he now became to everyone except his family, congregation and church associates—accepted the windfall of fame and fortune calmly. His salary was a thousand dollars a year when he wrote his first story for the church magazine, and now he was well on the way toward accumulating a fortune of a million dollars. He was tall and slight with penetrating eyes—one turned inward—and at that time he wore a dark mustache and close-trimmed beard. An enthusiastic English reader of his books, who came to Winnipeg to hear him preach, described his "white divinity hands," his hesitant manner at the start of his sermon which finally warmed into "what sounded like the utterance of one of the old Hebrew prophets."

Connor continued to think of himself as a minister first and a writer second. Indeed he had no inflated opinion of his literary ability. "I may not be able to write," he once commented, "but by George I can preach."

At the turn of the century Connor, nearing forty, still a bachelor and with three hugely popular books to his credit, was only at the beginning of a career that was to be marked by success and failure, achievement and dissention, acclaim and neglect. He had still to marry and raise a distinguished family, to be elected head of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, to launch furious campaigns against liquor and prostitution and in favor of conscription and the League of Nations, to build an imposing mansion and to satisfy the love for fast horses which he had inherited from his father.

Connor's father, Rev. Daniel Gordon, a dissenter from the Established Church of Scotland, preached for the new Free Church at Glengarry, Ont., to a Gaelic-speaking congregation. The Rev. Daniel, an outspoken fearsome preacher, had a taste for the bagpipes and often of an evening paced the manse parlor filling it with the weird lament of Lochaber No More, unconcerned that few could stand the awful proximity of throbbing drones and shrieking chanter.

Hard Labor for a Lightweight

In that manse the future Ralph Connor was born in 1860, one of seven children. His mother was the daughter of another Scottish dissenter from the "Auld Kirk" who had become a Congregational minister at Sherbrooke, Que. A graduate of Mount Holyoke Ladies' Seminary in Massachusetts, she had turned down the principalship after graduation to marry the backwoods minister. Later she became the gentle, romantic heroine of many of her son's novels.

When Connor—his family called him Charlie throughout his life—was ten years old, the family moved to the English-Scottish farming settlement of Zorra in western Ontario where he hired out as a laborer. Afterward he worked his way slowly through the University of Toronto and Knox College, the Presbyterian theological school, by tutoring and teaching in rural schools.

At university he determinedly made quarterback on the rugby team although he weighed only one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

He majored in classics and English and kept up a breakneck pace of study, glee-club singing, student politics, debating and YMCA work. By diligent saving he spent a year studying in Edinburgh and touring Europe by bicycle after he graduated.

His first parish was Banff and it appealed to him strongly. Considered by the missions a tough, boozing town, it offered opportunities for evangelism. He organized construction of the first church in Canmore, Alta., where a cairn marks the event. He played his guitar for singsongs for the Canmore miners, who presented him with a banjo. He toured his parish on a bronco colt and is said to have ridden one of the first safety bicycles in the west. He later drew material for his westerns from the region's vast spaces and mountains.

His parishioners were largely railroaders, miners and cowboys. A friend said in describing him: "Several times I heard him preach to a hundred shantymen with a sprinkling of better-born fellows sadly down in fortune. His appeal was that of his books. The sermons were always from the Gospels and the atmosphere was unforgettable." He carried his guitar and sang The Sweet Bye and Bye or Shall We Gather at the River and hymns likely to recall home and childhood. "The men sang out strong and full-throated." Lord Aberdeen, then governor-general, once took a service for him and Connor later became his chaplain.

After four years at Banff Connor took a small church in Winnipeg called the West End Mission, later it became St. Stephen's Church. Before he moved to Winnipeg he journeyed to Edinburgh for a sabbatical year of study, but spent most of his time making pleas—at first unauthorized—for money and missionaries for western Canada. He returned with pledges of some sixty thousand dollars.

He had been in Winnipeg two years, and had become secretary of the British Canadian North West Mission, when the need for more funds sent him to Toronto, where he received not money but a fateful assignment to write a fiction story illustrating the need.

Five years after Connor arrived in Winnipeg it was whispered that the ladies with whom he bicycled on Saturdays were about to lose him to another member of his congregation. That year he married Helen, daughter of Dr. John Mark King, principal of Manitoba College. A graduate of the college, she was sixteen years her husband's junior.

A small animated woman with candid blue eyes, she lives today in a duplex a few blocks from the big home Connor built for his family in 1913 on a quiet tree-shaded street called Westgate. So punctual was she that students timed their classes by her daily walks across the college campus. She later unobtrusively kept her husband from missing too many appointments through tardiness or preoccupation. He is said, however, to have once missed by twenty-four hours a meeting he was to address. Punctuality was not his strong point. At times he kept his congregation waiting for his appearance. Then, warming to his sermon, he would forget time and keep them fastened to their pews until they wondered if their Sunday roasts had yet burnt to a crisp.

Of the children, three have remained in Winnipeg: Estella and Alison, both married, and Ruth, a professional pianist. Lois, a child welfare worker, lives in Toronto. Mary, the eldest daughter, died some years ago. Marjorie, until recently Canadian vice-consul in New York, is married to an Australian diplomat. King, the only son, a Rhodes scholar, became a minister, taught Christian ethics at the United Theological College in Montreal, later ran unsuccessfully on a CCF ticket in Victoria, was an editor of The Nation and the CBC's correspondent to the United Nations. He is now social affairs officer in the UN division of human rights.

With success and marriage Connor's horizons widened. Early in the century he went on lecture tours, speaking on religious and social welfare topics in Canada, the United States, Britain, New Zealand and Australia. And he was always working on yet another book. At first he wrote in longhand in pencil on school scribblers, sometimes retreating to the seclusion of his young son's bedroom or laboring in his study until dawn almost broke. Later he dictated to a secretary.

He Was a Reluctant Writer

Like many another writer he disliked the physical discipline imposed by writing. He procrastinated and was often irked by the insistence of George Doran, his American publisher, that he hurry his pace for the annual Christmas trade. Many novels were written under the pressure of a deadline. More than once Doran sealed him in a New York or Chicago hotel room to finish the last few pages while the presses waited. Once the publisher sent his wife to Kenora with instructions not to return without a manuscript. The author's wife, calmly going about her household duties, took in the unexpected guest for several days. "I think his publishers had an awful time," she reflected recently.

The appeal of Connor's books remained high. Many a tear was shed and many a vow for self-improvement made as people read of the triumphs of his characters over evil and hardship. His novels demanded that men follow God and keep fit. They made moral victories out of physical combat, championed good and either redeemed evil men or brought them to within view of hell's fire. Above all they suited the times for the call was out to "go west" when the west was considered the last frontier. Among settlers pouring over the newly-completed Canadian Pacific Railway were Britishers and eastern Canadians who had been inspired by his novels. Edward McCourt, professor of English at the University of Saskatchewan, calls him "the west's most effective booster, his books better advertising material than anything ever dreamed up by harassed railroad and government publicity men."

In San Francisco, however, a woman burned Black Rock, along with Flaubert's Madame Bovary, on the sidewalk in front of her home as "a mixture of depravity and religion." She may have taken exception to the frequent oaths of his characters, although they were written as "blank" and produced such dialogue as "Don't let the blank-blank rattle you like a lot of blank-

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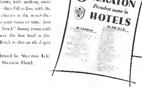

O'Keefe's ALE
O'KEEFE'S O.K. ALE
OK
OK
OK
OK
When good friends get together they say O.K. for O'Keefe's
NO FINER ALE EVER BREWED AND

blank chickens." Once, carried away with the joy of a story, he let a cowboy call a missionary "a dod-gasted-fool hunter."

Connor's heroes were ministers, doctors and members of the Northwest Mounted Police. Whisky peddlers, operators of gambling hells and red light houses were his villains. They stole the prospector's secret, rifled the miner of his wages and pushed him drunk out the back door of the saloon. As an alternative to temptation Connor offered God.

The Sky Pilot, which received widest acclaim, was filmed by Ernest Shipman, a U. S. producer, and had Colleen Moore as heroine. Winnipeg turned out to see it opened grandly at the Walker Theatre by the lieutenant-governor, Sir James Aikins. To Gordon's dismay his hero was portrayed as an unreal, over-pious fanatic riding a bronco with an umbrella aloft to keep off the sun.

Connor, who loved the outdoors and handled a gun and canoe with expert skill, once remarked, "I should have been an Indian." He was in fact honorary chief of three Indian tribes. When he was at work at his Kenora, Ont., summer home and words failed to come, he chopped wood, played the piano or paddled on the lake. A New York publicist after visiting him at Kenora wrote: "I was guided through a trail in the woods to where he stood, alone, bare-headed, in sweater and old clothes, whittling a cane from the root of a tree."

Anything For a Laugh

Connor was fond of "doing canes," as his family called it, and even on his honeymoon near Port Arthur left his bride to look for roots in the woods. Malcolm Macdonald, now United Kingdom Commissioner General in South East Asia, whom he met at Oxford, carried one away after a visit to Kenora and others found their way to distant parts of the world.

In the evenings Connor often played for his children, largely by ear, on the piano, guitar or flute. He had a repertoire of spirituals, French-Canadian and comic songs—among them Alouette and 'Twas One Dark Night On Lac St. Pierre—to sing around their bonfires. Malcolm Macdonald recalled in a letter his ability to "unbend more completely than any man of his age I have known ... his tomfoolery at the lake was absolutely delightful ... he made any party ... by his deliberately bad singing of part songs to the accompaniment of the banjo. I remember the occasion when he disappeared for a whole day, pretending he was writing a novel. It was only when we were playing word games in the evening that his success in beating us by many hundreds of marks betrayed that he had labored for hours to write every relevant word he could think of."

Ramsay MacDonald, when prime minister of Britain, also visited the family at Kenora with his son and three of his daughters. Connor and his wife later returned the visit at No. 10 Downing Street.

All guests at Kenora suffered at least once from the host's practical jokes. "It was a time-honored custom at a new guest's first meal," a friend related, "for the initiated to hold up the edges of the oilcloth table cloth and form a trough into which Dr. Gordon would quietly pour his drinking water. The water then ran around the trough and fell on the lap of the unsuspecting guest. No visitor, however celebrated, could maintain any unnecessary dignity after such an initiation."

Connor swam with his children, played tennis and pitched, they complained, too fast a softball. In his sixties he aquaplaned, and the year he died was still chopping wood. In the winter he curled in the Winnipeg bonspiels and was an ardent hockey fan. Once, when he was Presbyterian moderator, he attracted the attention of a colleague by snowballing his study window. Before the war he raced his registered trotter, King Macilbars, on the Red River in winter.

In his sixties Connor took singing lessons. In church he sometimes stopped his congregation's singing to demonstrate how to enunciate with more vigor and better voice, either by leading them or by stepping back to sing tenor in a quartet completed by choir members.

Connor took an especial interest in the welfare of a settlement of eastern Europeans in the north end of the city among whom Margaret Scott, a pioneer nurse and social worker in Winnipeg, was working. Their story he told in The Foreigner, published in 1909. They were, he felt, receiving too little sympathy. All were welcomed to his church. A social worker, after attending a week of nightly meetings at the church, reported that "I met some of the most rabid socialists of the revolutionary type that I ever encountered anywhere. They were infidels with regard to almost every accepted social, economic and religious doctrine, and they said so in the most brutal fashion imaginable." Another listener remarked ... how deftly he handled them, taking their questions and putting them better than they could themselves ... even the reddest of the red. "I think that spirit of fairness was one of the big things in his life."

Meanwhile the minister was pouring money into a building program for his church. Seven times during the first twenty years of his ministry it was enlarged at a total cost of more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A church house was built for a "brotherhood" he had formed among the men of the congregation for social service and youth groups. He himself bought the thirty-thousand-dollar site. There were rooms to sleep about thirty young men, free physical training and a paid secretary-gymnasium instructor.

By 1914 he was in the thick of a fight for temperance laws in Manitoba. His opponents did not spare him. The Winnipeg Telegram labeled him "Partisan Preacher" and shouted "Banish the Bar Leader." He had, the Telegram found, an "ill-balanced mind, incapable of reacting normally against outrages practised in the interest of the Liberal party." At a political rally during a Portage la Prairie by-election he was accused of being a shareholder in a hotel. A cheque endorsed by him in payment of dividends had been seen. This was a grievous charge, for hotels were then synonymous with bars. Connor stood before a rally at Portage and amid cries of "shut up" and "too holy, eh?" angrily pointed out that the cheque came from a temperance hotel which had faded through the machinations of the Conservative liquor party.

War was shortly declared and prohibition adopted as a war measure. Captain C. W. Gordon (to revert to his own name), his beard shorn, full of patriotism and fifty-five years old, went overseas in kilts with the 43rd Canadian Expeditionary Force. On arrival he became a major and senior chaplain of the Canadian forces in England.

He went to the western front as senior chaplain of the Canadian 9th Brigade and witnessed almost the total loss of his regiment, many of them members of his congregation. Before he left the front in 1916 he read final rites for his colonel who was killed on the Somme.

The disaster to his regiment greatly upset him. The death of his colonel, who had been his lawyer in Winnipeg, brought a shock of another kind. When Connor left for overseas in 1914 he had, he felt, left his affairs in good order. He had a hundred-thousand-dollar life insurance policy and had signed a will based on an estate of one million dollars. Most of his money had been invested in real estate on the edge of Winnipeg by his lawyer. The land was being subdivided into building lots and there was talk of Winnipeg becoming the Chicago of Canada. The values had collapsed in 1911 but Connor was assured by his lawyer, who had formed eight land companies, that his investments were secure. With the lawyer's death came the staggering news from Winnipeg that Connor's money had been misused. Doran, his publisher, who talked to Connor soon afterward, wrote in his memoirs that "it seemed almost impossible to convince Dr. Gordon that he was the victim of criminal mismanagement or worse. When it partially dawned on him his charity was almost too Christ-like and forbearing ..." Connor seldom referred to the loss and forbade discussion of it in his home.

He went on to other duties that called for all his buoyancy. In 1917 the British Government sent him to the United States to urge the United States to join the Allied cause. He gave impassioned public addresses and went at President Wilson's request to the White House, where he bluntly told Wilson, "The British despise you." Wilson took this equably and confided in him that "something will happen shortly."

When Connor arrived in Winnipeg in 1917 he was met at the CPR station by a band of pipers. Crowds thronged St. Stephen's Church to hear him. Thousands were turned away for lack of standing room. Canadian and United States newspapers carried a picture of him still firmly stamped in people's memories, kilted, leaning whimsically on a cane. In his chaplain's kilts he preached under the open sky to American tourists at Banff. He had endeared himself to many Canadians, and especially to servicemen, when in spite of his advocacy of temperance he had fought an attempt by temperance organizations to cut the troops' rum ration.

After the war he returned to St. Stephen's pulpit. In 1920 he was appointed to the full-time paid job of chairman of the Manitoba Council of Industry, an arbitration board set up after the Winnipeg General Strike of 1919, and left an assistant to carry on much of his church work. Under his chairmanship the board settled more than a hundred labor disputes.

He was chosen moderator of the Presbyterian general assembly in 1921 when the church was battling over union with the Methodist and Con

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gregational churches. With Dr. James Endicott of the Methodist church—his son of the same name is known today in Canada for his support of Communism—Connor toured Canada speaking on behalf of union. It came in 1925 with the formation of the United Church of Canada.

In spite of the loss of most of his wealth, Connor continued his openhandedness. During the depression he gave handouts to a steady stream of unemployed at his door. One of his daughters recalls how the family waited apprehensively at the dinner table while he answered the ring of the door bell. Unfailingly he returned with a lighter pocket. "Poor chap," he would say. "He just wanted his fare to Fort William."

His literary output continued unabated. After the war his westerns were replaced by novels about Cape Breton, the Niagara Peninsula and Quebec. His "begobs" and "blanks" gave way to an occasional damn and "what the hell." But his writing lost much of its rudeness and vigor and to his bewilderment and sorrow was less popular. The postwar generation was disenchanted and its disenchantment had no room for an optimistic belief in moral regeneration.

There was nothing in his appearance to indicate he felt any disenchantment himself. Animated, alert, walking with long strides, wearing a close-clipped white mustache, he was still the life of gatherings at his home. As long as he could afford it he kept up payments on his heavy life insurance policy and met the taxes on his big residence and real estate holdings. He was finally forced to let the policy go and the taxes slide.

He Survives in Classrooms

In 1937, the year of his death, a Boston University theology professor tried to interest Cecil B. De Mille in producing movies of some of the early Connor novels but nothing came of it. Ralph Connor was all but forgotten outside Canada.

Today Connor's books are still fairly popular with Canadian children although royalties come in regularly for only the two Glengarry books and one of the less famous westerns. Still classed by schools as supplementary reading, well-thumbed sets will be found in their old bindings in Winnipeg school libraries and excerpts from them in Manitoba school readers.

Finally, in the last year of his life, the University of Manitoba added an honorary doctorate of laws to the honorary degrees he already held from Queen's and Glasgow universities. By then, his honors also included a CMG and an FRSC.

While at Kenora in Sept., 1937, he fell ill and was taken to the Misericordia Hospital for an abdominal operation from which he never rallied. He died on October 31, his reminiscences—Postscript to Adventure—just completed. His estate amounted to less than nine thousand dollars and his home was taken over by the city for taxes. Now owned by the University Women's Club of Winnipeg, this red brick spacious building is formally called Ralph Connor House although the name is not in common usage. Hundreds of letters came to his family after his death.

The Free Press devoted almost five columns to the city's "most famous citizen." His funeral, unornamented by flowers, was followed by burial in Old Kildonan Cemetery beyond the city limits. There a simple granite headstone identifies him as Gordon and Connor, "Minister of the Gospel—Author—Canadian." ★

It's Supermayor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

under it. Gardiner's jurisdiction embraces Greater Toronto's conglomeration of thirteen separate communities—the city of Toronto, the townships of York, East York, North York, Etobicoke and Scarborough, the towns of New Toronto, Mimico, Weston and Leaside and the villages of Long Branch, Swansea and Forest Hill.

There are no visible dividing lines between these communities in which a million and a quarter people—a twelfth of the national population—are packed into only two hundred and fifty of Canada's three million seven hundred thousand square miles. A stranger can't tell where one ends and another begins. The Odeon Humber theatre straddles the borders of three of them—Toronto, York and Swansea. It pays taxes to all three but once when its manager tried to summon a policeman to evict a noisy patron the police department of each of the three insisted the theatre was not in its territory.

Although the thirteen communities are geographically and socially a unit, in politics they've been like Kilkenny cats. "They haggled and debated for years but couldn't even get together on the shape of no-parking signs. Each went its own way as long as it could."

Lack of intelligent planning merely inconvenienced citizens before the war. During and after the war, when tens of thousands of new families moved to Greater Toronto, the inconvenience deepened to real hardship. Traveling to and from work became an ordeal, the housing supply gave out, there weren't enough watermains and sewers and some schools were so overcrowded that classes had to be staggered. Meanwhile lands that should have been reserved for park purposes were vanishing, gobbled up by new developments, and so much waste and sewage was spilling into Lake Ontario that swimming from Toronto's beaches had to be forbidden. Unless it's rapidly corrected, the situation could soon be even worse than it is now, for the rate of Greater Toronto's growth shows no sign of slackening and is, instead, destined to be accelerated by the St. Lawrence Seaway. Gardiner predicts Greater Toronto will have two million residents in twenty years.

There was a time when Fred Gardiner didn't worry too much about what was happening to Toronto. As a corporation lawyer, partner in the firm of Parkinson, Gardiner, Roberts, Anderson and Conlin, and as an officer of several substantial companies, he lived in Forest Hill, which foot for foot is reputed to be the richest village in Canada. He's a prominent Progressive Conservative and a former Ontario vice-president of the party. Once when he was discussing social legislation at a campaign rally a heckler shouted, "You're from Forest Hill. What do you know about it?" The implication was that nobody from the rarefied heights of Forest Hill could appreciate the burdens of Toronto proper and the eleven other suburbs.

Gardiner silenced the heckler with the laughing retort that his was the "smallest house with the biggest mortgage in Forest Hill." Actually, it was one of the largest houses, with no mortgage. Yet Gardiner knew what it was like to be in modest circumstances. When he was born in Toronto fifty-eight years ago his father, David Gardiner, who had come to Canada from Ireland, was a guard in the old Central Prison, where he later rose to be deputy governor. Fred Gardiner was brought up in a respectable but unpretentious neighborhood at Dundas Street and Euclid Avenue, where his mother, Mrs. Victoria Gardiner, aged ninety-two, still occupies the old family home. As a dutiful son calling regularly on his mother, Gardiner was as conversant with conditions at Dundas and Euclid as with conditions in Forest Hill.

But in municipal affairs, Gardiner thought Forest Hill should look after itself and stay aloof from other communities. In 1916 when he had interrupted his studies at the University of Toronto to enlist in the Royal Canadian Mounted Rifles he had camped where Forest Hill now is, in wide-open spaces. He had watched its imposing residential streets spring from pastures and potato patches and had put up his house on one of them in 1929. He felt that he and his fellow villagers, having built these streets at their own expense for their own purpose—that of having an exclusive and luxurious suburb—were entitled to municipal isolation. When he was elected deputy reeve of Forest Hill in 1936 and again in 1937 he supported this policy. He was elected reeve (the village equivalent of mayor) in 1938 and re-elected annually until 1950. For the first eight years of his reeveship he continued to be an isolationist.

ASH TRAYS

The dish he grinds his butts in
I'd planned to put the nuts in.

PHILENE HAMMER

By 1946 when he was elected for a one-year term as warden of York County, in which Greater Toronto is located, he was changing his views and talking about the need for co-operation among the thirteen communities of Greater Toronto. The York County Council is responsible for county institutions such as almshouses, and has charge of a network of roads linking rural and urban areas. Presiding over it as warden Gardiner gained insight into general problems. He decided that no one community had the right to block undertakings that would benefit all communities of Greater Toronto. In 1947 Ontario established a department of planning and development, which set up regional planning boards. Each of these boards was to draft plans for roads, streets, water, sewage and parks in its own area and to determine which land should be earmarked for industries, which for business and which for residential sections.

The boards were advisory. "They could make recommendations but they couldn't issue orders." Gardiner, who was picked as chairman of the planning board for Toronto and York, believed at the outset that Greater Toronto's muddle could be unraveled by voluntary agreement of the communities concerned. But at every turn he bumped his head.

"For five years," he says now, "we didn't accomplish one damn thing. We had no power to expropriate, no power to tax. Each community recognized that arterial highways, for example, were necessary, but each community wanted them to pass through some other community with somebody else paying for them."

In November 1949 he announced he would not stand for re-election as reeve of Forest Hill because he couldn't go on being reeve of "one of Toronto's Balkan suburbs." His statement was harshly criticized in Forest Hill but his Irish dander was up and there was no turning back. He took to the public platform to beat the drum for out-and-out amalgamation of Toronto and its dozen satellites. This kind of union would deprive the suburbs of their identity, eliminate their local councils and merge them completely with the city. But Gardiner saw it as the one answer. "It has to be brought about," he said, "because all the efforts of the planners are being stymied by local autonomies." The suburbs responded with a noisy outcry, but Gardiner now launched on a one-man crusade, addressed clubs, lodges, church groups, ratepayers' associations. Night after night he faced meetings, shrugged off the sharp jabs of hecklers and preached his new gospel.

In Greater Toronto people take their municipal politics seriously and the meetings at which he spoke were not uniformly peaceful. When he mentioned Toronto in any of the suburbs there were usually jeers of "Hogtown." Because of his affiliations with the Progressive Conservatives, he was accused of being a "Tory mouthpiece." Sometimes there was so much booing that he could hardly be heard. But he gradually converted more and more citizens to his way of thinking.

Meanwhile in 1948 the town of Mimico (population eleven thousand) had applied to the Ontario Municipal Board, a sort of municipal court armed with wide powers by the Ontario Legislature, for an order for the joint administration in Greater Toronto of specified services—education, fire and police protection, administration of justice, health and welfare, planning, sewage disposal and public utilities including transportation and main highways. Toronto followed this up in May 1950 with an application for an order for complete amalgamation of the entire area.

The Ontario Municipal Board, with L. R. Cumming, QC, as chairman, opened public hearings on these applications on June 19, 1950, and ended them on June 7, 1951, after listening to two and a half million words of evidence and argument. All the communities but Toronto and Mimico lined up in opposition to the proposals, asserting that they had the right to govern themselves as they wished and that they should not be forced into a union. They claimed that in a union they would lose their identity and face higher taxes.

H. F. Manning, counsel for Fred Gardiner's own village of Forest Hill, dubbed the Toronto application "crass, greedy, ruthless and impatient." He added that if it was right for Toronto to annex the suburbs it would be equally right for the United States to annex Canada. Harold Steele, counsel for Etobicoke, characterized Toronto as "a marrying Amazon wielding a big stick." Melville Grant, counsel for Long Branch, said a merger would be "a shotgun wedding."

Mimico's application for joint administration of specified services—in short, for a limited form of amalgamation—was also denounced by the dissenting eleven communities.

It wasn't until January 20 this year that the Ontario Municipal Board published its findings. Then in a ninety-one page document now known as the Cumming Report it rejected the application of Toronto and Mimico and offered a solution of its own for Toronto's metropolitan troubles. The solution—as the report stated—owed much to Mimico's suggestions. It called for a Metropolitan Council with over-all control of water, sewage, drainage, education, public transportation, arterial highways, the care of the aged and of neglected children, public hous-

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ing, planning, zoning and metropolitan parks. The suburbs were still to have their local councils, the authority to pass whatever local bylaws they liked, and control of their own local streets, watermains, sewers and police and fire departments. They were still to levy and collect taxes. Gardiner hailed this scheme as an excellent alternative to amalgamation.

Conditions in Greater Toronto had reached such a state by this time that Premier Frost, even had he wanted to, could hardly have sidestepped the issue. An astute politician, well aware that he was playing with firecrackers, he incorporated the recommendations of the Cumming Report into the Toronto Metropolitan Act, which was passed by the Ontario Legislature April 2 after thirty-six days of heavy going. With his prestige hanging in the balance, Frost had to have the best man he could find to assure that the Toronto Metropolitan Act wouldn't be a failure.

"I'm staking the reputation of my government on you," Frost told Gardiner as he persuaded him to accept the fifteen-thousand-dollar-a-year chairmanship of the Metropolitan Council. The twenty-four other members of this council each receive eighteen hundred dollars a year. They are always to be, by terms of the Toronto Metropolitan Act, the mayor of the city of Toronto, the two controllers and nine aldermen of the city who head the polls in each city election, the mayors of New Toronto, Mimico, Weston and Leaside, the reeves of York, East York, North York, Etobicoke, Scarborough, Long Branch, Swansea and Forest Hill. Gardiner's appointment is until December 31, 1954, after which the council will pick its own chairman.

The Metropolitan Council was born amid fanfare and headlines. The swearing-in ceremony, on April 15, was in the Ontario assembly chamber at Queen's Park, in the heart of Toronto. It was photographed by newsreel cameras, broadcast by radio and televised. The whole provincial cabinet turned out for it and the premier expressed the opinion that the day was a milestone in history. While this was going on a young Toronto traffic cop, blissfully ignorant of the identity of his victim, hung a ticket on Gardiner's automobile for overtime parking. Gardiner paid the fine without a murmur but a couple of weeks later, when Toronto traffic fines reached ten thousand dollars in a single day, the new supermayor had a word of comment.

Motorists, he said, were being "mulcted." They paid taxes for streets they could drive on safely and even park on occasionally, but hadn't got them. Street construction had fallen so far behind requirements and traffic congestion had necessitated such a multitude of regulations that drivers could hardly avoid breaking some laws—particularly traffic laws. Harassed motorists applauded him as they plucked yellow parking tickets off their windshield wipers. Gardiner also made himself popular with streetcar passengers. He announced that in rush periods the streamlined trams of the Toronto Transportation Commission, once known as the best transit system in the world, were creeping at four miles an hour. "In the old days," he added, "horse cars in Toronto went six miles an hour." He pointed out that by diverting automobiles from streets with car tracks to arterial highways would speed tram travel and benefit non-motorists.

His statements about traffic fines and creeping trams were intended to help sell arterial highways to the public and they probably did. But members of the Toronto City Council sensed an implied criticism and were annoyed. Gardiner has consequently watered down his more recent statements because if he can't obtain the backing of the twelve members of the City Council who are also members of the Metropolitan Council his career as supermayor is unlikely to be distinguished. The natural inclination of eleven of these twelve men is to be hostile, not so much because of Gardiner, but because they dislike the provisions of the Toronto Metropolitan Act and maintain that the suburbs should have been compelled to become parts of the city proper under the City Council. Of the twelve only Mayor Allan Lamport favors the metropolitan scheme. The others opposed the Toronto Metropolitan Act when it was before the Legislature last March and bought newspaper advertising space to attack it.

There were reports last April when Gardiner was first sworn in that the Toronto group might boycott the Metropolitan Council and that even Lamport might refuse to sit on it under Gardiner, but after Lamport had a secret conclave with his fellow city councilors he announced: "We decided Fred Gardiner needs help in getting things started and we are the people to give him the help. We are the people experienced in running a big city and we decided to give Mr. Gardiner the benefit of our experience." City Hall reporters who detected a distinctly sour note in this asked Gardiner about his feelings toward Lamport.

"Confidentially," he said appeasingly, "I think he's a heck of a smart fellow."

In spite of the half-hearted pledge of support from the city representatives on the Metropolitan Council it won't be easy for Gardiner to keep them on his side when controversial questions arise. But lately he has been earnestly wooing their friendship.

Like the city representatives most of the suburban representatives on the Municipal Council are antagonistic to the metropolitan scheme. In an effort to win them over Gardiner last spring took them on a seventy-mile sightseeing tour of Greater Toronto. The excursion skipped all the "points of interest" mentioned in tourist booklets. Acting as guide, Gardiner showed his guests the Don and Humber rivers in all their reeking slimy disgrace, mentioning casually that they could be clear lovely streams. He purposely included Greater Toronto's worst bottlenecks on the itinerary—spots where traffic is squeezed to a crawling nightmare. At one of these bottlenecks the two buses in which the councilors were riding lost each other.

When the buses were reunited after much frantic manoeuvring, the sightseers saw the slums of the present—dilapidated crumbling tenements breeding misery and sickness. They saw the slums of the future—mean little jerry-built bungalows on pitifully narrow lots, each looking exactly like the other. In districts from which residents had been driven out by the advance of factories and stores, they saw schools with empty classrooms. In districts to which the residents had fled they saw schools where classes had to be staggered to accommodate all the children. They saw districts where there's not enough water to meet ordinary needs, let alone fight fires, and districts where there are thousands of cesspools—cesspools that don't drain properly because of Toronto's clay soil and are a constant menace to health. They saw new developments spreading into green ravines that are Toronto's last chance of having beautiful parks and that, once gone, can't be replaced.

Far out on the fringe of Greater Toronto, where an industrial plant was mushrooming in a field where cattle had grazed the previous fall, and toward which new streets were marching as fast as contractors could build them, Gardiner stood on the end of an old fence the bulldozers hadn't plowed under yet. He faced his councilors and his voice rose above the hum of construction.

"We have seen some of the things we have to correct," he said. And with the carefully chosen words of a corporation lawyer he outlined the basic problem—the problem these days of every great North American city. Toronto, he said, was shrinking at the core, bursting at the seams. Industry and commerce were forcing people to outlying sections. These sections had the land but not the financial resources to provide a high standard of services. The city proper had the financial resources but not the land. Furthermore, with hundreds of thousands living in the suburbs but working in the city, the means of transportation had cracked under the strain. Gardiner said too that Greater Toronto was all one community—that there could be no solution of its urgent troubles except through mutual effort. "I hope," he said, "that we can find this solution together." Most of the councilors were sufficiently impressed to applaud.

The supermayor prefers to be conciliatory but can also be tough and unbending. He and Oliver E. Crockford, reeve of the township of Scarborough (population seventy-five thousand), have locked horns repeatedly. Scarborough has a lot of Greater Toronto's largest factories, plenty of room for both industrial and residential expansion, and the ambitious, politically aggressive Crockford feels it would be better off standing apart.

One point of contention between Crockford and Gardiner is that Crockford insists a lot with a forty-foot frontage is wide enough for an ordinary dwelling and that to require wider (and therefore more expensive) lots will just make it that much harder for a working man to buy a home. Gardiner contends that no lot should be less than fifty feet in width. "Metropolitan cities," he declares, "can't afford slums and the economical time to stop slums is before they start." ★

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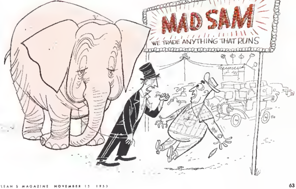
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Crockford can muster the majority of suburban councillors behind him he can bossand vote the gears of the Metropolitan Council, but Gardiner has indicated he will fight to a finish against forty foot lots.

As chairman of the Metropolitan Council Gardiner has more influence than the ordinary member. Yet when there is an issue to be settled by the council he has only one vote. A strong opposition bloc, either from the city or the suburbs, could frustrate his efforts. He feels his most useful weapon in overcoming opposition will be public opinion so the supermayor this fall has become one of the nation's busiest public speakers.

Most of his speeches are made after a nine-hour working day in an incongruous cubbyhole of an office on the third floor of Toronto's City Hall, an office the Metropolitan Council rents from the city of Toronto for one hundred and thirty-one dollars a month. He labors in shirt sleeves, chain-smoking when he's under pressure, and his lunch is usually brought in to him by his secretary, Miss B. W. Pearson, who spent fifteen years on the staff of his law firm.

Scattered around him on his desk are maps, blueprints, statistical tables, reports. His advisers, who are quartered in rented space in another building, drop in and out informally and most of them are on first name terms with the boss. They're the highest paid and probably the most capable municipal officials in Canada. L. A. Lascelles, metropolitan finance commissioner at sixteen thousand five hundred dollars a year, was formerly Toronto finance commissioner at the same salary. The metropolitan assessment commissioner, A. J. B. Gray, also moved over from the city at his same salary, fourteen thousand five hundred dollars a year, as did the metropolitan works commissioner, L. B. Allan, who is paid twelve thousand dollars annually. The metropolitan clerk (ten thousand a year) is W. W. Gardhouse, former clerk of the York County Council; the metropolitan solicitor (twelve thousand a year) is C. Frank Moore, former solicitor of North York; and the metropolitan auditor (ten thousand a year) is George H. Glennie, former deputy auditor of the city.

As of January 1, the date on which the Metropolitan Council assumes its full authority after the present period of organizing, this team will be responsible for the details of a budget greater than that of the majority of Canadian provinces. At this stage the budget can only be approximated but expenditures for education alone will be in the vicinity of twenty million dollars annually and the total may be twice that to start with and more as time goes on.

The Government of Ontario is footing the bills of the Metropolitan Council until December 31. After that the Government, to help straighten out Greater Toronto's terrible muddle, has agreed to underwrite costs to the extent of four dollars a year per head of population—about five million dollars. It will also bear fifty percent of the cost of Greater Toronto's arterial highways whose need is agreed but whose ultimate number hasn't been decided.

Most of the funds for the Metropolitan Council's treasury will come from the thirteen communities of Greater Toronto. Each will pay according to its own proportion of the metropolitan area's aggregate assessment of two billion three hundred million dollars. Gardiner has assured taxpayers that he anticipates no sudden jump in taxes but has warned that a huge outlay is in the offing and that the sooner the money can be spent the cheaper it will be in the long run.

While the thirteen communities have to finance the Metropolitan Council the council is assuming responsibility for many of their obligations. Schools are an example. The municipalities keep their own local school boards and the metropolitan corporation will pay each of these local boards a hundred and fifty dollars a year per primary pupil, two hundred and fifty dollars a year per secondary pupil and three hundred dollars a year per vocational pupil. Meanwhile a recently appointed Metropolitan School Board will designate the location of new schools and co-ordinate the activities of local boards.

The idea is to spread the cost of education through the whole area on a fair basis, see that new schools are placed where they are most needed and yet to leave a measure of local control. If a wealthy community like Forest Hill wants to spend more on education than it receives from the metropolitan corporation it is free to do so.

The Only Problem Is Money

Greater Toronto stretches along Lake Ontario for twenty-five miles and reaches inland ten or twelve miles. Because it is on the lake, Fred Gardiner says water supply and sewage disposal present only one headache, a financial one. "It's just a matter of finding the money," he shrugs. On January 1 the Metropolitan Council will take over all existing plants and facilities for the wholesale supply and distribution of water, and all existing plants and facilities for the wholesale collection and disposal of sewage.

The Metropolis will sell water at wholesale rates to each community and the communities will in turn retail the water inside their own borders. The Metropolis will own and operate the over-all distribution system but the local distribution systems will be owned and operated by the different communities. A preliminary estimate is that the supercouncil will have to invest fifteen million dollars on enlarging pumping stations and mains to provide all the water needed.

Each community will be responsible for its local sewage. The several sewage systems will deliver sewage to the trunk sewers of the metropolitan corporation, which will relay it to treatment tanks and purify it before it is emptied into the lake. The Metropolitan Council will charge for this service with the flow of sewage from each district being measured by meters. The municipalities will pass on the cost to ratepayers, adding enough to cover the maintenance of their local sewers. Exact figures aren't ready yet but it's expected the metropolitan investment in trunk sewers and sewage disposal costs will be as much as thirty-five million dollars.

The arterial highways are the biggest problem. Nobody has any idea what they will cost or very much of an idea where they will run or what they will be like. An east-west highway along the lakeshore apparently has precedence in the program but whether it is to be an open cut highway below the surface, a surface highway or an elevated highway is still being debated by the experts. Two other arterial highways, one approaching downtown Toronto from the northwest, another from the northeast, are in the planning stage. Gardiner predicts confidently that when these are built a motorist who lives forty minutes from work under existing traffic conditions will be brought within ten or fifteen minutes of work.

A perplexing facet of the transportation question is that Toronto's tremendous investment in public transit facilities has to be protected within reason. Arterial highways could milk passengers from the fifty-eight-million-dollar subway which is nearing completion and leave this project with staggering deficits. They could also produce heavy deficits on the rest of the publicly-owned tram system. This entire system, plus bus lines now privately-owned, falls into the lap of the Metropolitan Council January 1. At that date, the publicly-owned Toronto Transportation Commission, its scope expanded to take in the whole metropolitan area, will become the Toronto Transit Commission. The quandary of Gardiner and his councillors is this: If they go overboard on arterial highways they'll pile up a giant capital debt on one hand, while on the other hand they'll be depriving the transit system of revenue and turning it into a heavy liability which the metropolitan corporation will have to carry. That at any rate is a danger they foresee. Yet with three hundred and fifty thousand automobiles registered in the metropolitan area and additional tens of thousands entering Toronto daily, arterial highways are a must.

To catch up on its housing shortage Greater Toronto needs at least forty million dollars worth of new homes a year for the next five years, according to a survey by Gardiner's experts.

This housing shortage, perhaps more acute than in any other large North American city, has tripled rents in the last ten or twelve years. It has also pushed real estate prices to such heights that a house which sold for six thousand dollars in 1942 recently sold for twenty-eight thousand dollars. The cost of shelter has unbalanced the budgets of thousands and thousands of Toronto families and led to hardship and distress. Yet as Gardiner sees it subsidized housing should be a last resort. He feels that if new districts are opened up for building and serviced with water, sewers, streets and sidewalks, private enterprise can provide the houses. If that fails, the Metropolitan Council is vested with authority to go into the housing business, but Gardiner's first step will be to locate and service new land and encourage private builders.

Like water and sewer systems a metropolitan park system boils down to a matter of finding the money. The project Gardiner favors involves a "green belt" of four thousand acres in the Don and Humber River valleys, which run south through the heart of the city within a few miles of each other.

The parking problem is more complicated than the park problem. Underground parking lots and overhead parking ramps have both been proposed. Gardiner is apparently convinced the land needed for parking purposes should be expropriated by the Metropolitan Council then leased to private operators on a basis that would not penalize motorists but would repay the council's investment.

Planning and zoning for the future to avoid the blunders of the past is also in the sphere of the Metropolitan Council which has set up a Metropolitan Planning Board. Most of the growth will be channeled into Etobicoke, North York and Scarborough for the city and the other suburbs are already crowded. Toronto proper has close to seven hundred thousand

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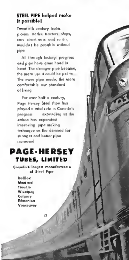

residents compressed into twenty five thousand acres. Mimico, as an example of how densely the majority of suburbs are populated, has an area of only five hundred acres but more than eleven thousand people.

Etobicoke, North York and Scarborough each has a larger area than the city proper. Etobicoke's population is upwards of seventy thousand, that of Scarborough is about the same, and that of North York is more than a hundred thousand. These figures are estimates for these townships have been attracting new residents so rapidly that up-to-date statistics aren't available. For several years there has been more residential construction in North York alone than in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island combined.

The odds and ends on Gardiner's desk include blueprints for a new building to house himself and his staff. By the middle of 1954 the Metropolitan Council will have five or six hundred employees. His job as North America's first supermayor is probably one of the most difficult in Canada. While he's juggling problems and weighing decisions he has to keep in mind the political implications of whatever he does; first because public support is essential to the success of the experiment, and second because Premier Frost has given him an assignment on which much hinges from the standpoint of the Progressive Conservative party in Ontario. Frost's government forced the union of the thirteen municipalities. Frost's government will be blamed if the scheme fails. And a quarter of all Ontario's voters live in Greater Toronto, the area directly concerned.

He Knows His Traffic Jams

If anything stops Gardiner it probably won't be the long working hours. In his University of Toronto days he wanted the Alexander Mackenzie scholarship for political science and managed to win it even though he joined the army before completing his course. He was in uniform when his bachelor of arts degree was awarded. Overseas he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps from the Mounted Rifles and piloted Handley-Page bombers. He didn't get back to Canada until the spring of 1919 but by working seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year, he got his law degree in 1920 together with the coveted gold medal of the Law Society of Upper Canada. Then, by more hard work, he climbed to the upper rungs of his profession.

Yet he has never worked so hard as he is working now. After their son and daughter grew up Fred Gardiner and his wife Audrey sold their home and moved into an apartment, still in Forest Hill. Gardiner leaves this apartment early in the morning, struggles through traffic jams to City Hall and seldom gets back for his evening meal. William, the son, who is a broker, has three youngsters and Ann, the daughter, has one. She is married to one of Gardiner's law partners, J. B. Cunlin. Gardiner has been too busy with that prodigious infant, Metropolitan Toronto, to see much of his grandchildren lately, but he feels he is doing something for them in the long run.

"By the time they're old enough to vote," he declares with a broad happy smile, "Toronto will be one of the finest cities on earth—a city without traffic snarls, slums or housing shortages. You mightn't believe this to look at it now—but ten years from now, if we have a reasonable amount of luck with our metropolitan plan, it will be a different sort of place, far easier on the nerves." ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

the language and then learn grammar."

O wise Brunnhilde! A second language adds another continent to the mind. Canada is biracial without being bilingual. Irregular verbs be damned! We should talk French first and then learn the grammar.

Which brings me appropriately to the Province of Quebec. Whatever headaches it presents to the rest of Canada there is an undeniable fascination to Quebec. Here is a province that is also a nation. It is French but one feels that there is no great love for France. Memories are long in those parts and whether it is truth or legend there is a historic resentment that France abandoned her children on the banks of the St. Lawrence when Wolfe overcame Montcalm.

There is no logic in emotion at any time but there can be little doubt that our French Canadian compatriots feel a much closer spiritual unity with Rome than with Paris. The priests are in evidence everywhere and they make a striking picture in their cassocks as they move among the people.

Paradoxically one senses that the French Canadians have a deep affection for our young Queen even as they had for her mother. This does not extend to Great Britain as a nation but in a race that has always worshiped the feminine it is understandable that Her Majesty makes an appeal that is above political considerations.

The rest of Canada complains that Quebec exerts a political power beyond her importance and that she intends to conquer with the ballot and the cradle where her ancestors failed with the musket and the bayonet.

A friend at the Quebec Garrison Club said: "The French supply the babies and the prime ministers, the rest of Canada pays the taxes." As a transient I cannot judge the accuracy of such a statement but it was expressed with feeling. Certainly the rule of democracy is bedeviled if a large section of a country persists in voting for one party in parliamentary elections.

There is an old saying that if you want to write a book about Athens go there for three days or three years. As a writer I know that first impressions are vivid even if they lack the balance that comes with long acquaintance.

Accordingly I offer as no more than a superficial observation that Quebec is less isolated in thought and philosophy than she was thirty years ago. I would suggest there is a growing awareness of Canada's progression to the role of a great nation and a growing realization that she can only play that role if she becomes a truly united nation.

On the lighter side there is an irresistible charm to Quebec City. The streets on the night we were there were like a carnival. The shops were open and the horse-drawn buggies were full of laughing people. At the Chateau Frontenac the waiters served dinner as if it were something between a sacrament and a fiesta. What is more, since Quebec is a very, very wicked place one could order a bottle of wine and drink it in full view. This of course is terrible; there should have been a government department where on presenting my vaccination certificate and other credentials I could have taken a bottle of whisky to my room and drunk it in secret shame. Or as in one famous Canadian holiday resort I could have gone a hundred yards from the hotel and joined the golf club by paying a green fee for a day and thus qualify for a drink.

Puritanism lingers in Canada and only a fool would deny that there is a large section of public opinion which sincerely believes alcohol does the devil's work. If they had their way—and they are entitled to their opinion—the manufacture and sale of wine and spirits would be totally prohibited.

Unhappily for them, prohibition breeds lawlessness, drunkenness and adds the glamour of secret adventure to what is really a normal habit in most people.

Canadian tourist trade will become a more and more important item in the national budget for it is not a cliché to say that the eyes of the world are on Canada. Tourism helps your vast transportation services and aids the hotels which already maintain a very high standard. It brings foreign visitors to your land and sends them away as ambassadors of good or bad will.

Therefore, although again with diffidence, I would suggest as a tourist that Canada is adult and disciplined enough to allow visitors from other lands to enjoy the amenities to which they are accustomed. People do not get drunk on wine taken with a meal. I make these observations with all respect for those who hold other views and I hope it will not be regarded as an intrusion.

The tour ended in Montreal. Alas! Montreal still makes jokes about Toronto. We were told that a competition had been held by a Montreal newspaper in which first prize was a week in Toronto and second prize two weeks in Toronto.

But these insults do not bring any blush to Toronto's cheeks. The fates placed that city on Lake Ontario's shore in order that it should be the centre of the realm. If, as they say, Toronto is not a city but a state of mind, there have been moments in history when the whole free world owed a debt of gratitude to the state of that mind.

What are the shadows on the happy Canadian scene? Those giant prairies pregnant with wheat conveyed a grim message. The farmer asks a price that Britain will not pay and the farmer's heart is deep with resentment. Therefore nearly a billion bushels are relegated to storage. That is dangerous. That is an interference with the very elementals of production and consumption.

There is much sympathy for the farmer but there is also criticism. A public man in Winnipeg told me that the wheat growing farmer has always been pampered. "In good times he takes the profit, in hard times he expects the government to take the rap."

A banker friend in Montreal listened to my story of frustration in the prairie provinces and then said he would send me figures to show that farmers were in good shape [illegible]

[illegible] the report showed them at $4,800,000,000. Debts on the other hand, had decreased from $738,000,000 to $486,000,000. The percentage of total debt to total farm values in 1937 was 36.4 percent. In 1952 it had shrunk to 10.1 percent.

Are there any other shadows on the Canadian scene? In no partisan spirit I feel the decline and possibly death of the Conservative Party would create grave problems. We saw in Germany and are seeing in France the disruption that comes from a multiplicity of political parties. The maneuvering for power, the temporary alliances, the blackmail threat of splinter parties, and the uncertainty of tenure for the administration breed indiscipline and opportunism which, in turn, breed national impotence.

The United States owes much of its prosperity and power to the preservation of the two-party system. Britain's greatest progress was when she maintained two parties—and now she has virtually returned to it.

BY THE TIME these words appear there will probably be snow upon the foothills of the Rockies. The nights draw in and the prairies forget their troubles in the long winter sleep. In New Brunswick the port of Saint John takes on its five month winter shift. Saskatoon smells the Arctic wind and in Niagara Falls there is the endless symphony of plunging waters. In far-off Vancouver they will thank the gods that their winter is not like that of other cities, but there may be a little rain. That special breed that seems to life only in wintertime will fondle their skis and gaze at the leaden skies.

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How To Make A Reader Of Your Child

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Educators agree that children need to be guided firmly into good reading. But shoving a book into a child's hand and saying, "Read this, it's good for you," won't work. One of the things that will work is surrounding him with good books. Build him a bookcase in his own room and take him to the library yourself so that he will feel at home there. Then see to it that he has books of his own suitable for his age.

It is impossible to lay down hard-and-fast rules about what kind of books children will enjoy at any given age. Different children develop at different speeds. David H. Russell, author of Children Learn To Read, points out that reading abilities vary as much as two or three grades in primary classes and five or six grades in higher classes. An inexperienced librarian once almost brought circulation of children's books to a halt in her town by putting little cards above them with "Grade III," "Grade V" and so on printed on them.

On the other hand there are certain broad groupings that can be used as guides. A survey of children's reading preferences published in the Journal of Educational Psychology and the current lists of the Canadian Library Association show that pre-school and kindergarten children like stories about animals such as Angus and the Ducks and The Story About Ping by Marjorie Flack, and Beatrix Potter's wonderful Tale of Peter Rabbit; stories about small children such as Helen Bannerman's Little Black Sambo and Claire Huchet Bishop's Five Chinese Brothers; stories about dolls such as Gruelle's Raggedy Ann. They prefer their books brightly illustrated with large clear pictures. Many of these can be bought cheaply in the Little Golden series, the Wonder Books series and the Big Treasure Books series.

Children in Grades I, II and III prefer books such as Robert McCloskey's Make Way For Ducklings, Cinderella, Pinocchio, Wanda Gág's Snippy and Snappy, Rudyard Kipling's Just So Stories and The Story of Doctor Dolittle by Hugh Lofting.

Grades IV, V and VI show a preference for books like Eric Knight's Lassie Come Home, Lewis Carroll's Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass, Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer by Mark Twain, Eleanor Estes' Moffat books and The Arabian Nights by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Grade VII, VIII and IX children go for the adventure books such as Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island, Carola Oman's Robin Hood, John Masefield's Jim Davis. Girls at this age particularly like Charlotte Bronte's Jane Eyre and Louisa M. Alcott's Little Women. Both sexes read Wild Animals I Have Known by Ernest Thompson Seton and Mark Twain's The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.

These favorites overlap, of course, from age group to age group. Children of all ages read Alice in Wonderland, for instance. A Toronto librarian tells how an eighteen year old girl came to Boys and Girls House of the Toronto Public Library to get the latest book by Arthur Ransome (famous for his Swallows and Amazons adventure stories for the eleven to fourteen group) because she didn't want to miss one. One mother reports that her eight year old likes Hemingway and read his The Old Man and the Sea with apparent enjoyment.

Children from nine to twelve, librarians find, are the most avid readers of all. They will take three or four books out and be back in a week for more. They have more leisure at that age than they will ever have again and perhaps a greater curiosity. Often at this age children get into series of books such as the Bobbsey Twins or the Elsie Dinsmore books. Even when the individual books in a series—there are forty five Bobbsey Twins titles—are interesting and useful, many librarians feel that the child is likely to become bored with the same characters and stop reading altogether.

Librarians also warn parents not to be afraid of giving their children the books generally called the classics. Helen Armstrong, the library representative on the Committee on Children's Recreational Reading for Ontario, describes how she once started a non-reading twelve-year-old off with a children's version of Homer's Odyssey. The boy was soon back looking for more of the same. "It's true, isn't it?" he asked. "You can tell it's true just by reading it."

Most children seem to prefer straight fiction. The Toronto Public Library reported last year that out of every one hundred books loaned to children thirty two were fiction, twenty were picture books, nine were traditional literature (folklore, fairy tales, myths, hero stories), nine were biography and history, eight were books of travel and geography, five were books of science, four were hobby books and four were books on art, music, plays or poetry.

No Time To Read

There's general agreement among educators that fiction is good for children. They often quote Robert Louis Stevenson's opinion: "The most influential books and the truest in their influence are works of fiction. They repeat, they clarify the lessons of life; they disengage us from ourselves, they constrain us to the acquaintance of others."

Often boys or girls who never read can be introduced to books through their hobbies. A boy who is very keen about hockey, for instance, will be sure to like Scott Young's Scrubs on Skates and Boy on Defense, which combine good stories with expert material on hockey. A girl who is attracted by nursing will like Elliott Merrick's Northern Nurse. From these books they will usually go to others of the same type and then gradually broaden their reading.

A number of teachers answering the Ontario questionnaire repeated this complaint: "Children are kept so busy taking tap dancing, piano, figure skating, handicrafts, swimming and every other kind of lesson that they don't have time to read." Some parents seem to think that a child who is reading or just sitting thinking about what he has read is wasting time. They feel that he should be developing some skill. Educators believe that children should have a certain amount of unorganized time in which to read or think or dream to give them a chance to develop as individuals.

Librarians have noted a distinct swing toward realism in children's reading preferences. Even very young readers seem to prefer tales about children with whom they can identify themselves—as opposed to the fairy tale type of story. They like to read stories about real children playing baseball, riding, flying aircraft, sailing, and camping.

Since the last war the number of good children's books available has greatly increased. Claude F. Lewis, of the Copp Clark publishing company, says, "More authors know how to write for children these days without writing down to them. The market for hard-cover juveniles has never been so brisk and the writers are making money." Jack Hambleton, author of Abitibi Adventure and Young Bush Pilot, explained recently: "You don't have to worry about your book going stale because each year there's a whole new group of readers."

Up to the present there isn't an active Canadian book club for children but the Junior Literary Guild, with an editorial board which includes Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, has an order office in Toronto. The guild selects each month what it considers the best books for boys and girls in three age groups. The Canadian Library Association of Ottawa regularly publishes lists of good books for children in different age groups.

Most parents, however, can't afford to buy all the books their children will need; the big majority will come from the public libraries. According to the Canadian Library Association, there are eight hundred public libraries in Canada with a total of about seven million books. Four hundred are "free libraries" supported wholly by taxes and government grants. They tend to be concentrated in the larger centres. The other four hundred are "association libraries" in more remote areas supported by organizations like the Wheat Board, the Hudson's Bay Company, universities, women's club groups. Supplementing these are bookmobiles—panel trucks fitted out as miniature libraries which reach into some isolated sections. And any child, no matter how isolated, can get library books by mail from the nearest public library.

The best of our libraries campaign for children's attention with the zeal of politicians going after votes. They advertise Book Week—this year it's from Nov. 15 to Nov. 27—with posters, pamphlets and talks on the radio. They set up small branch libraries in the schools, bring whole school classes down to the library and give them pep talks on books. Often they send bookmobiles to the outer suburbs.

In northern Saskatchewan thirteen communities with a total population of nearly thirty thousand have organized the North Central Saskatchewan Regional Library with the city of Prince Albert as its centre. Last year they distributed 62,341 books. In Debden (pop. 247) four hundred books were put into the co-op store and a clerk who speaks both English and French took over the librarian's job.

This year a bookmobile toured this northern area to supply out-of-the-way regions and to advertise the scheme. When the traveling library set up in business at the Melfort fair children immediately began to crowd around. One eleven year old selected Dan McCowan's Animals of the Canadian Rockies and parked on the step until he'd read it through.

Much of the success of any library depends on the children's librarian. The modern librarian is university trained for the job, knows her books and her customers and watches the reading development of a child as carefully as a pediatrician would watch his physical growth. She is usually around when a child is looking for a new book. She organizes story hours, dramatic groups and puppet shows. She is, in fact, one of the best friends a child can have. ★

Girls, Gold and Gamblers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

a trip to the creeks with a pack on your back anything but a holiday.

The trip up Bonanza was a bad one and we used an all-trail trail that took us over the hill behind Louse Town and brought us out just below Sixty on Bonanza. It was a nice change from walking up the regular Bonanza trail. We kept right on up Bonanza and then up Eldorado.

Eldorado was the banner creek of the whole Klondike. It was not very long, just about four miles from the mouth till you ran out of pay, but those four miles! I do not think that there has been anything in the history of mining to compare with Eldorado Creek.

Everybody was busy. There were great strings of burros and mules packing supplies up to the claims and packing gold back to the city. I have seen as many as twenty five pack horses come down the Bonanza trail loaded with gold dust without an armed escort. Crime was almost non existent.

We heard numerous stories about how some of the owners had acquired their claims. Very few of the original locators of the claims on Eldorado were in possession of them, even at this early date.

I am going to tell you about Claim No. 29. It is an old story but a typical one. This claim was owned by Charlie Anderson who arrived in the Klondike. Charlie was known as the Lucky Swede. He blew into Fortymile in the winter of '96-'97 had about a thousand dollars in his possession with which he intended to purchase his winter's outfit. The owners of No. 29, Al Thayer and Winfield Oler, thought it a good chance to unload the wildcat that Oler had staked just prior to this. They got Charlie full of hooch and then sold him the claim. They were careful to have a bill of sale made out, however, and have it properly witnessed. In the morning after Charlie had sobered up he found that most of his money was gone; he had paid eight hundred dollars for the claim and had no money left. He went to Oler and tried to call the deal off but no soap. He then went to Inspector Constantine of the Northwest Mounted Police. When the inspector saw the bill of sale he told Charlie the sale would have to stand.

Poor old Charlie then decided that in order to avoid the jeers of the wise guys he would have to get out of town so he decided to hit up river and have a look at his new property. He found his claim and sunk a hole down about eight or nine feet. Charlie went into it and found at the base a bit of slide rock that the original owner evidently thought was bedrock. Charlie went through this rock and kept on till he got to bedrock which was not very far. I am told that the first pan of bedrock had enough gold in it to reimburse him for the original outlay on the claim.

Charlie had a gay time for a few years. I really think he was in a daze for a long time. Ben Levy, who was in there in the old days, told me that in the spring of 1897 when they were getting ready to sluice their winter dumps Charlie ran out of nails to build sluice boxes. There were no nails in Dawson but Ben had picked up a keg of burnt nails some time before in the ashes of a fire that had burned down a building. Charlie paid eight hundred dollars for them.

Charlie soon got mixed up with a

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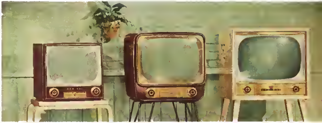

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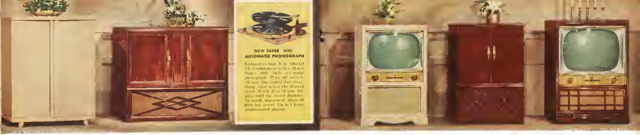

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couple of girls and had a real sleigh ride from then on until he was insolvent. He lived a quiet life on one of the islands off the west coast of British Columbia for forty years or more after he left the Yukon. The man who sold him the claim never had enough to take him from here to the corner, and after living for nearly half a century to ruminate on the difference between a wise guy and a sucker he died in the old man's home in Sitka, Alaska. I really think he had more regrets than Charlie had.

We went along and heard a lot of tales about the various owners of the Eldorado claims, their habits and even their favorite brand of likker. They were all big news. One of the claims near the mouth of the creek and a very rich one was owned and operated by Frank Phiscator. He had a partner originally, but they did not get along and Frank bought him out for thirty thousand dollars. Thus Phiscator became the sole owner of one of the richest claims in the district. They had quite a dump when this transfer was made and when the dump was washed up in the spring it was found that there was enough gold in it to pay for several claims at the same price. The money did Frank no good; he took to drink and died shortly after the claim was worked out. I do not mean literally that the claim was worked out. It was dredged afterward and thousands more taken out and it is very likely that it will be dredged again some time.

There was a lot of ground in the Klondike, never nearly as rich as the claims on Eldorado, that have been dredged two and sometimes three times and good money taken out each time. I met the man who sold out to Phiscator in 1923. He was a road superintendent in Alaska; he was looking well and enjoying life.

We wanted to get back to Dawson for the sports of July 1 and 4. For a great many years the Canadian and U.S. national holidays were celebrated on the same day—it might be any day from July 1 to July 4 inclusive. This was the only holiday during the summer when the water was running and mining operations were being carried on full tilt seven days a week. It was some celebration. All kinds of vehicles were sent out to the creeks to assist the stages in bringing the miners in for the sports and taking them back again after the celebration was over.

The sports in 1898 were held on Front Street, and I wish you could have seen the crowd, all men, primitive men I might say, judging from their appearance. There were a hundred and ten men entered for the hundred-yard sprint, and the race had to be run off in ten heats. This celebration, like the others, was very orderly. There was little of the lawlessness that was characteristic of so many western mining camps. This was due largely to the Mounted Police.

During this holiday there was a famous six-day foot race held for the purpose of settling who was the best man on the Trail. There was an Indian named Louis Cardinal in it, a Mounted Police guide and known as one of the best mushers in the country; there was another great musher, an Englishman named Montague Martin, and a footrunner, an elderly man named George Taylor. It was an awful track. If I remember correctly, they were running on sawdust. The promoters had erected a grandstand with an eight-foot-high canvas fence around the track which made it look like a miniature wild west show from the outside.

Most of the runners had dropped out by the night of July 3 and only the first three named remained in the race. At that time the "restricted district" was on Fourth and Fifth Avenues and there was a bunch of foreign girls congregated there. It was daylight all night and the town did not seem to really wake up till along in the evening. At midnight the populace started to celebrate the Fourth of July with bells ringing, whistles blowing, firearms of all descriptions going off and dogs howling in every quarter of the town. One of the French girls on Fourth Avenue came out to the door with a revolver to take a hand in the celebration and fired two or three shots in rapid succession with her eyes closed. When the smoke cleared away and she got her eyes open again she saw them carrying an old man out of the enclosure where the race track was. This old man was a well known bar fly by the name of Dominick McCaffery who used to hang around the Bucket of Blood and would always walk up to the bar and have a drink when someone was buying for the house, which was pretty often in those days.

Dominick Was Shrewd

They carried Dominick out onto King Street and took his pants off. There were hundreds of men there for it was almost in front of Arizona Charlie's Palace Grand Theatre. Dominick had been shot about a half inch above the seat that he was sitting on. They had him down on his hands and knees, the blood running down both legs, and everybody giving first aid and advice while they were waiting for the doctor. Everybody was well aware that he was not seriously hurt and I don't think it would have had much bearing on the gang if he had been. It was a holiday crowd; they were out for fun, and they sure got their full measure of it that night. But the girl who shot him was in quite a state, with visions of being hung for attempted murder. Dominick impressed upon her that he would not lay a charge. He was too wise a bird to do that. He had her working for him as long as they both remained in the country. He would go up to her place whenever he was short of funds and take all her earnings. Otherwise, he said, he would lay the charge which he told her the police were urging him to do.

Incidentally, the six-day foot race was won by Louis Cardinal. It was a financial flop.

I put in the rest of the summer of '98 doing odd jobs. One job I had was scraping the mold off a shipload of bacon that had got wet in transit.

In September we started in to make arrangements with a fellow who had a claim about five miles up Bear Creek. We drew up an agreement to work the ground for the winter on a fifty-fifty basis. I was not feeling well but did not want to say anything, as it was considered bad form to complain.

We left Dawson with a big load of provisions. There were four of us, as we had thrown in our lot with two men from New Zealand, James Dalziel and Adam Jewett. Dalziel was a big man of about fifty with whiskers. He was one of the best read and best-informed men I have ever met. The trail was very bad, mud was deep and the weather was freezing in the morning and all night.

I was so sick I could not keep up with the rest of the party. Next day I headed back to town. I found a doctor near the Good Samaritan Hospital who told me I had typhoid fever and should be in a hospital. I told him I had forty five dollars and he said he would go over to the hospital and see if there was any room. He came back shortly and said there wasn't a

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vacant bed. I paid him for the consultation and he watched me, the youngest man in the country, walk out of the tent and hit for the camp across the Klondike.

I went back to the tent, got into bed and said to myself, "Well, this is it." About eight o'clock that night Dalziel came into the tent to see how I was. I told him what had happened. "Bert," he said, "I will get you into a hospital and you will be all right." He went on to say that he had been afraid ever since he saw me the previous morning that I had typhoid and that there was a regular epidemic in the Yukon. He fixed me up as best he could for the night and said that he would return first thing in the morning to take me to the hospital. The next morning two Mounted policemen came in with a stretcher, lifted me out of bed and then carried me out of the tent to a cutter. That was the last time that I ever saw the tent. It was gone when I came out of the hospital.

As there was no vacant bed in the hospital I was put on the floor. I was soon to learn why I had been put there. A man died in the bed right alongside me in less than half an hour after I was admitted and I was put into his bed which was still warm.

That was the end of an era in my life. I did not realize it at the time but I realized it after I left the hospital which was not for a long time. It was in the early forenoon of Sept. 25, 1898, when I went into the hospital and it is about the things that I saw and some of the people I met while I was in St. Mary's Hospital that I want to tell you about.

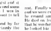
One of the first people and by far the most important and certainly the most lovable one that I ever met in my long life was Father Judge. I had been in bed for only a short time when he came to see me. He had been told I was a boy and as boys were scarce in the Klondike at that time he was anxious to see one. He was a tall, very slender priest, with snow-white hair and broad high forehead. Though frail he gave you the idea he was an athlete from the way he moved. He was well past middle life but he ran up the stairs faster than anyone else and seemed to be on the job day and night. We all know there would have been no hospital if it had not been for him.

St. Mary's Hospital had started out with one tent. Father Judge had come up to Dawson from Holy Cross Mission near the mouth of the Yukon, a thousand miles from Dawson. The only way to get from there was to walk over the ice on the Yukon River, which is very rough for it only freezes when it is running full of ice blocks. In the winter of '97-'98 when Father Judge made his pilgrimage he had an ordinary Yukon sled loaded with medicines, potions, salves and bandages. He did not carry enough food along to even sustain himself for he knew that the miners would not have medicines. It was an awful trip in the dead of an Arctic winter. There were a lot of men scattered along the Yukon who had heard of the big strike in the Klondike and most of these men were on the stampede. Many of these passed the heavily loaded priest on the way up the river. He arrived in Dawson not a day too soon as there were already a lot of scurvy cases due to the lack of fresh food.

It was not long before he had three tents full of sick men, most of them scurvy cases. This is a loathsome disease and many men do not want to be near anyone who is afflicted. Father Judge himself already marked for death went out and gathered in the sick, acted as cook, launderer, medical adviser and undertaker. The duties of an undertaker included the digging of the grave in the frozen muck, no small accomplishment for a miner let alone an ailing priest.

Father Judge's principal aim in life was to comfort the men he nursed, and if there was ever a time and place that men needed spiritual uplift it was there in the Klondike. When the tents were overflowing the miners built him a hospital and promptly filled it with patients. He slept on a board couch with an old piece of carpet for a mattress, for the beds were needed for the two hundred patients now lying around him. The nucleus of his nursing staff was a half dozen nursing sisters who came up from Holy Cross Mission on the first big river steamboat in the spring of '98. There were scores of MDs in Dawson who had come to mine but reverted to their profession.

The priest was growing more frail all the time and his friends, who numbered thousands now, begged him to conserve his strength. But he was so busy going from bed to bed, comforting the sick and ministering to the dying, that he did not have time to rest. Finally we had to put him to bed and we were aware that he would never be around among his patients again. He died on Jan. 16, 1899. We learned that he was forty-nine years old, though he looked like a man of sixty. He was laid to rest beneath the [illegible] which he had erected by his own efforts.



Men died by the score in the fall and winter of '98. It went down below sixty and they could not dig the graves. The ground was frozen so hard and it was impossible to get men to work in the extreme cold. They piled the bodies like cordwood in a shed alongside the hospital and then buried them after the weather moderated.

While I was in hospital that winter an episode occurred which was very characteristic of the country. That was the "Nigger Jim Stampede." There was a lot of men in the north then who were known as stampeders and there were one or two women also that came under this category, such as Stampede Mitchell, an old lady who was always on the lookout for a new strike.

There was considerable mystery connected with the Nigger Jim Stampede. Some people thought that it was all a joke concocted by Nigger Jim Dougherty himself. Others maintained that Jim was fooled by a fellow who came into Dawson with a big poke of gold and sold him a map for a thousand dollars. Anyway, the Nigger told some of his friends about a new strike and they told their friends and before long there was a big crowd getting ready to go somewhere. They didn't know where they were going and they didn't care.

Nigger Jim was a big good-looking white man who spoke with a southern drawl. He had made some money up on Bonanza and everybody liked him but he was known as a practical joker and this was one reason why a lot of the people thought that the affair was a hoax. It was also whispered that the stampede was the result of a wager that he had made that he could start a stampede in a few hours simply by a bit of whispering.

The sad part was that a lot of the fellows who took part were not able to contend with conditions that arose soon after they hit the trail. They started down the Yukon River and went up the Twelve Mile. They had an Indian trail to follow for quite a way but they had to leave it and go into deep snow to follow the instructions laid down in the map which Jim had. It was pretty heavy going and by the time the boys had got to their destination they were all in and to make it worse there was nothing resembling a camp or anything to show that there had ever been any mining done. The weather was down nearly sixty below, the party was almost out of grub and the dogs were about all in.

There was nothing to do but start the long trek back to the city. A lot of them were badly frozen before they got there and some of them were maimed for life. One man lost both feet and both hands and used to sit in a high chair in the Bucket of Blood so he could see what was going on. There would likely have been trouble had it been anyone other than Nigger Jim Dougherty. Everybody knew that Jim would be the last man in the territory that would knowingly injure anyone.

All this time I was still in hospital. Things did not run along as smoothly after Father Judge took sick. The job was a pretty big one for the six Holy Cross Sisters. There were only three other women nurses that I can recall. All the other nurses were men. A lot of them had no experience and some had been in jail. It was quite a racket for some of the nurses to go to a man who was dying and borrow money from him. One scheme was to tell him that their watch had been sent to the jeweler and that they had to have a watch to take his pulse. They would like to borrow his. If they had his watch when he died it had little chance of being found in his estate.

Another stunt was to try and get a cheap jag while on shift. It was customary to prescribe a stimulant for a man getting over typhoid. The favorite prescription was a bottle of brandy or good whisky. Whisky was a tremendous price at that time and the hospital did not furnish it, regardless of how sick a man was. A favorite stunt of one of the male nurses was to rush up to the bed of a patient who'd been able to buy alcohol, grab the bottle, which was usually at the head of the bed, pour out a drink, then look at his watch and say, "It is an hour too soon for you to have a drink. I wonder how I made a mistake like that? Well, I guess I will drink it myself."

There was a prairie farmer named Greer who came in with typhoid. He imagined he'd staked a rich claim and succeeded in making everybody else believe it. The hospital had instructions from Greer's doctor that he was to have anything that he wanted. Greer was one of the very few men in hospital who were given champagne as a stimulant. When he came out of his delirium he still insisted that he had a rich claim but he did not know just where it was. Finally it was discovered he had no claim at all. It seems he thought that he was on the track of something about the time he became sick and it was an obsession with him.

I took very sick that winter and one night they didn't think I would live till morning. There was a fight that night in town and one of the orderlies wanted to see it. They thought he might be needed to carry me out if I died so badly as there was an empty bed in the room where Greer was it was decided that I should be put in there. Then if I died I could be left there till morning.

Dalziel had brought me in a small jar of honey which must have cost him plenty. I was not supposed to eat anything at that time; in fact, it was said to be suicide to eat anything when you still had the fever. When I learned that I was likely to die I decided that none of the damned nurses was going to get that honey. I had kept it under my pillow and was careful that nobody would see it, for some of them would eat it in front of you, calling you down all the while and insist that they were saving your life.

As soon as I was sure that there was nobody around to interrupt me I took out the jar of honey and ate all of it, then settled down to die with a smile. I left the jar where the nurse would see it when he came into the room to pour out some stimulant for Greer. I understand they prescribe honey for typhoid now, but I am sure that none of the staff in St. Mary's in 1898 were aware of the fact that honey was good for typhoid. Who knows? I might have died fifty years ago if it had not been for my greediness.

My friend Dalziel came into town on March 16, 1899, and he and I left the hospital at about ten on the morning of St. Patrick's Day for Bear Creek. Our supplies were limited to bacon, beans, flour, rice, dried apples and tea. My partner had a touch of scurvy and we were busy trying to get him to eat dried apples. We also made Hudson Bay tea by boiling the boughs of a bush that grows in the north. At any rate we succeeded in keeping him from getting any worse.

Our cleanup that spring was a very small one, hardly enough to enable us to purchase another outfit. The claim was abandoned and I don't think that

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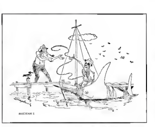

it was ever worked again. We left soon after this and went to Dawson where my partner and I drifted apart. He was big and husky and I, after my long siege of sickness, was hardly able to keep up with him.

I left the cabin and got a job as clerk in a cheap hotel on Third Avenue where my principal chore was making beds. I hadn't had this job very long when I happened downtown one night and met Bert Collyer. Bert was business manager for a paper called The Gleaner, run by a man by the name of Billy Semple. It was one of the hottest sheets ever published in Canada. It ran for a very short time before the Mounted Police closed it up.

When I told Bert what I was making he said, "Why, you ought to be able to make more in a day than you are making in a month." I asked him how, and he replied, "Selling papers." To get rid of him I finally took about a hundred papers and started for South Dawson. I was walking along with the bundle of papers, not saying a word, ashamed of myself, when suddenly a man hollered, "Let me have one," and handed me a fifty-cent piece and told me to keep the change.

The Gleaner was supposed to sell at ten cents, but as there was no money in that country smaller than a two-bit piece during my twenty-one years in the Klondike, I can hardly see why Semple set the price of his paper at ten cents. At any rate that was his price and I was supposed to turn in five cents for each paper sold. Very soon another man asked me for a paper and then another. Before I knew it I had sold twenty papers and had made a day's wages. I became excited. I started to yell. I came up Front Street yelling my head off. Everybody thought I was a new kid who had just hit the town.

I sold all the papers I had and went into the gambling part of Tom Chisholm's Aurora Saloon. Things were quiet in there as it was early in the evening and the night shift had just been on for a short while. Collyer had his office upstairs and I had to wait for him. I did not know enough to go up to his office. I stood watching the roulette wheel. There was nobody playing, but the dealer was spinning the ball. I watched him for a while, then I placed a dollar on one of the columns. I made fifteen bets and won every one of them. The dealer was as mad as a wet hen and I thought that he was sore because I was winning. I got to know him afterward and he told me that he had never in the many years he had dealt the wheel seen a run of luck like I had that night.

"Why," said he, "you should have taken the house," and I knew that this was true! The first time I ever played I had a run of luck that a gambler hopes for just once in a lifetime.

I now had more money than I ever had had since I turned over my two hundred dollars to my partner when we left home. I agreed with Collyer that I would be out the next night when the paper came out. It was published twice a week and its principal mission was to roast the government. That was one thing that was sure to make a hit with the inhabitants of the Klondike; they blamed the government for everything, not excepting the weather. They blamed the government for not warning them to stay away from the Yukon and they blamed them for the mining laws that would not let them stake as many claims as they wanted to. The men who had claims blamed the government because their claims were not larger; the government had cut down the size of the claims so that more men would be able to stake and anyway the ground was very rich and they thought that a small claim, in most instances, would give a man all the money that was good for him. The result was that The Gleaner was a popular paper with the dissatisfied—a major part of the populace. The Gleaner also had a lot of news of the underworld or sporting fraternity and they were quite a large bunch, so it was easy to sell.

Now life changed completely for me. I was like a person who has received religion at a revival meeting. I wandered around the hotel in a sort of a daze. When the paper came out again I was waiting to get an early start and I had a very successful night. Collyer indicated that I was almost indispensable to him so I quit my job making beds at the hotel.

In a very few days I was busy during all my waking hours selling papers, and it certainly did pay well. One day Charlie Anderson gave me sixty-five dollars in gold dust for a single copy. I started selling what we called the outside papers. This was a full-time job during the time that the river was open. In the winter papers would come in spasmodically; freight was very high in cost as well as very slow. The only other way to bring papers in was by fast dog team. The team would load up with late papers and magazines at Skagway and make a race for Dawson, the driver well aware that it was up to him not to let anyone beat his time. Most of these fellows also carried mail, for people were just as anxious then as they are now to have their letters delivered as promptly as possible.

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Very shortly after I started selling papers a little fellow by the name of Harry Pinkert asked me if I would sell papers for him and him alone. I was to have the monopoly on his papers and as he had the agency for the San Francisco papers his proposition was mighty interesting to me. I had already convinced myself that the Frisco Examiner was the biggest seller of all the outside papers. Pinkert's proposition was that we split fifty-fifty. In the early spring and late fall papers sold for fifty cents each. During the summer, when steamboat travel was regular, the price was twenty-five cents. Regardless of the price I was to turn over half of the sales money to Pinkert. I agreed to this and started to work.

Now I just want to tell you how Pinkert got these papers and how he could afford to be so generous with the newsboys. I learned afterward that he had made arrangements with the San Francisco Call, Chronicle and Examiner to send him their surplus Sunday papers. He was going to distribute the papers among the miners and see that the papers got lots of free advertising. Every week they would wrap up thousands of surplus papers in bundles of fifty and send them to the Yukon prepaid. Pinkert had made arrangements with the boys who were waiting on table on the steamboats to have the papers on the upper deck. When the boat came up alongside the wharf the boys would be standing ready. They would grab one of the bundles, heave it onto the wharf where Pinkie would be standing with a knife in his hand. He would cut the bundle open and hand it to me.

There were always thousands of men down on the wharf to see the boats come in, for there was often a new bunch of dance-hall girls on board. I could sell anywhere from two to four hundred papers before the boat tied up and the passengers had time to get off. Then I would tear up town and through the gambling houses, where most of the men congregated. I would sell anywhere from five hundred to a thousand papers within an hour of the time when the boat arrived. I would then go around among the less densely populated part of the town, where sales were slower but still good.

I would be going through one of the gambling rooms hollering out about the papers that I was selling when I would get the high sign from Pinkie at one of the faro games. I would pull up alongside of him and make a settlement. I would count out the amount of money that I owed him and then continue selling. He was a swell fellow to do business with. We never had anything but a verbal agreement, but he always played ball with me. I wish I had saved all the money I made selling papers in Dawson City. I might have been a rich man.

After I had been selling papers for a few weeks I moved down to a hotel called Hilton's on Queen Street, almost across the street from the back door of Chisholm's saloon, known as the Bucket of Blood. Hilton's was quite a popular place with the sporting fraternity. One reason was that it served guests a cup of coffee in bed on Sunday mornings. That was the one morning in the week when everybody slept in; there was nothing to get up for. The dance halls were closed and the churches had not got well under way yet. There were some fancy characters at Hilton's. The beds were all bunks, one on top of the other.

There were four fellows there when I arrived who had come in that summer of 1899. There was a little man whose

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hair was thinning by the name of Tourist O'Malley. He was a fervent talker and a great admirer of another of the party known as Bughouse Lee. The third member of the foursome was called Razzor O'Riley. He was a yes-man for Tourist and would agree with everything Tourist said. He was always along with Tourist, purely as an affidavit man. The fourth member of the firm was known as Beau Johnson, an American Swede, tall, good-looking and always well-dressed, a waiter who worked in the Royal Cafe, supposed to be the swellest eating place in town. Beau seemed to be the anchor for the gang; they were always sure they would eat when he was working.

Bughouse was a faro player. He was supposed to know more about faro than the man who invented the game, according to the Tourist. The Tourist filled me so full of Bughouse's prowess that I was anxious to stake him. By staking a man to play faro for you, you put up the original stake for him. Then if he won, you split the profits fifty-fifty. Needless to say the staker was a pure sucker. There was no system for beating the bank, although a lot of the tinhorns maintained that there was. Tourist persuaded me, nevertheless, that Bughouse held the secret and I used to give Bughouse twenty dollars every once in a while to try his luck. Bughouse would come over once in a while, after he had just lost some of my money, and he would say, "Kid, never gamble. Your money is no good. I can't get going with your money at all. It's hoodooed." He gave me the impression that he always won when he was playing with anybody's money but mine. The Tourist would be back in a day or two to talk me into staking Bughouse again. He would assure me that if he ever got luck coming his way we would own the town; they couldn't keep him down forever. It took me a long time to get wise to the Tourist and Bughouse. I think the police got wise to them before I did. They all went out later that summer at the suggestion of the Mounted Police.

After their departure it was harder to talk me out of my money. I began learning how to lose it for myself. It took me a long time to find out that I could not make money bucking the various games that were running wide open in Dawson; in fact I'm not quite sure that I am thoroughly convinced of it yet.

In my job as a professional newsboy and an amateur gambler I learned a lot about the real gamblers. Among those who were famous in '98 were Kid Kelley, Ed Holden, Louis Golden, Sam Bonnifield, Harry Woolrich, the Oregon Jew (I never did know his name), Swift Water Bill and Tex Rickard. Rickard went on to become the greatest boxing promoter of modern times and, with Jack Dempsey, converted pugilism into a multi-million-dollar industry.

Ed Holden owned and operated the Monte Carlo in the early days, before the turn of the century. It comprised a saloon, gambling room, theatre and a hotel with rooms on the two upper floors. Holden looked after the gambling in person, while John Mulligan managed the theatre and Jack Cavanagh the dance hall.

One evening Kid Kelley sauntered into the gambling room and started to play faro bank, one yellow chip at a time. Holden and he had set the value of the chips and every bet was the limit. I strolled into the room, as I often did to sell papers, saw the two of them playing and I knew it was no small game in spite of the fact that they were only playing one chip at a time. I watched them and I listened as they kidded one another, a great habit with gamblers. Soon after I arrived Ed Holden got up and Kid Kelley sat down behind the faro table—as the new proprietor.

This change of ownership changed the lives of several people. Kid Kelley's girl was a blond ex-actress named Caprice. She had been after John Mulligan to put her on the stage. John had a low opinion of her acting. When the Kid took over Monte Carlo, Caprice immediately installed herself as stage manager and fired Mulligan. That was the last job Mulligan ever had in Dawson.

Ed Holden had better luck. He went down the river soon after that, got into a poker game in Nome, played for twelve nights without ever getting up from the table a winner, lost sixty thousand dollars, then on the thirteenth night changed his luck and won it all back. He went into business again and soon had every dance hall in town under his control. But he was legislated out of business and when I last saw him in 1910 he was working with a pick and shovel on the Big Ditch on the North Fork of the Klondike, trying to get enough money to pay for a ticket to Juneau.

One highly respected gambler was the French Kid. He was a man of about fifty like Kid Kelley. The French Kid was one of the best billiard players I have ever seen. He played for recreation and would take on anyone who happened around.

Gamblers Believe In Luck

But the Kid's profession was faro bank dealer. The other faro dealers used to say that no two dealers ever lived who could keep track of the Kid's bets when he was playing against the bank. The placing of bets on a faro layout is too complicated for me to explain here, but anyone conversant with the game will know what I mean. When the Kid started to buck the game the best dealer got behind the layout and the next best one took the lookout's chair. As soon as it got noised around town that the French Kid was playing bank, all the faro dealers that were not on shift at the time would go to the house where he was playing.

The Oregon Jew was another type. He was always meticulously dressed, wore spats and carried a gold-headed cane. He had a wife and family there but they were no part of his profession and he kept them on a pedestal. I never saw him downtown at night unless things were coming his way and he could not afford to leave the game. His system was to stroll into the gambling house in the afternoon, buy a stack of chips, usually twenty to fifty dollars worth, sit down and try his luck. If he lost, he quit. If he started to win he would play along to see just how lucky he was, and if he became convinced that he was really lucky every bet from then on would be the limit and someone was going to get hurt.

All gamblers, according to my observations, believe in luck. It was remarkable how quickly the news spread around when some game was losing fast. All the boys would rush over to the place, get their money down and try to get in on the kill. Sometimes the game would close down to keep from going broke, but this was considered bad form. As a rule the house took its medicine.

One of the last big wins at faro bank in Dawson was made by One-Eyed Riley, a nightwatchman for the White Pass Navigation Company. He used to come over at midnight when he went out for supper and play a stack when he was in funds. He always lost and was always broke. But one night he strolled into the Sam Bonnifield's gambling hall, sat down and started to play. He started to win and very soon was playing the limit. By morning his winnings were away up in the thousands.

He left the bank to get something to eat and then sauntered around to the other houses with a lot of the tinhorns following him, for the news of his big winning had spread. He would sit down and say, "Well, what are you going to set the limit at?" The limit would be established, Riley would play for a while, then go to another house. He was a small man in an old stiff hat pulled down over his eye. By the time the day was over the rough-heart little watchman had become a legend. He never went back to the watchman job. I don't think he even collected his wages. He left the country soon after and lost almost all his winnings in Skagway.

In the heyday of the camp there were hundreds of dealers, cashiers and lookouts working for the houses and they all drew big salaries. Every month they had to appear in court automatically and were each fined fifty dollars. There was never any shooting in Dawson. The gamblers were safe but they contributed nothing toward the maintenance of the camp. This had to be rectified and somebody proposed that the best way was by fining the gambler. This was easy for they were breaking the laws of Canada. They kept running because it seemed to be the desire of the people of Dawson that they be allowed to run.

Gambling wasn't the only means by which the lucky settlers succeeded in disposing of the huge amounts of gold they took out of their claims. I can remember one case of a miner, I think his name was Charlie Kimball, who sold his claim for almost a hundred thousand. He took the money and built a saloon and dance hall called The Pavilion.

Charlie started in to celebrate his success at once and he never stopped celebrating until the night he closed. He went on one prolonged bender that lasted for exactly one month. During that time he had taken in nearly three hundred thousand dollars. Most of the bartenders and waiters had made a nice stake and a lot of the other people connected with the institution were well on the way to affluence, but poor Charlie was broke. He uttered not a single word of complaint but quietly disappeared. I never heard of him again.

In the winter of 1897, before my arrival, there was a girl who was the leading soubrette at the little show shop that was running that winter. Her name was Cad Wilson. I don't think that there was ever a more popular girl in the Klondike from a worker's angle. One tall gawky looking fellow came to town one night and to show Cad that he had lots of money and was not afraid to spend it had the waiters fill a bath tub full of wine, for which he paid twenty dollars a bottle, and then had Cad jump in and have a bath in the wine. I am sure the wine was salvaged, rebottled and put into circulation again. Incidentally Cad got a ten-dollar rake-off on every bottle of wine that was opened.

A Swede who had taken a lot of gold at Hunker Creek became enamored of one of the dance hall girls and wanted to marry her. He offered to give her her weight in gold if she would consent. She was to sit on one side of the large balance that they used to weigh gold and he would pour gold dust on to the other side until the scales tipped. I can state positively that he was cleaned and cleaned thoroughly.

There was Roddy Connors who sold

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his claim for fifty thousand. He had a mania for dancing and would be in one or other of the halls from the minute they opened in the evening until five or six in the morning. He couldn't bear to miss a dance. If he got a little tired he would get hold of a girl and walk her around the hall once, then go up and pay his dollar, then have another promenade. He kept this up till his fifty thousand was gone.

After the very early days of the camp the dance-halls and the bars were separated. At the conclusion of a dance you went up and paid a dollar for the [illegible] but you did not get a drink. Your money was split fifty-fifty: the girl got a check that called for fifty cents and the rest of the dollar went to the house. The Mounted Police separated the bar and the dance hall because when they served the drinks with the dance it was the easiest thing in the world to dance a man drunk and then clean him. If you wanted to buy a drink for a girl you had to take her into a box and ring for a waiter. This was a very popular pastime and a very lucrative one for the girls, especially when they got the sucker to the state where he was buying wine and there were many girls who never drank anything but wine.

The Monte Carlo was just one of the many shows that flourished in Dawson in the early days. There was the Tivoli, the Oatley Sisters' Theatre and Dance Hall, Nigger Jim's Pavilion, the Opera House, Florodora, Aurora, Charlie's Palace Grand, the Savoy and many others. There was great rivalry in 1899 between the Monte Carlo and the Opera House, both on Front Street, between Queen and King Streets, the highest priced property in the city.

There were two sisters came into the town called the B-S Sisters. They were well advertised and were supposed to be really good, but refused to show what they could do. They were anything but good looking, but they stuck around for a week or more and the bidding kept going up and up. They wanted a contract of six hundred dollars per week as well as a percentage on the dances and the wine. I heard the manager of the Opera House say one day that they must be good. He signed them up and they were a complete flop. They could not sing, dance or act, and not being good lookers were not so hot when it came to selling wine. The manager of the Opera House had quite a time living that down, but the sisters stuck well up with a lot of the wise boys who liked their business ability.

The Oatley Sisters hit Dawson early in '98. They had a platform put up on King Street about a hundred feet back of the Bank saloon and gambling house. They were a team, Lottie and Polly, medium small in stature, fair to medium figures and not hard to look at. They had a canvas stretched over a frame that sat on the platform. A big German American with a pompadour moved in with a portable organ accompanied by a fiddler and two or three more girls and they started in business as a dance hall. The rates were one dollar for about three rounds of the little platform. It was one of the best paying propositions in town. The Oatley Sisters ran the tent show until it got too cold, then moved down on to Front Street, main block, to a new dance hall and concert hall called the Horseshoe.

The procedure followed by the sisters was to sing a song in harmony to gather the crowd. Then the orchestra would strike up and they would start dancing. After about twenty dances, which would take about as many minutes, the sisters, in order to give the rest of the girls a chance to catch their breath and attract a few more customers to the platform, would sing another song. A lot of those songs are graven on the walls of my memory.

Within a humble cottage sits a broken hearted man
His little girl is sobbing on his knee
A letter on the table tells the same old plaintive tale
She left her home with all its poverty
He holds his darling in his arms, looks at her tear-stained face
Perhaps my child, your mother's not to blame
The path to sin she's taken, her loved ones all forsaken
Don't cry, my child, I love her just the same
Chorus—
I love her, yes I love her just the same
Although she's fled and has disgraced my name
Though she's fled with another
She is still my baby's mother
And I love her, yes I love her just the same

I stood there with my mouth open night after night listening to the Oatley Sisters sing those sad ballads. I never knew the sisters personally, but they helped me to put many a lonesome night behind me. I take this opportunity of thanking them, if they are still alive.

I think of all my recollections of Dawson City this is the sweetest. Long after the girls and the gold and the gamblers were gone, long after I had stopped selling papers in the gaming houses and settled down to a more prosaic life, the memory of their song remains. I can remember every word of every verse they sang, just as I heard it half a century ago as an eighteen-year-old kid in the Klondike. ★

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The Time of Grabbing-Hold

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Dan," Carlyle explained to him. "Figuring on one third each year—fifty head—that income has to be divided among seventy-five families. It's better than it was—but these people need more land—a lot more."

The Senator had agreed. He had asked how much the band fund had grown to in the past four years, what possibility was there that the Indians might acquire more lease.

"They have fifty thousand in the band fund and that wouldn't buy them a tenth of what they need."

"We'll have to see what we can do," the Senator said.

"Another thing," Carlyle went on. "There might be a small hospital here for them on the reserve. Sanders can't get them to send their children away for treatment—their wives—into the town hospital or to Harley."

"Why?" asked the Senator.

"They miss them. They don't like to be separated from them and unable to see them. It's hard on the children too. I guess they're terrified. But if there was a hospital here with a nurse—someone they know. If they could have visiting hours and see their parents and family daily, it would work. Way it is now they're dying—it's too late by the time they'll let themselves be committed. None of them recovers after a stay in the hospital and they think the hospital's a death house. The few who do let their children go in time change their minds and yank them out in a day or so. It would be different if we had our own hospital—just a few beds."

"How much would—"

"Not so much—Sanders and I think the old agency house could be converted—perhaps ten thousand."

"I'll see," said the Senator.

"Fyfe can't get anywhere with the department. They simply count heads and say it isn't economical. They prefer to have an arrangement with the town hospital. They say if anyone's sick enough he can be sent to Harley hospital."

"I'll look around when I get to Ottawa in the fall," promised the Senator.

But whatever influence the Senator had, Carlyle received no word of a departmental requisition for ten thousand dollars toward converting the agency house into a hospital. Early the following summer he had a letter from the Senator asking if it would be all right to bring with him a guest for the first two weeks of August. If it were, could arrangements be made for them to use two rooms in the old Sheridan house during their stay.

The Senator's guest proved to be a Mr. Gillis, head of the Western Power and Hydro Company. A dapper, pleasant man, he joined them before the Sinclair fireplace in the cool mountain evenings when the living room winked and blinked with firelight and the bitter fragrance of burning willow stole through the house. During the days, armed with a Stradivarius of a fly rod, he fished with Carlyle and the Senator, using gossamer tapered leaders, selecting his flies from a collection of at least a thousand English patterns—wet, dry, upright and spent, hackled, egg sacked. They ranged in size from almost invisibly winged midges to fan-winged green drakes and licorice all-sorts bumble bees.

Mr. Gillis was a pleasantly polite man; he wore a silvery tweed jacket, grey flannels; at meals sat opposite Grace. His hair was quite white, his glasses silver rimmed. The first evening she had her attention drawn to his bronzed hands and the heavy Masonic ring that twinkled in the lamplight. When he stood with an elbow on the mantelpiece, as he seemed to a great deal during the evenings in the living room, his right hand, casual in his pocket, jingled change. It was an eccentricity that struck her as a rightful part of the man. He had a ready smile and was a wonderful listener; she found him altogether engaging.

Near the end of this visit Carlyle had again brought up the problem of getting the Indians out of canvas and into houses.

"Make it worth their while," suggested Mr. Gillis.

"Worth their while?" Carlyle looked puzzled.

For a moment Gillis did not answer him; his face was mildly amused as though he were enjoying the bafflement of the others. Finally he lowered his elbow from the fireplace mantel, turned to face them. "Whether we like to think it or not, there's only one sure way to get men to do things—Indians included—pay them. There's no substitute for [illegible]"

"How the hell can we pay them—what are you driving at?" Gillis' soft knowing amusement had annoyed Carlyle more than he realized.

"If you want them to build houses, supply them with materials—logs—there's plenty of good spruce here."

"They still won't build houses," said Carlyle.

"I didn't imagine they would, but—" Gillis paused again. "—couldn't you work out an arrange-

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ment under which they would get paid for building the houses."

"For building their own houses!" Grace's voice was high with disbelief.

Gillis nodded. "Out of their own band funds. I take it there are band funds. The money belongs to them. Say a man put in his foundation with cement supplied by the department —bought of course from their band funds—work it so that when he had completed his foundation he'd be paid a certain amount of cash out of the band funds to which he is entitled sooner or later. Then when he has raised his studding and framework, shingled his roof perhaps, pay him another fixed amount for that work —when he finishes the interior, doors, windows, the full amount." Gillis' head was turned slightly aside as though he were listening to himself, assessing the practicability of his own cultured plan. "I think you'd find that the houses would be built." He was eying him again. "Make it worth their while. Pay them. You'd find they would work on their houses on that basis probably before they'd go to work for the ranchers."

Carlyle found himself staring at the Senator, who returned the look with one equally thoughtful. "It might," said Carlyle. "It might work."

"It would." Gillis was quietly convinced; the assurance of his tone allowed not the slightest margin for doubt; he had just taken them through an elementary theorem from the given and axiomatic self-interest of all men —white or red—to the desired construction of frame buildings on the Paradise Valley Reserve.

It was not till the end of Gillis' two-week stay at Paradise that the Senator took Carlyle into his confidence. The last day as the two sat by the edge of the river at dusk just before they returned home, the old man explained to Carlyle how he hoped that Mr. Gillis and the power company might help them in their work with the Indians. Western Power and Hydro held the lease on the land that stretched east of the reserve; the Senator had heard in Ottawa the firm was anxious to increase its power reserves and had made preliminary enquiries into the possibilities of creating a reservoir by damming the river. There could be only one place for such a reservoir and it was not on their land east of the reserve. The western end of the valley, where it narrowed to sheer cutbanks on either side of the stream, was the ideal location for the project they had in mind.

"It looks as though we have something they want," the Senator summed it up, "and they have something we want."

Carlyle felt a quick light thrill of excitement. "Then Mr. Gillis—"

"I like Gillis," said the Senator. "I didn't bring him up here simply to soften him up—not that—that crudely. This thing isn't going to come to a head for a few years yet, but it's in the company's long term plans. I know that. So I don't see why we shouldn't have some long term plans too. I don't think we're going to have to worry too much about extending the reserve or getting a hospital built. It's a trading deal when it finally comes, and I think we're going to find ourselves the horse gypsies with the most to offer, and Western Power and Hydro on the nervous end of the trade. From where I sit I can fault their heart but not ours. Not ours, Carlyle."

LOOKING back on the August visit of the Senator and Mr. Gillis, Carlyle often thought that only the Senator's confidence and assurance in the future of the Paradise Reserve had carried him through the disappointing and trying period that followed. Hard early frosts had lowered over the valley, blackening the gardens of his people who had come to rely on them; jobs and work with the ranchers had been scarce. The stores in the town and the Trading Post withdrew credit from even the most dependable Indians.

One evening shortly after school had opened Susan Rider visited Grace, sat for several hours in the kitchen with head bowed, unceasingly running a finger tip along the white edge of the oilcloth, speaking with low voiced hesitation, pausing so long between sentences that Grace often thought she had come to the end of what she wished to say.

She accepted the tea Grace brewed for them finally, drank it but did not touch the bread and butter on her plate. As she got up to go Grace saw that she held the slices in her hand.

"Susan—what—"

"I'm not so hungry," Susan said, glancing down at the bread. "Thought I'd take it for the children."

"Oh—just a moment." She turned away, came back with oranges. "Here, Susan—how are you people—has Izaiah been getting any work?"

Susan shook her head.

"Are you all right—what have you—"

"I put the calf money into oatmeal. They got porridge. Victoria hasn't missed a day at school."

"Is that all you've had—porridge!"

"Hey oh. We'll get through. Now."

When Susan had left Grace spoke to Carlyle. "They're having a bad time of it, Car."

"All of them are."

"But what can we—"

"Fyfe's promised elk his next visit. The department thinks they might be able to extend the rations to those who need it."

"Couldn't they hurry it up a little! If Susan's family is—are managing on porridge—I hate to think what the others are getting by on!"

"I'm doing everything I—"

"When does the meat—"

"His next visit. He's bringing the truck."

"And when is he coming—a month? A couple of weeks?"

"He's making a special trip—Thursday I think. Sanders is coming with him."

"He'll be needed," Grace said grimly.

But there had been a hitch in the department machinery; the elk meat did not come with Fyfe; the only comfort he could give them was that his recommendation had gone through to Ottawa and he hoped soon to have permission to extend to the needy families. It was plain that the man was disturbed as he made the announcement to the gathered Indians; his eyes were seriously sympathetic as he watched them turn silently away.

Dr. Sanders, who had come down with him, found many of the older people in their blankets. "They skate so damned close to the edge anyway!" he said to Carlyle. "The ice is going to break through for some of them this time! I wouldn't give odds on Old John—he's been getting by on bannock and kinnikinnick for three weeks."

"We can send over—"

"It's all right." Sanders waved a hand. "Mark—I gave Mark ten dollars—he's getting the old man some stuff."

Nightly now they heard the drum, wondered how any one of them had the energy to go through the Prairie Chicken dance; the drum seemed the answer to all things whether of jubilance or disaster.

By Carlyle's side Grace listened to the throbbing beat out on the hills. If there were anything they could do! They couldn't help all of them out of their own supplies! Dear God, if they were rich beyond all—if they had all the money there was to feed them with! And suddenly she hated Ottawa—hated the slowing and insensitive and unknowing routine—the impersonal red tape that had to formalize hunger and sickness and death. God—how she hated them—it!

But the tide of hunger had turned for the Paradise Valley band; the flights of northern geese and ducks had come; game appeared with the generosity of manna in the wilderness; the department elk came finally to them. Relief was loosed again; the drum bumped the foothills night in celebration of full stomachs and in sorrow for the handful of older ones who had not made it through the famine period.

JUST before Christmas that year Dr. Sanders on one of his visits to the agency confirmed Grace's hope that she was pregnant; it was high time that Hugh had a brother or a sister. But during spring break-up the roads were disrupted by floods and when their accumulated letters came to them, one from Grace's mother in Victoria told of her father's death almost a week before.

Grace and Carlyle's decision had been made that evening. She would leave for Victoria in the morning, stay with her mother and have the baby on the island. Just before Carlyle left the house to tell MacLeod he must hitch up and take Grace into town in time to catch the noon train for the west, they decided that Hugh would go with her.

Spring came soon after Grace's departure; the last snow melted from the shallow valley in a matter of days. Toots Powderface went through the thinning ice, was fished out by Mark Baseball and Moses Lefthand and Melvin Doucette. He steamed before the school stove for most of the afternoon, was comparatively dry by the going home time of three thirty. As usual some of the older people did not make it through the seasonal change, releasing their slipping grasp on life just as the chinooks were promising days of warmth and spring blue sky. Old John was not one of these. His knee bothered him, but he had his remedy for that: a fire roaring from morning until night, its furnace heat striking right into the heart of the bone. Orville Ear's mother died, as Sanders had predicted she would over a year ago if she were not sent to the sanatorium. He came back from their tent to make out his death certificate, shaking his head bitterly.

"It's murder," he told Carlyle. "Before fall the whole damn family will be wiped out after they've infected a good lot of the rest."

"We've done everything we can."

"I tried everything short of a court order with Ear after the X ray showed what it did last spring. You know what he claims now?"

"No."

"X ray killed her."

"He can't—"

"I suppose he's told everybody. Try to get any of them to submit now. Not much point in bringing in the unit this summer, never was. Elsa and Mary and those two other girls—they're just about where the mother was last summer. They'll go, they'll go." Sanders

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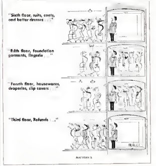
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dropped his pen, sat for a moment with his elbows on the kitchen table—tips of his fingers at his temples. "When are we going to get our bloody hospital here! I thought you were . . ."

"I've told you—in time—the Senator . . ."

"Time—time—there's five—six—if we'd had the hospital here—got Mrs. Ear in and the girls—we might not have saved them but we'd have got the thing under control. How do you like being alone?" he asked suddenly with one of his lightning changes of conversation.

"All right," said Carlyle automatically, then with a note of surprise as he realized that what he had just said was perfectly true. "All right."

"I supposed you would." Sanders' cold blue eyes were on Carlyle steadily.

"Did you? Why?"

"Oh—I've often wondered how you came to be married at all—you didn't—don't strike me as the sort of . . ."

"For God's sakes stick to one topic for a moment! Why did you suppose I . . ."

"It's what I'm telling you—I never think of you as a particularly social creature—family man."

"Well—I am."

"Yes. Sorry to hear about Grace's father." He paused and Carlyle had nothing he could say to that. "Let me know when you and the Senator have something definite on the hospital."

"I will."

"Grace gone long?"

"Till a month or so after the baby's born—July."

"You going out for her?"

"No. Can't afford it—with her going out and the baby . . ." Why the hell was he telling this man the economic intimacies of their married life! "No—I'm not."

"She won't have too hard a time with this one." Sanders had stood up. "See you in a few weeks—fishing." He bent over his bag. "I wonder why the hell I look forward to opening—it's a good month before they're taking a fly and I hate messing around with bait." He straightened up again. "How's that Rider girl—Victoria?"

"Fine."

"How old is she now?"

"Fifteen—nearly sixteen."

Sanders' brows raised. "Any plans for her—aside from getting grabbed off?"

"My God, Sanders, do you take that attitude toward everything?"

"Sixteen—she's pretty—I passed her on my way to Ears—she's been ready for it almost a year now—I've examined them at twelve—eleven."

"She's not—her mother will take care of that. Susan has hopes for her. She'll get her Grade Nine this spring—I hope to get her through Ten—then residential school."

"What's she going to do—teach?"

"Nurse, I think." He gave Sanders a look that could have been the doctor's own in its steady and noncommittal frankness. "Perhaps she may be matron of your new hospital."

Sanders groaned. "Maybe. Carl, God, I hope so! You do that and . . ."

"Victoria will do it."

"Yes, but it will be different from this other stuff—including the hospital. She'll be doing it—not having it done for her. It'll be something. You're my kind of dish, Sinclair—you a-social inhibited Indian bastard! Have the department send Izaiah Rider a good vicious dog to tie up near the tent door this spring and summer!"

There had of course been the usual number of grabbings-hold of. Carlyle had worried for Victoria about that soon the previous summer, had not thought of it this year until Sanders brought it up. Somehow winter was not the time for rape; spring was. He wasn't too sure that he understood the phenomenon too well, had never been able to estimate the degree of submission or invitation on the part of the girl at all. Victoria, as far as he knew, had not shown interest in any of the boys or younger men. Of course he had no way of knowing actually. Perhaps he'd better speak to Izaiah—or better—to Susan. Hell no—she knew he would be telling her nothing; his warning would have no point beyond his own and her embarrassment. Now if it were Lucille Bear, there was a natural candidate. But Victoria was not Lucille.

IT WAS Lucille's spring. A large girl of fifteen, she had shown unusual interest in the boys at school, sending them notes, pushing and tussling with them at recess and on the way home after school. For two weeks Raymond Blasphemer had been loitering at the edge of the school clearing every day. Ezra Shot Close spoke to Mr. Dingle and to Carlyle about him. He cautioned Mrs. Bear, who in turn had spoken to her husband, Sam. There the matter came to rest. Sam had two interests in life, both of them horses: a black gelding half thoroughbred and a sorrel mare with silver mane and tail sired four years before by Mrs. Sheridan's stallion, Golden Pride, out of a quarter horse mare which had taken every stake race in the country. All other matters paled before those contingent to these two horses. It was difficult for Sam Bear to take seriously any threat to the virginity (which he considered highly trivial and questionable) of any one of his daughters. The threat foreseen by Ezra and Dingle and Mrs. Bear bore fruit on a lovely morning the first week in May.

That morning Mrs. Bear as usual was the first of the family to stir. She left the dim interior of the tent to build the fire, carried up water from the river, set the tea kettle on to boil, returned to the tent to rouse Lucille. She found little Eunice sitting up sleepy eyed in the blankets she shared with her older sister. Matthew at the far end of the tent was pulling on his moccasins. He went outside wordlessly. Mrs. Bear walked over to the other side where Sam lay. She nudged him with her toe.

"She's gone."

Sam rolled over to his back, slid his hands under his head with elbows out, looked up blinking.

"Lucille's gone with him," said Mrs. Bear, "just like we said."

Sam hawked in his throat.

"She's gone. Now she won't get to school this morning."

Sam felt for his jacket under his head. He went to the tent flap in his stocking feet, called to Matthew squatted before the fire. "You know this happened?"

"What?" Matthew blew on the steaming tea he held up to his mouth.

"Raymond and Lucille."

"Sure." Matthew sucked in a scalding mouthful.

"You taking them grub—you know where they went to?"

"No."

"All right."

Sam let the flap fall, turned back, looked hesitantly at his wife, now dressing Eunice. After an uncertain moment he went to his blankets, lay down.

"Aren't you going after them?"

Sam locked his fingers behind his head.

"Aren't you going after them at all?"

Motionless he stared up at the ridge pole.

"You got to go after them," said Mrs. Bear.

"She's fifteen," Sam said.

"She's got to go to school. She's

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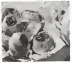

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and beat until smooth and elastic. Work in
4½ cups more (about) once-sifted bread flour
Turn out on lightly floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 4 equal portions and finish as follows.

1. INDIVIDUAL CHELSEA TWIRLS
Cream ¼ cup butter or margarine and ½ cup brown sugar; divide into 12 greased muffin pans; add pecans. Cream 2 tbsps. butter or margarine, 2 tsps. cinnamon and ½ cup brown sugar. Roll out one portion of dough 12 by 10 inches. Sprinkle with cinnamon mixture and ⅓ cup raisins; beginning at long side, roll up loosely; cut into 12 slices. Place in pans. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake at 350° 15 to 18 mins.

2. ORANGE WHIRLS
Boil together for 3 mins., stirring, ⅓ cup butter or margarine, 1 tbsp. grated orange rind, ⅓ cup orange juice and ⅓ cup granulated sugar; cool. Spread half in greased 8-inch square pan. Roll out one portion of dough 16 by 10 inches; spread with rest of orange mixture. Beginning at long side, roll up loosely; cut into 16 slices. Arrange in pan. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake at 350° about 30 mins.

3. DATE EIGHTS
Combine ½ lb. cut-up dates, 1 cup water, ⅓ cup gran. sugar and 1 tbsp. butter or margarine; boil gently, stirring often, until thick; cool. Roll out one portion of dough into 12-inch square; spread half with half of filling and roll up to centre. Turn dough over; spread remainder with filling and roll up to centre. Cut into 12 slices. Place well apart on greased pan. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake at 350° 14 to 18 mins. Spread hot buns with icing.

4. JAM RING
Roll out one portion of dough 16 by 8 inches. Spread with ½ cup thick jam and ⅓ cup chopped nuts; beginning at long side, roll up loosely. Twist dough from end to end; form into ring on greased pan. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake at 350° 25 to 30 mins. Spread hot ring with white icing; decorate top.

smart there. You got to go after them. I need her round here."

"She's fifteen," Sam said again. "I guess she wanted him."

"He took her," Mrs. Bear said. "He'll rope her to a tree and he'll starve her."

"Not these days," said Sam. "They don't do that." He lay quite relaxed in his blankets, his eyes straight up, unconcerned for his wife's intent gaze directed on him. "She's fifteen." He rolled over.

"Everybody knows now," said Mrs. Bear bitterly; she tugged impatiently at the belt of Eunice's dress. "Roll out of there. You and Matthew go after her. Go get her!"

Sam shifted his left hip to greater comfort.

"Go get her!"

"She wanted him," Sam said it mildly to the tent wall. "She's fifteen."

"Matthew could trail them!"

Sam closed his eyes.

"You got to go get her! She's got to go to school some more! You got to go get her!"

"Shut up."

"You and Matthew saddle up now and go get her!"

"Shut up."

"Go after her!"

Sam rolled over to his back again. He stared up at his distraught wife. "Hand me that tin fine cut."

"Get it yourself! Then go get Lucille!" She slipped Eunice's knitted kerchief under her chin, adjusted the peak. "To the school now, you. Don't be late. If you don't eat it—bring home the cookie for Lazarus." When Eunice had left the tent she turned back to Sam, helpless disgust on her face. "You can't lie there like that! Go get them!"

"Hand me that tin fine cut, I said."

"I said get it yourself! Get her! You want me to hand you that fine cut! You want me to get her too!"

"I haven't eat yet. Get me grub."

"You get your own grub! Get your own fine cut! Be what you are! Old woman! I'll go get her! I am the man!"

Brightness filled the tent, was blotted as Matthew entered.

"Matthew!" His mother turned to him. "You got to trail them!"

"Hand me that tin fine cut, Matthew."

Matthew handed his father the tin of tobacco.

"I married a woman!" shrilled Mrs. Bear. "I married an ugly woman! Now, Matthew," she turned on him, "you get her! You trail them! You!"

"Raymond took his rifle," explained Matthew.

"I don't care!"

"I do. Me. He can shoot."

"She's your sister! Lucille! You can't let him do that to her! MacLean wouldn't! Mark wouldn't! Moses wouldn't let him."

"Shut up," said Sam.

"No I won't! I say what I like! I say it! I say anything I want! You don't tell me!" She spat at Sam. "Any man go get her but you. Look at you—look at you there. Matthew, you go now, right now, before it is too late!"

"Too late now," said Sam. He wiped the spit from his forehead.

"Raymond's got his gun," said Matthew.

"She's your sister . . ."

"Shut up," said Sam. It was muffled this time as he licked the cigarette he had rolled.

"Women, women," wailed Mrs. Bear. "Old woman, young woman—all I got women out of me! Matthew, you think you're fine in the Chicken dance—uh, you're brave in the Chicken dance—scared of Raymond's gun . . . took your sister and tied her and starved her!"

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The flap lifted without warning. All turned. Ezra stood in the opening. Mrs. Bear went to him. "Raymond Blasphemer — Lucille — he took her, grabbed hold . . ."

"I know," said Ezra. "What you going to do now, Sam?"

"He won't do anything," said Mrs. Bear. "I married a woman."

"You aren't married," Ezra contradicted her. "Blanket marriage only. God punished you now. Blanket marriage for Lucille too. Sins of the fathers and mothers." He turned to Sam. "There aren't going to be any more of those. You get up."

Sam rose reluctantly.

"You go bring them back."

"She's fifteen," said Sam.

"I know how old she is," said Ezra. "I baptized her. Rolling in the kinnikinnik with Raymond's sure going to [illegible] her. You bring them back, then I'll marry them proper. Marry you people too. Double wedding. I been after you people twenty years now and maybe you'll do what I say. . . . God be praised everybody in this band get married."

"Maybe she doesn't want to come back," said Sam.

"They come back, he's not marrying her," said Mrs. Bear. "I don't want any Blood son-in-law like Raymond."

"You take what you get," said Ezra. "They're going to get married whether you like it or not. Eyes of God they are married. Got to make it right quick. Those blanket marriages got to quit."

Sam sat down, legs crossed.

"Sam!" Ezra's voice filled the tent. Sam lifted his eyes.

"You going?"

"No." Sam lowered his eyes.

"I told you," warned Ezra.

"I heard you. I'm not going. She's fifteen. She's old enough. He wants her. She wants him. All right." He lay back again on his blankets. "I'm not going."

"God will punish you."

"Hey-ah," agreed Sam. "Sometime maybe He will."

"His punishment will be terrible and swift."

"I'll take the chance," said Sam. "He's got to get to Raymond and Lucille first. Then I come next."

"He will. He will!"

"Hey-ah."

Silence filled the tent.

"All right," said Ezra with finality. "I'm going to report this to Mr. Fyle. In my report I'll write you wouldn't do anything at all. I'm going to tell Mr. Sinclair."

"Hey-ah—hey-ah." Sam's voice sounded a little tired. He pursed his lips and whistled a silent jet of smoke.

Ezra turned to Matthew. "All right, you better start after them."

"Raymond's got his gun," protested Matthew.

"Chicken dancer!" cried Mrs. Bear. "Huh—chicken gut! You tell on them! Tell Fyle—tell Sinclair—tell Ottawa too! Get the Mounties!"

"Have to get the Mounties anyway," said Ezra. "Need Mounties to recover stolen property."

"We won't bother Mounties," said Sam firmly. "No sense to that. He didn't steal property. What he took isn't property."

"Isn't it?" said Ezra.

"Just your daughter," said Mrs. Bear. "Just Lucille."

"I wasn't talking about Lucille," said Ezra. "I was talking about the horses."

"What horses!" Sam sat up.

"He took horses he took with them. Herbert Tailfeather saw them going. Raymond will travel fast on that buckskin gelding and your other."

"He didn't take the horses too!"

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Wine Recipe of the Month. SPANISH SHERRY CREAM

1 small jelly roll
1 tablespoon Canadian Sherry
2 tablespoons gelatin
6 tablespoons cold water
2⅔ cups milk
3 egg yolks
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
3 egg whites
⅓ cup sugar
2 tablespoons Canadian Sherry

Cut jelly roll in ½" wide slices. From 1 tablespoon sherry put a few drops of sherry on each slice. Line a chilled mould or sponge cake tin with jelly roll slices. Soften gelatin in cold water. Scald milk in top of double boiler over hot water. Beat egg yolks slightly; add 2 tablespoons sugar and salt. Gradually add hot milk to eggs, stirring constantly. Return to double boiler and cook until custard coats the spoon, about five minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add softened gelatine. Cool until mixture begins to thicken and add vanilla. Beat egg whites until stiff; gradually add ⅓ cup sugar. Fold beaten egg whites and sherry into slightly thickened custard. Place by spoonfuls into mould lined with jelly roll slices. Chill until firm. Unmould just before serving and garnish with sweetened whipped cream. Serves six.

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Contents now increased

IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE

MARTINI & ROSSI • TORINO, ITALY

V-58

Sam had leaped to his feet. "He didn't steal the horses."

"He took them," said Ezra. There was a note of satisfaction in his voice now.

"Matthew . . ."

"Raymond's got his gun."

Sam's hand swept out and knocked Matthew sprawling. "Shut up that gun—go get saddled. Get—go get Judy's gun!" He turned on Mrs. Bear. "What you standing there for? Get the blanket roll! Put in some grub! Hurry!" He turned to Ezra. "You tell Sinclair what he did. Tell him he stole my horses! Report to Fyfe Ottewe!" He turned back to his wife. "You go up—get Sinclair to get the Mounties out! Quick!"

"Tell them about Lucille!" Mrs. Bear seemed slightly stunned. "Lucille left on the horses. God's punishment is terrible and swift."

"Look . . ." Sam seemed to gather himself together. ". . . Forget that now! God's no horse thief! I'm not trailing God! But if it was Him took those two horses and He went a thousand miles and He left no tracks I'd trail Him too! This time Raymond! And I get my horses back or else Lucille's a widow!"

He dived from the tent on a full run. One moment later his head poked back into the tent. "Blanket widow!"

WITH a reluctant Matthew Sam trailed Raymond and Lucille, caught up with them the fifth day. For three of the days Raymond had known they were being trailed; he looked up from the campfire without surprise as Lucille's father came into the clearing.

"Matthew's got you covered," Sam warned him.

"Hey uh," said Sam's new son-in-law. "Lucille too. She's got you covered."

Then Sam saw the glint of the morning sun along the rifle barrel protruding from the saskatoon bush at the far side of the clearing.

"I want my horses," said Sam. "I'm going to get them back."

"What about Lucille?"

"Just the horses," said Sam.

Raymond nodded his head slowly. He poked at the fire with a stick.

"And getting churched," added Sam as he sensed compliance in Raymond and an opportunity to make things more pleasant for himself at home with Ezra Shot Close.

"I'll deal," said Raymond. He turned his head and called. Lucille, still with the safety off the rifle, came out of the saskatoon bushes.

Lucille moved in with Raymond; they did not get around to the wedding Ezra wanted. Their procrastination was strengthened by Mrs. Bear's refusal to accept Raymond. Sam displayed little interest in the matter; he had his horses back.

But the Raymond-Lucille affair had unsettled Carlyle more than he cared to admit. There was too much at stake in Victoria Rain. Nothing must happen to her before she had finished her education with him, before she should leave Paradise Valley, before she should return to help him lift the primitive load of her own people and the people who carried in their veins the same blood he had inherited from his mother. It was as though a dagger were trained upon her heart; he must never let it strike home! Never!

Next Issue: CHAPTER SIX

She Could Have Been Mine

GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE
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REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
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The Toughest Boat Afloat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

whale menace Sir John A. and his successors in Ottawa commissioned a series of overgrown yachts that tended to be stripped cold by any more ice than might be found in the average cocktail.

Indignant islanders reacted violently. Cut off for weeks and months at a time, they set up a rumble of protest that vied with the roar of the ice fields. Once they sued Ottawa for five million dollars and eventually collected one million. While federal boats froze in a vise of ice the islanders fought their way across the floes in sledlike rowboats. Trapped miles from land by blizzards and shifting icepans strong men went mad and weak men died. Many times over the years the islanders threatened to bolt from the union.

The current odds against such drastic action are so long as to rule out the possibility, in spite of Premier Jones' angry words at the time of the rail strike. For the islanders of today, inured to relying on a boat for everything from coal to cornflakes, are supremely happy with the way the Abegweit delivers them.

For six years now, in good weather and bad, the Abegweit (rhymes with "late" but seldom is) has been shuttling across the Northumberland Strait with timetable regularity. In a year she carries seventy thousand autos and two hundred thousand passengers. More than forty thousand railway cars clatter in and out of her cavernous hull bearing grains, gasoline, medicines, farm machinery, clothing, building materials and the other staples P.E.I. does not produce. In turn they bring back the potatoes, livestock and pulpwood that the island must sell on the mainland to stay in business.

In summer the Abegweit works an eighteen-hour day; in winter, when roving ice packs chase all other ferries into hibernation, she works right around the clock, stopping only to reload and change crews. Only once since she took on the job of supplying the island has the ice given her an even battle. That was in March 1952 when she took nine hours to ram, wriggle and chew her way past one of the worst frozen barriers ever seen on the strait. It was surprising not that she finally broke through but that it took so long. For the Abegweit is the biggest—and presumably best—ice-busting train ferry in the world.

She is three hundred and seventy-two feet, seventy-five hundred tons and seven million dollars worth of ferryboat that doesn't look like a ferryboat at all. A few years ago Douglas MacLean, a Scottish deep-sea sailor who is now one of the Abegweit's five captains, stepped off the train at Tormentine to seek a job aboard. "All I expected any ferry to be was a clumsy old tub," he related later. "When I saw the Abegweit I nearly fell off the dock. I thought she was a luxury liner."

Naive landlubbers get the same impression. With her streamlined pale-green hull, spacious white upper decks and lounges walled in mahogany and oak, the Abegweit might be a Caribbean cruise ship.

In fact, people living around Borden and Tormentine, her terminals, often pass the evening crossing back and forth on the Abegweit's moonlit promenades or watching a movie in the main lounge. As one man put it, "For the eighty cents return fare you get all the thrills of an ocean voyage without the pea-green complexion."

There the similarity ends. For the Abegweit has a gaping hole in her stern, a peculiarity not generally favored by other vessels. Through it roll freight and passenger trains, nineteen cars at a time, on to three tracks stretching the length of her hull. Below decks she is a sea-going railroad. Above, her main deck bears a striking resemblance to a downtown parking lot, with as many as sixty automobiles taking up space.

In one major respect the Abegweit is unlike any other icebreaker afloat. She has four propellers, the conventional two astern and another pair poking out from her bow. They do more than speed her ahead. When she wades into dense ice fields the unique forward screws suck water out from under the ice so the sheer weight of the ship may crush it. Failing this, the whirring blades slash it to pieces. Having four screws also makes the Abegweit, for all her bulk, as nimble as a water spider.

Captain John Maguire, now retired, demonstrated this in 1948 when he took the ferry to Montreal for her first refit. As he neared the dock, several tugboats chugged out to aid him. He waved them back.

"Don't be a fool," one of the tug skippers yelled through a megaphone. "You can't make it alone."

"Can't I?" Maguire hollered back. "Just watch."

Chuckling to himself on the bridge he pulled two levers and pushed two others controlling the ferry's propellers. On the port side one screw turned ahead, the other astern. To starboard the same thing occurred, but in reverse. While the tug master's jaw dropped, the Abegweit slid confidently into the dock—sideways.

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from the giant silver-painted screws to the silex in her modern restaurant, is run by electricity. Deep in her underbelly is a floating powerhouse where eight huge generators whip up nine and a half million watts of juice—enough to light a small city, enough to make the Abegweit more than a match for any ice field she has yet encountered.

As it is explained by Captain Wylie Irving, the senior skipper of the Abegweit whose hair has turned grey in twenty-five years on the straits, an icebreaker manoeuvres much like a broken-field runner. As he pulls out from the dock Irving scans the ice field searching for an open lead of water or the weakest formation of ice.

"Then you head into it," he says, "and pray you're right."

Nimbly the Abegweit darts into an opening. Loose ice cakes are sucked into the whirlpool of her forward screws and washed astern. Sometimes the open water ends abruptly and tons of ice jam in from both sides, wedging the ferry in as in a vise. Irving pushes a button and calmly addresses a mike in the control room below, the Abegweit's nerve centre. Soon the whole ship begins to rock sideways like a great cradle as heeling tanks on both sides of the hull are alternately filled and emptied of sea water. Once this artificial rolling toppled two refrigerator cars on the train deck but the Abegweit struggled free.

The Passengers Pushed

Similarly, when a train rolls aboard the Abegweit on an outside track, automatic trimming tanks on the opposite side of the ship fill with water to prevent the ship from listing. "They aren't really automatic," Irving corrects. "You have to push a button first." In truth the Abegweit is a push-button wonder. By flicking a lever or turning a knob the skipper may view the strait on a fog-free radar screen, cause a firedoor two hundred feet away to swing shut, or call up on the ship-to-shore telephone and relay a message to his wife about how he wants his sirloin done.

Except when she runs into heavy ice the Abegweit cuts across the strait in forty-five minutes, docking stern first at piers that look like crooked stone fingers poking out into the water. The trail she follows was blazed centuries ago by the Indians of Abegweit, the Micmac name for Prince Edward Island. They fixed runners on their birchbark canoes and set off across the ice to attend pow-wows in Maine and Massachusetts. As lately as 1915 the white man was still using roughly the same method and cussing loudly about it.

The early settlers built sturdy ice boats seventeen feet long with sledlike double keels. They were equipped with oars, sails, ice hooks, water and sea biscuits. Crossing in packs of six or eight the boats each had a crew of six headed by a "commodore," no less, and carrying a maximum of three passengers. A man paid two dollars to make the crossing but when the going got tough he had to get out and pull. Women, children and old men were excused from work but paid four dollars for the privilege.

Passengers were issued rubber boots with their tickets. They needed them. When a boat struck rough ice the commodore shouted, "All hands out!" Crew and clients struggled into leather harnesses attached to the bow and stern and started hauling. If a man fell into the water his harness kept him from drowning. If a boat hit deep slush—lolly, they called it—two men would be hung over the side to do a treadmill tramp while the others rowed.

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Frequently survivors returned with incredible tales of suffering and death on the ice. In 1855 two boats ran into a fierce blizzard halfway across to the island. It blew for days. The men huddled under one overturned boat and burned the other for warmth. When it was gone they lighted sacks of meal. James Haszard, an eighteen-year-old Harvard medical student, went mad and died. Another man, Joseph Weir of Bangor, Me., killed his spaniel, drank its blood and ate the flesh.

When the storm let up a band of frozen half-crazed men trudged ashore dragging Haszard's body behind them. Another man lost both feet and all his fingers from frost bite and died later.

When the island finally joined Confederation in 1873 on Sir John A. Macdonald's promise to provide a steamship that would end all that, his first choice, the SS Albert, was a monumental flop. She was succeeded in 1876 by the *Northern Light*, Canada's first icebreaker. Running between Georgetown, P.E.I., and Pictou, N.S., thirty miles away, the Northern Light was helpless in more than four inches of ice. She was icebound for an average of sixty-four days each winter, once for three weeks at a stretch. Grumbling islanders went back to their primitive iceboats to keep mail and supplies running.

In 1884, after ten years of poor service, the P.E.I. legislature sent a crisp letter to Ottawa demanding damages of five million dollars. Ottawa ignored it. Rebuffed, the islanders wrote to Queen Victoria. She ignored them. But in 1901 they succeeded in collecting one million from the suit.

Tragedy continued to dog the little iceboats. In 1885 three boats with twenty-two men aboard were marooned for several days on an ice floe. Two men froze to death and another went mad. Later one of the survivors, Dr. F. A. MacIntyre, described the epic in a ballad:

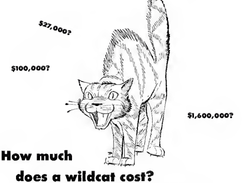
> One of the crew showed symptoms of his reason giving way
> Brought on by mental anguish and the hardships of the day
> Exhausted now were all the rest, our strength seemed quite to fail
> Our clothes wet through were frozen hard just like a coat of mail

People awaiting iceboats in the island put up at Allen's Hotel on Cape Tormentine, a gay hostel. From beams in a long cold ell-chamber hung turkeys, chickens and sausage rings. Sides of beef browned in great brick ovens and rum was passed around to ward off the cold. One of the Allens played the fiddle while over the bare wooden floor a young girl did A Dance of the Strait, her own interpretation of winter and the ice packs and the sweet coming of spring.

The battered *Northern Light* was retired in 1888 and islanders began demanding that the federal government dig a tunnel under Northumberland Strait. Political meetings around the island erupted with the chant "Secede! secede!"

Ottawa replied by sending several more alleged icebreakers to placate the islanders, among them the Stanley and the Minto. In 1903 the Stanley stuck fast in eighteen feet of ice and the Minto went to her rescue. Half a mile from the Stanley the Minto broke her propeller. The two boats drifted in the ice for two months before the Stanley broke loose and towed her rescue ship to port. Meanwhile five hundred carloads of supplies and three thousand bags of mail had piled up at Tormentine.

A year later the P.E.I. legislature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A lot of oil has been discovered in the west since 1946. In that time have Canada's oil reserves increased— *4 times?* *23 times?* *37 times?*	*Reserves have increased 23 fold in the past six years. Canadian fields now supply all the prairies and part of B.C. and Ontario.*
How many companies, would you say, are engaged in the oil business in Canada— *23?* *174?* *750?*	*About 750 companies in which the public has an investment interest, as well as several hundred private firms and partnerships. And this doesn't include the thousands of privately operated service stations and other retail and wholesale outlets for oil products.*
Canada's growing oil industry means orders for many businesses, jobs for many Canadians. Last year Imperial's purchasing department bought equipment and supplies from Canadian firms amounting to— *$12 millions?* *$56 millions?* *$110 millions?*	*$56 millions. About 4,500 Canadian companies sold Imperial supplies ranging from heavy steel plates to paper clips.*

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renewed its demands for a tunnel and the Charlottetown Patriot screamed that Cape Breton Island served by a car ferry across the narrow Strait of Canso was being treated better than P E I The rival Guardian agreed "P E I must be treated as other provinces of the family are treated" an editorial said "or she will withdraw from the family"

The islanders were still fussing in 1911 when a federal general election was called Speaking in Charlottetown Conservative leader Robert Borden promised to build a train ferry to serve P E I if his party were elected Liberals branded his offer "a cheap political bribe" The Tories won the election and Borden, true to his word promptly ordered the SS Prince Edward Island the last word in icebreakers built in England Engineers began building multi-million-dollar piers at Tormentine and Carlton Point In tribute the island terminal changed its name to Borden German war prisoners were put to work during World War I to change the island's railroad from narrow to standard gauge The job wasn't finished until 1930

One of the Prince Edward Island's skippers was Captain John Lefurgy Read as able a mariner as ever swung a wheel—and one of the saltiest Read's father was a skipper whose wife sailed with him as navigator Young Read went to sea at fourteen and was a full-fledged captain at twenty one To look older and command respect from his crew he affected a sharp Vandyke beard Six feet tall, two hundred and thirty pounds at cruising weight, he was as arresting a sight as a billowing square rigger

Most of Read's life was spent in icebreakers. In winter he ran from Nova Scotia to P E I and in summer when the ice vanished from the strait he went gunning for seals in the Arctic Circle He didn't bat an eye when one morning in 1916 he was ordered to sail the aged Minto to Archangel Russia. Crossing the sub-infested Atlantic alone the Minto was pounded by heavy seas. Food ran short and had to be rationed. Warned that a mutiny was brewing, Read pulled a gun on the ringleaders and locked them up for the rest of the trip

A year later Read took another icebreaker the Mikula to Russia He had been given sealed orders about the course the Mikula was to take Once at sea he ignored them John Read could set his own course wartime or not. Off Norway, the Mikula ran low on coal and headed into a small coastal town to stock up. The town was still talking about the capture the day before of a German submarine Read enquired about it. Under questioning, the U boat captain had said he was lying in wait for the Mikula as German spies had learned of her original course.

When Read arrived in Archangel the second time Russia was on the verge of revolt A peasant, mistaking his trim Vandyke and gold braid for badges of nobility, spat at him Read knocked him cold Russian police jailed the captain and the British consul had to bail him out

Once when the Duke of Devonshire Canada's governor general took a trip to Prince Edward Island Read was given a printed address to present to him At Cape Tormentine he sidled up to a man on the dock and whispered "When's his nibs coming?"

"He's here."

"Where?"

"Here" said the delighted Duke "I'm his nibs."

In 1931 the SS Prince Edward Island was replaced by a bigger ship the Charlottetown Read was in command ten years later when it sank off the southwest coast of Nova Scotia and a federal court of enquiry held him culpable His master's papers were suspended for six months It was a humiliating blow He walked out of the courtroom sullenly and never went to sea again He died three years ago

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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

does rely on the orators to go on talking. It brings in the legislation that it wants and eventually that legislation is passed. By then there is not enough time for a real debate on the things the Government doesn't want debated — the estimates.

Control of the estimates, the spending of public money by the Queen's ministers, is historically the most important function of the House of Commons — the right for which Hampden and Pym fought King Charles I. Any government which attempted to limit that right would be defeated in the House and repudiated by the country. Yet every Canadian government can frustrate this sacred right of parliament by the simple device of letting parliament talk itself to death.

Estimates are always the last thing on the agenda of every session. They come before a tired, jaded House anxious to get off home. The same members who talked for three or four weeks on the Address in Reply to the Speech from the Throne, or for day after day on a motion to go into supply, now glare at anyone bold enough to question a million-dollar item as it rolls through.

Prime Minister King used to take advantage of this quite deliberately. He had no interest in proposals for reforming parliament; he knew exactly how to handle parliament as it was and he had no intention of making changes which might make parliament harder to handle.

Prime Minister St. Laurent has had a different attitude. He is less conscious of his place in Canadian history, but he has, according to people who know him well, one modest ambition. He wants to tidy up the messy administration of Canadian public affairs.

Already he has done a great deal on the ninety percent of the iceberg which is below the surface — the organization and procedure of the civil service and the Cabinet. Several years ago he indicated a hope that he might be able to do something about parliament.

Two successive Speakers have tackled the problem. Hon. Gaspard Fauteux, now Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, went abroad to study the rules of other parliaments, but nothing happened here. Hon. Ross Macdonald headed a succession of all-party committees in the last parliament trying for unanimous agreement on reform. All he got was a slight change in parliament's hours of sitting. Macdonald was the most popular, tactful, conciliatory Speaker the House had had for years; it was generally admitted that if he couldn't get unanimous agreement nobody could. The only course left was for the Government to assume responsibility for the change.

For obvious reasons the Cabinet didn't want to do it before the election. Indeed, most of the Cabinet would just as soon not do it at all. But since the election three ministers have formed themselves into an informal and unofficial Cabinet committee which will, they hope, get something done.

Walter Harris, the new House Leader, would like to see the House more efficient under his guidance. Brooke Claxton has been interested in reforming parliament since he was a freshman MP when he was brash enough to write an article about it for Maclean's. Jack Pickersgill, Secretary of State, has never sat in parliament before but has had to listen to parliament for fifteen years, a strain on his patience which he is not likely to forget. These "Three Musketeers" hope to work out a set of changes that the Prime Minister and their colleagues will accept.

They expect the Opposition to denounce whatever is proposed, but they think the Opposition's front benches will secretly welcome it. The leaders realize quite well what harm is done to parliament and their party by the interminable droning from behind them, but their party discipline isn't strong enough to prevent it. Liberals can be made to keep quiet by a patronage-dispensing Government, but no one on the Speaker's left has enough authority to tell a voluble MP that he must not talk.

Once the debating time is allotted by the Government, the Opposition leader and the Opposition whip will be tremendously strengthened. They will know they have just so many hours to fill, and they can pick a team to fill them. If anyone else wants to talk he'll have to show why his views are better worth hearing than those of the man he displaces. Also individual members can be rationed to ten-minute or even five-minute shares of the party's limited time, instead of taking forty as they can now.

ANOTHER "MUST" on the agenda of the present session is a raise in pay for members of parliament.

This will probably not be mentioned in the Speech from the Throne and may not even be taken up until after Christmas. It is a certainty for some time this session, though. Many a Liberal MP refused to run again until the Cabinet minister promised a substantial boost in the indemnity.

MPs now get four thousand dollars an annual indemnity, two thousand dollars as a tax-free expense allowance. Out of this expense allowance they must pay for a second dwelling for themselves if not for their families. They must also pay for such odds and ends as buying lunch for visiting constituents, which a businessman would charge to his company. The MP must be a leading and cheerful contributor to all the local charities. Finally he must keep up a respectable standard of living both at home and in Ottawa.

For most members this costs more than six thousand dollars a year. Few are rich men but most have a bit put by when they come here. They say their savings shrink instead of growing with each year in politics.

A dramatic and moving example is the estate of the late Gordon Graydon, Conservative MP for Peel County, who died in September. Graydon was a member of one of the leading law firms of Brampton, Ont., with which he could have made a more than comfortable living and left his family well off. He was also a member of parliament, and a good one, so good that politics took up practically all his time. He didn't have a chance to work at profitable legal business because he was too busy working for his party and his country. His entire estate consisted of the small amount of insurance that he was able to get (his health had been poor all his life) and his friends are now raising a fund to help his family.

Nothing official has been said about the amount of the increase, but the general expectation is that it will be raised to the level of a two-session year — i.e., eight thousand dollars in salary plus the existing two thousand for expenses. ★

The Unholy Mess of Our Charity Appeals

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

community chests failed to reach their objectives last year. Victoria succeeded in raising only seventy-nine percent of its goal, Vancouver ninety percent, Toronto eighty-six percent and Winnipeg ninety-one percent. Last year the Red Cross — the largest national agency — had to extend its campaign by four weeks. Several months after the closing date it was still soliciting. The United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund, which was endorsed by the federal government, succeeded in getting only four hundred thousand of the three million dollars it went after. The Canadian Child Health Association realized less than ten percent of the hundred thousand dollars it asked for. The Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society, in a recent drive, ran smack into a half dozen other appeals and realized only a half of an eight hundred thousand dollar objective. In the opinion of Carl Reinke, who has been active in many community chest and hospital campaigns, such fiascos can often be attributed to charity executives and leaders who "are guilty of rivalry, jealousy, plain selfishness, suicidal shortsightedness and a lack of teamwork. . . . In the interests of the general welfare it is time we stopped pussyfooting about this problem for fear of offending somebody."

In seeking reasons for the present crisis in philanthropy three developments must be considered.

The first is that charity — nourished by a long period of economic prosperity — has become big business. According to the most recently published income tax statistics (1951) as individuals we have contributed one hundred and twenty-seven millions to philanthropy; as corporations twenty-six millions. Add to that the charitable giving that is not recorded in income tax exemptions and the annual grand total is probably two hundred millions.

The second development is that the number of national charitable organizations has steadily increased until now there are at least thirty. In recent years a host of new agencies have entered the scene, particularly in the health field. There are new societies which solicit funds to combat cancer, arthritis, poliomyelitis, deafness, multiple sclerosis and paraplegia. Each year thirty organizations — both old and new — recruit their own private army of volunteers and embark on whirlwind fund-raising drives, costing millions of dollars, to try to raise their total goal of twenty-five million dollars.

And lastly, many religious, educational and welfare groups have only recently been able to embark on building programs which had been postponed by the war. In the Toronto area alone during the past few years four hospitals have campaigned for almost forty million dollars.

Can the Canadian people afford to support so many appeals? Or have we scraped the bottom of the charity barrel?

Precise answers are not available to these questions and a certain amount of guessing is necessary. Informed observers like Irving Rexford believe that we have only begun to realize our full giving potential. Our income tax laws permit a corporation to donate as much as five percent of its net profit to charity without paying income tax on it. Since taxes on net corporation incomes are roughly fifty percent, Rexford estimates that if corporations took

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full advantage of the exemption they could donate an extra sixty-eight millions a year to charity at half that cost to themselves. Individuals are allowed to deduct donations to philanthropy amounting to ten percent of their net incomes, and Rexford concludes that we could contribute millions extra at a cost to ourselves much below the total given. Naturally one has to accept this estimate with several modifications and reservations. For one thing, if the government is not to get this revenue in the form of income tax, it might impose a tax of another kind.

But what we can *afford* to give and what we are *willing* to give are two different things. The flood of appeals has antagonized many leading business executives and corporations. This is serious because no major fund-raising campaign can succeed without the co-operation of the big business executive. He occupies a key position as a corporation official, as a large individual donor and as an employer of men. Take the 1950 Montreal Joint Hospital Fund appeal, for example. Twenty-seven thousand people gave almost nineteen million dollars to it. Ten million of that came from eighty-nine individuals and corporations. In the 1952 Toronto community chest campaign which collected contributions from a quarter of a million people, half the money came from a handful of corporate and individual givers. Of all money given to community chests across Canada forty percent comes from corporations, another thirty percent from employees at their place of work.

The problem of multiple appeals was recognized in Canada as far back as 1917. In that year, a number of local Montreal welfare agencies combined to form the first Canadian community chest. The idea was to conduct a single united fund-raising drive instead of several campaigns, thus making it possible to spend on actual charity the money saved on paid campaign employees, printing, postage and advertising. The soundness of the community chest idea was soon recognized and spread all over the country. There are now sixty community chests in Canada representing eight hundred and seventy Red Feather agencies. Currently they are engaged in raising fourteen and a half million dollars—in sixty campaigns instead of eight hundred and seventy. Campaign expenses for community chest drives sometimes run as low as three percent.

However, because of the steady arrival of numerous new national philanthropic agencies—each conducting its own campaign in every community—the community chest idea has not solved the problem of multiple appeals. One solution offered by the advocates of unified appeals is for the local branches of the national agencies which now campaign independently to join the local community chest. Most community chests have adopted an "open door" policy and invited the local affiliates of the national groups to enter their fold. In some communities some local chapters have responded but by and large the invitation has been spurned. Canadian Red Cross Society units, for example, have been advised by their headquarters that combining their fund-raising efforts with other groups would "result in a loss of prestige to Red Cross and the weakening of its whole position."

The dissatisfaction of business with multiple appeals is such that one hundred and five Canadian corporations have financed a research project to shed some light on the subject of business and charitable giving. Almost one hundred business firms were questioned. The resulting report, Corporate Giving in Canada, edited by Albert A. Shea for the Committee on Corporate Giving in Canada, and to be published soon by Clarke, Irwin and Co. Ltd., shows that the attitude of the business executive is a mixture of distress and concern. One executive states, "There has been so much racketeering in donations that we have been giving them all the go-by." Another observed, "We find it easier to say 'no' to all rather than give to a few and invite criticism." Still another stated, "In view of the increased number of appeals we plan to limit our contributions to a few agencies." Almost one half of the corporations did not permit their employees to be solicited at their place of work while two thirds refused to allow charitable contributions by payroll deduction.

I discovered in my own research, corporations that had been approached for charitable funds no fewer than a thousand times a year. One official of an important manufacturing firm states that the scramble for the charity dollar has become so desperate that refusal to contribute when the solicitation is made by an important customer might well lead to social and economic reprisals. "It's blackmail—straight and simple," he says.

Many corporations do not oppose multiple campaigns because of a desire to avoid giving. Indeed they strongly support the principle of leaving as much health and welfare activity as possible in the hands of private organizations instead of having it carried out by government agencies. What they do deplore is the fact that numerous fund-raising drives have become a serious administrative burden. Some corporations have had to assign highly paid executives, full time, to consider anywhere from fifty to fourteen hundred appeals every year.

But business is not only asked to contribute money. It is also asked for the loan of competent executive officers to assist in organizing fund-raising campaigns. One business makes such loans thirty or forty times a year. One advertising firm stated it always has one or two of its key men assisting in appeals. "You can't refuse when the request comes from an important customer," it explains.

Indeed, securing a sufficient number of volunteer workers is becoming an increasing problem as the number of charitable appeals grows. In every community there are now hundreds of volunteers who go from one campaign to another. I found that some volunteers have solicitation cards for as many as six charities at the same time. A spokesman for the Toronto community chest told me, "We need ten thousand workers but we can only get eight thousand." A Montreal professional fund raiser told me, "Our greatest problem is worker fatigue. Our workers are tired from working on other campaigns. If goals are to be met the volunteer has to impress the prospective donor by enthusiastically presenting the worthiness of the charity. But how can he do it when he has already spent two or three months trying to sell six other charities as well?" There is little wonder that a serious shortage of volunteers exists. The community chests across Canada alone require one hundred and twelve thousand workers. In the Toronto area five thousand men and women solicit for the Red Cross.

No aspect of charitable appeals has received as much public attention as campaign expenses. Every donor wants to see his money spent on charity—not on unnecessary campaign expenses. Probably the Red Feather agencies, by combining their fund-raising appeals through the community chests, have succeeded in raising the most money at the least cost in Canada. Last year, their actual campaign expenses were about three percent.

Other national voluntary agencies, in spite of honest administration and the wide use of volunteer help, were not nearly as economical. The Canadian Tuberculosis Association, excluding government grants, raised one million four hundred thousand dollars. This was done at a cost of two hundred and eighty-seven thousand dollars or approximately twenty percent. The various provincial branches of the Canadian Council for Crippled Children collected nine hundred thousand dollars. The province with the best record showed that campaign expenses were twelve percent.

However, many informed observers believe that the published financial statements of many philanthropic organizations do not clearly set forth the amount of money actually expended in fund raising. The competition for the charity dollar is now so fierce that many agencies solicit for funds months before and months after their annual campaign. This involves the time of salaried employees as well as other expenses which may not be shown as campaign expenses. The 1952 financial statement of the St. John Ambulance, for example (provincial and national branches), shows that campaign expenditures were forty thousand dollars. But other expenditures listed include: publications and publicity, thirteen thousand; staff, two hundred and two thousand; miscellaneous office administration, forty thousand; travel and organization, thirty-three thousand; miscellaneous, seventeen thousand dollars.

Similarly, the Canadian Red Cross 1952 statement shows campaign expenses to be three hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars. But three other items of expenditure—publicity and information services, general operational and administrative expenses, and administrative salaries—total seven hundred and eighty-one thousand dollars.

As in the case of the St. John Ambulance, there is no doubt that most of the money shown in these categories was necessary overhead to carry out a diverse program of activity. But competent observers are also certain that some of this money must necessarily include, although not intentionally, "hidden" campaign expenses.

Another criticism aimed at our charitable organizations is that their campaign goals are not subject to any kind of review. Thus the amount of public giving is often determined by the dramatic nature of the campaign rather than by the actual need of the community. The Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society, referred to as having reached only half its objective largely because of other simultaneous campaigns, deals with a health problem which affects an estimated seven hundred thousand Canadians. A few years

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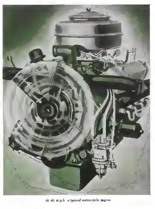

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ago when the Canadian March of Dimes spoke of raising one million dollars for polio, many doctors were quick to point out that many other childhood diseases were more important. In a recent five year period when there were seventy thousand cases of whooping cough resulting in eighteen hundred deaths, there were only seven thousand five hundred cases of polio with four hundred and twenty-seven deaths. Dr. Alan Brown, the distinguished Canadian pediatrician, has pointed out, "Money could be better spent on research into the more important diseases of childhood, namely, cancer, leukemia, spastics, accidents and nutrition." As the result of such criticism, the polio agency completely reorganized and revised their campaign goals downwards.

An even more lopsided situation exists in the United States. Cancer and heart disease are responsible for thirty eight percent of all deaths, polio for .01 percent. Yet the cancer and heart societies can raise only twenty-three million dollars compared to forty-one million for polio.

Again in the matter of campaign goals matching need, during 1952 the Canadian Red Cross raised seven million three hundred thousand dollars, compared to the community chests' twelve million. The humanitarian activities of the Red Cross in times of peace and disaster are well known, but the community chests represent almost nine hundred local welfare agencies across the country which each year directly assist an estimated two out of every five Canadian families. The answer probably lies in the fact that the Red Cross is not getting too much but that the community chests are not getting enough for their needs.

Is there any way of bringing increased order into the presently unregulated arena of fund raising appeals? Here are some of the suggestions made by philanthropists, fund raisers and government and welfare officials:

1 SET UP A NATIONAL REVIEW BOARD TO SCREEN ALL CHARITABLE APPEALS. This request has been repeatedly made by the Health League of Canada, the Canadian Welfare Council and numerous local boards of trade. The task of this group would be to examine all appeals in order to prevent fraud and to collect information on program, organization and appeal plans for use by the public in gauging its donations.

At present any group can launch a national appeal for any purpose which is not contrary to the Criminal Code. Many people feel that the possession of a federal charter is a certificate of sound purpose and administration. This is not so. Any three reasonably reputable people can affix their signature to an application to the secretary of state, pay a few dollars and establish a charitable organization as a corporation. Such an arrangement merely exempts the people involved from personal liability for debts incurred. It in no way indicates that the government endorses the aims of the organization or supervises its administration.

It is true that in response to public pressure the secretary of state has recently begun to seek the advice of the Department of National Health and Welfare when a charter is sought by any charitable group, but no federal government department is presently in a position to conduct a careful or continuing examination of the aims, purposes or the management of any philanthropic group.

The presence of such a body might have prevented recent incidents which had an adverse effect on all charities—most of which are conducted with scrupulous honesty. The United Emergency Fund for Britain, for example, collected six hundred thousand dollars from the public. Practically all of this amount was spent to ship overseas a million dollars worth of goods contributed by others. The fund itself contributed only eight hundred and eighty dollars worth of food, clothing and supplies.

Proof that a voluntary review board can be effective is proved by the thirty-three year old National Information Bureau in the United States. Supported by memberships from individuals, corporations, charitable foundations and others, the bureau carefully examines the purposes and operational methods of more than six hundred national and international charities each year. Philanthropies which are found to be sound are included in a giver's guide which goes out to the bureau's subscribers. The prestige of the bureau is such that no major appeal will succeed without its endorsation. It has thus prevented many campaigns for doubtful causes.

2 SOME CONTROL OF CHARITABLE APPEALS IS NEEDED AT A LOCAL LEVEL. Since many appeals are purely local in character, machinery should exist for their regulation. In some of these appeals the chief beneficiary is the man who promotes them. One such man recently was engaged by a Toronto church to raise funds for a welfare project. He raised eighty five hundred dollars by staging a public concert. But after deducting his own wages, commissions and expenses the church's portion was only eighteen hundred dollars.

Such a project would have never been permitted in Winnipeg where since 1913 the Civic Charities Endorsement Bureau has kept a watchful eye on all local fund raising activities. A nine-man board appointed by the city council carefully examines applications from all groups who want to appeal to the public for funds. No appeal is permitted, whether by personal solicitation, press, mail or radio—without a permit from the bureau. Any appeal in which the operating expenses are high in relation to the amount spent on actual welfare work is prohibited.

3 MULTIPLE APPEALS COULD BE ABOLISHED IF THE NATIONAL VOLUNTARY AGENCIES WERE UNITED WITH THE COMMUNITY CHESTS. There is an abundance of evidence in the United States that everybody gains and nobody loses by such a step. Detroit provides a dramatic example. In 1948 private philanthropy in Detroit came to the crossroads. The community chest drive fell three hundred thousand dollars short of reaching its objective. The automobile manufacturers were in open rebellion; so were the labor unions; their plants had been solicited no fewer than one hundred and thirty four times that year. Finally a committee headed by Henry Ford II emphatically told the charities, "Federate or perish. We'll contribute to charity once a year or not at all." This led to the formation of the Torch Drive, a single appeal representing one hundred and fifty local and national agencies. Under the banner "give once for all" fifty thousand volunteer workers stage a planned three-week fund raising drive each fall.

The results have been impressive. Campaign expenses have dwindled to four and a half percent; some of the participating agencies used to spend as high as thirty five percent. This saving alone has made millions of extra dollars available for actual welfare work. There is no difficulty in recruiting top notch volunteers. The amount of money raised in the single campaign is greater than the total previously raised from dozens of single campaigns; business executives encourage their employees to give because they know it will only happen once a year. The result is that of the two million people in the Detroit area, over a million are contributors to the Torch Drive. A central budget committee allocates the amount of money to be given to each participating agency on the basis of need, the degree to which the agency is active in the region, and the agency's past record of fund raising.

There is no doubt that Detroit's task of allocating funds to the individual agencies has been made easier by the existence of the National Budget Committee. This body, a creation of the United States community chests and national philanthropic organizations, meets regularly and decides on fair campaign goals for each of its members.

The "one big campaign," introduced in Columbus, Ohio, in 1911, has also achieved impressive results. The business firms allowing payroll deductions jumped from two hundred and seventy nine to more than six hundred. The total number of contributors rose from one hundred and fourteen thousand to one hundred and forty two thousand. Average contributions climbed from $3.70 to $4.52.

There are many prominent individuals who are opposed to the principle of one combined appeal. Marshall Stearns, for instance, a Toronto stock broker who has led several Red Cross campaigns, fears that the individual charity would lose out financially and what's just as important, would lose their individual identity.

The American experience in united fund raising tends to prove that such a view is unduly pessimistic. A survey covering thirty-one cities where the Red Cross chapters were participants in federated fund raising showed that the local chapters realized 98.8 percent of their goal. In their last independent campaigns they had only collected 95.1 percent of the amount they went after.

Nor is there evidence that a national voluntary agency loses its identity when it goes in for combined fund raising. In Detroit campaign literature of the Torch Drive constantly publicizes the work of the participating agencies. In addition a year-round program of education and public relations is conducted on their behalf. Furthermore since united fund raising requires fewer doorbell ringers, volunteers belonging to individual organizations can spend more of their time constructively furthering the purpose for which their group was established. These are the reasons why Dr. Harry Nelson, president of the American Cancer Society, recently observed, "Our society has never been more visible to the public than it is today."

There is a valuable lesson in United States' experience with the one big campaign. But at present a deadlock exists in Canada. On the one hand the community chests, many of the largest corporations and a large section of the public demand an end to the waste and disorder brought about by multiple appeals. On the other hand, the large voluntary organizations—such as the Red Cross and Salvation Army—are opposed to co-operation. Many observers feel that if this deadlock continues, the ranks of the weary volunteer workers will thin out and the rich flow of charity dollars will dwindle to a thin trickle. ★

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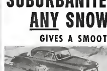

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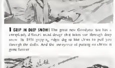

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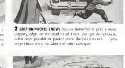

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"My Worst Hours on Everest"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

a level patch of hard snow. Above us, across the hollow of the South Col rose the South Summit of Everest, no longer a "minor eminence" as I had dubbed it in London, but an elegant snow spire, breathtakingly close, yet nearly three thousand feet above our heads. Right-headed from this peak the South East Ridge descended very steeply at first and then at a more gentle gradient to a snow shoulder at about half its height. This seemed just the place for that top camp, my task for the next day.

The flanks of this ridge facing the South Col are very steep, part rock, part snow, seamed here and there with snow-filled gullies spilling out into the upper slopes of the Col opposite our viewpoint. We had heard from Wilfrid Noyce, a member of the expedition who had made the difficult climb in a preliminary survey a few days before, that South Peak which topped it was impressive; none of us had been prepared for any spectacle quite so sharp, quite so beautiful as this. To me it seemed that a new and unsuspected peak of alpine stature stood above the South Col; my first reaction was one almost approaching dismay and resentment that we should be confronted with such a problem after struggling so far toward the end of our journey.

And what of the South Col at our feet? We looked down upon as dreary and desolate a place as I ever expect to see: a broad plateau, perhaps one hundred yards along each edge, its northern and southern limits set by the steepening slopes rising toward Everest and Lhotse, falling away abruptly westward into the Cwm and eastward down the Kangshung Face. The surface of this waste is partly covered by stones, partly with sheets of bare bluish ice. And the wind adds to the sense of dread which possesses this place. It was blowing fiercely as we went down the slope which must be descended from the top of the Spur to reach the level surface of the Col. We were making toward the right where there were some patches of color among the stones; orange caught the eye. These patches marked the remnants of the Swiss camp.

It was a queer sensation to go down like this at the end of our long hard climb, as though entering a trap, and this feeling was heightened by the scene which we were approaching. For there before us were the skeletons of the Swiss tents, three or four of them; they stood, just the bare metal poles supported still by their frail guy ropes, all but a few shreds of the canvas ripped from them by the wind. Around, frozen into the ice, were other fragments of cloth and, lying upon the surface, some heavier objects. I noticed two oxygen frames, a coil of nylon rope. But there was little time to take stock of our surroundings, for it was growing late and we must make haste to get our tents erected before the cold gripped us. Clothed and hooded as we were in every garment we possessed — windproofs, down jackets and trousers, down, silk and windproof gloves, all this over jerseys, woolen shirts and underclothes — it was cold enough. We pulled out the pyramid tent and set to work.

And now began a struggle the like of which none of us is likely to forget. If the wind had been strong on the Spur, it was terrible down here. My oxygen had finished and Charles Evans took his off to leave him more free to work. We were pathetically feeble, far too weak to compete against that fiendish gale. For over an hour we fought and strove with it, playing a diabolical tug of war, trying to put up one single tent. All the time the canvas was being snatched from our hands and we were being caught in a tangle of guy ropes. We staggered about, getting in each other's way, anoxic and hopelessly inadequate to cope with the conditions. Tom kept his oxygen set on for a short time and at first could not understand the antics of Charles and myself as we rolled around like drunkards. Once I tripped over a boulder and lay on my face for five minutes or so before I could muster the strength to get up. But soon Tom's oxygen gave out. He, too, fell down and also lay more or less unconscious on the ground.

By now — it might have been 5 p.m. — the two Sherpas had arrived. Balu at once crawled into the half-erected tent; he had completely lost his nerve. But he served at least one useful purpose, even if unwittingly: we were able to pass in rocks and oxygen bottles for him to weight down the inner edges of the tent. And in the end it was up, more or less. The Meade tent took less time, and by about 5.30 p.m. we three were in the pyramid, the two Sherpas in the Meade, lying amid a confusion of sleeping bags, mattresses, rucksacks, ropes and oxygen sets to recover from this ordeal.

It was already getting dark. Charles started to prime the stove. I went out to chip off lumps of ice from the surrounding boulders to melt for water and I hauled in ration packs from the dump. We sorted out the muddle as best we could and crawled into our bags clothed in everything including windproofs. Between 5.30 and 9 p.m. we brewed and drank no less than four mugs of liquid each; there was lemonade, soup, tea and cocoa. It was most satisfying. While Charles and I were occupied in this way, Tom was fitting up oxygen equipment for sleeping purposes. We eventually settled down for the night, always conscious of that great wind outside tearing at the tent walls.

Overnight we had agreed that it would not be possible to make an early start next day, desirable though this was. We were too tired and the confusion was too great. Despite the wind, we three spent a reasonably comfortable night with the aid of oxygen. I woke abruptly and remained awake when my supply came to an end after four hours; my breathing became labored and I began to feel cold in my sleeping bag. But even so we all agreed that we felt rested and refreshed next morning. It did not take long, however, to reach a certain decision. We would postpone the attempt by twenty-four hours. The implications of this were serious enough. We should be consuming more rations, more fuel; deterioration was bound to make itself felt and we might be so weakened that this would prejudice our chances. Last but not least we were taking a big chance with the weather and especially the wind. Indeed, this was the most tantalizing aspect of all, for on this day, May 25, the wind relented, the weather was utterly clear. There was no more than a breeze blowing across the Col.

Queer Appetites on Everest

But we were not ready. Food had to be sorted out. Balu was unable to start but we hoped that with rest he might recover. The decisive factor was that the oxygen had not been prepared and this is a slow task at this altitude, for it takes infinitely longer to do simple things, let alone intricate jobs such as this. Fortunately, from the viewpoint of the overall program, there was time, for instead of following us at a twenty-four hours interval as had been planned, Ed Hillary's party would not arrive until the evening of the following day.

We spent the time restfully. After a late breakfast — I forget what we ate but remember it included some excellent Swiss honey which I had found on the Col, and our own salami sausage — I went out to tidy up around the tents. Da Namgyal came to help and we put up the third tent — the little [illegible] pound "blister."

I was in a tidying mood and took a certain pleasure in lining our oxygen bottles in a neat row just outside our tent, stowing all food stores close to the entrance and placing the Swiss gear separately from our own. I also placed a small packet upon a rock. This contained photographic plates intended to record cosmic rays; it had been given me by Professor Fugster of Zurich University during our visit there shortly before we left for India. These had already been exposed for nearly a fortnight at Camp VII. I very much regret to say that they have remained on the South Col, where they must by now have made a very definite recording of these interesting phenomena.

In addition to four tins of honey, some cheese and Vita Wheat, I found a tin of tunny fish among the Swiss kit. It is an interesting commentary on appetite at twenty-six thousand feet — and a fact which I mention not without a certain feeling of shame — that I was unsocial enough to conceal this titbit from my companions. I took it into the little "blister" tent and emptied the tin myself. Other mountain climbers have noted peculiarities in appetite at very high altitudes, often a desire for unavailable foods. High on Everest in 1933 Eric Shipton had a craving for a dozen eggs. His colleague Frank Smythe wanted frankfurters and sauerkraut. In his 1924 attack on Everest Dr. Howard Somervell's favorite diet was strawberry jam and condensed milk. Edmund Hillary, the conqueror of Everest, craved pineapple cubes.

Afterward I took a stroll along the Col, wearing a flimsy pair of down socks. First toward the western edge in order to peer down into the Cwm from a huge green block which had been a landmark from below. I moved slowly along, bending into the breeze. Each step had to be carefully considered, but the ground sloped gradually away and the effort was not unduly great. Reaching the brink, I looked down at last on the Nuptse Ridge, now quite undoubtedly below me, and beyond it to the lower peaks to the south, an infinite distance away. Directly below I could see quite clearly three of our earlier camps. Before leaving the edge I waved just in case anyone below should happen to be looking in this direction at that moment. As far as I know this gesture was not observed.

And so back up the gradual slopes, the wind behind me. A much greater effort this, stepping every few yards with a slight anxiety lest I should not make the distance. As I approached the tents I was astonished to see a bird, a chough, strutting about on the stones near me. At every camp we had been visited by choughs; even at Camp VII there were two or three and I had wondered then whether we should

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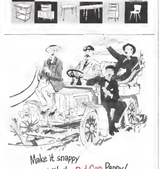
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find them on the Col. But here the bird was behaving the same at twenty-six thousand feet as his cousins had at Base Camp. During the day, too, Charles Evans saw what must have been a migration of small grey birds across the Col. Neither of us had thought to find any signs of life so high as this.

After a rest to gather strength I went out again to view the eastern panorama. The tents were more or less in the centre of the Col and the journey was much the same on the other. There was a good deal of ice to cross before I could stand at the edge. I found this tiresome in nylon-covered down socks, so much so that I did not venture too close in case a gust of wind—it was then increasing in strength—should send me sliding helplessly over the brink.

Back at camp Tom and Charles were getting ready for their attempt on the summit the next day and it seemed better to give them more space and freedom to make an early start by moving into the little tent myself. I shifted my belongings and spent a restful afternoon reading Borrow's Wild Wales. There was a great urge to do nothing—the danger signal of deterioration.

Life Wanes Four Miles Up

The rarefied air surrounding the upper part of Everest makes movement much more difficult, mental effort no less than physical is infinitely greater; lack of oxygen slows down and blurs the mental process. Beyond a certain point life itself is no longer possible. The ill effects of altitude may be retarded by a regimen of acclimatization, a gradual getting used to increasing height. Above twenty-one thousand feet, however, the policy of gradualness breaks down, for the muscle tissues begin to deteriorate fairly rapidly and the climber's resistance to cold, his fortitude in the face of wind and weather, are weakened. He tends to lose the promptings of appetite and thirst and is denied the relaxation of normal sleep.

The Meade tent was only a yard away and I shouted to Namgyal to find out how Balu was. The reply was not encouraging and I told Da Namgyal that we should share between us the loads to be carried up next day, with Tom's help. We prepared our oxygen equipment and I fetched a bottle to use that night. All was set for the great day.

I had decided overnight that since we would apparently be deprived of the services of Balu the chances of Da Namgyal and myself carrying the share of the total loads required for the top camp to the Snow Shoulder, probably nearly twenty-eight thousand feet, were very small. It seemed best now to take them as high as we could and leave the second support party, Alfred Gregory and his three Sherpas, who had rather less than half the total weight of stores to lift, the task of taking on the loads from the point where we left them. Our loads consisted of oxygen, a tent, food, kerosene, etc.—my share weighed about forty pounds. Gregory's party was bringing up four oxygen bottles and a small primus stove.

I was astir at 5.30 next morning, still feeling reasonably fresh after another four hours' use of oxygen during the night. I shouted to Da Namgyal in the neighboring tent to make sure he too was getting ready. Charles and Tom were due to start first at 6 a.m. as they had much the longer journey. I looked out at about that time hoping to see them ready to leave. But they were still within and I took no action. Shouting into the wind I would not have been heard even at that distance, five yards. Meanwhile I went on with my own preparations, putting on boots and crampons, all a deplorably slow business. Da Namgyal brought me a cup of tea and told me that Balu was in a bad way and could not come with us. Just before 7 a.m. the two of us came out on to the Col and roped up, tightening our hoods around our faces against the bitter wind.

Outside the pyramid tent was Charles Evans, crouching over his oxygen set and blowing into one of the tubes. One of the valves was repeatedly freezing up. He had been trying to get this right for over an hour. It was not a propitious start.

Some minutes later Charles Evans and Tom Bourdillon were still by their tent. The freezing-up problem still unsolved. This was serious but I suppose I was too intent on my own coming effort for that day to feel despondent about this bad news of the assault. It seemed all I could do was to carry on with my job. There was indeed nothing more to say, and words were an effort in the wind. So Da Namgyal and I started off toward the ridge soon after 7 a.m., each carrying about forty pounds on our backs and using oxygen at four liters flow per minute.

We moved very slowly. In fact the gently rising ice slopes seemed just as much of an effort as had my wanderings on the Col the day before. The ground was bare ice polished by the wind, with scattered pebbles embedded in it. As it steepened, the slope became covered with brick-hard snow on which I found that my short pointed crampons tended to scrape and slip. It was already tiring. Looking round I was delighted to see Tom and Charles just leaving the tents and moving toward me; they must have put right the defect and the first assault was on its final lap.

At the same time it was depressing to note how little progress we had made in the past half hour—perhaps one hundred and fifty feet upwards and two hundred yards in distance. I was heading for a snow-filled couloir which had been pointed out to me on a photograph by the Swiss as being the only practicable route to the South East Ridge. The ridge now towered directly above our heads, over one thousand feet up. Da Namgyal wanted me to move farther to the right, to the foot of the rock buttresses which cut off the Ridge before it reaches the edge of the Col, and by that time the gully appeared to rise so steeply that for a moment I was inclined to agree that we might as well try the alternative rock climb. But it would now have involved a long detour to the right, and there was a compelling urge to economize energy as much as possible. Indeed we already had little in reserve.

Tom and Charles were coming up fast from behind. As Da Namgyal and I stopped to take our first rest they went ahead. It was good to see that they were climbing so strongly, and I admit to feeling glad that I should be spared the labor of kicking or cutting steps higher up.

On we went—still on a hard surface in which our crampons left barely a scratch, but after a while we struck softer patches and these became more frequent as we crept up into the comparative shelter of the rock walls limiting the gully. It was pleasing to note that already we were above the top of the rocky hump which stands near the eastern edge of the South Col. The couloir steepened. At half height it was perhaps forty-five degrees; nearer its top it had risen in gradient to at least fifty degrees, making the cutting of steps—or kicking them when the snow was soft enough to make an impression—essential to comfort at this altitude.

Tom and Charles were busy with that task. It slowed them down, but they were still gaining ground on us; they were perhaps as much as forty yards ahead, halfway up the couloir. Our progress grew slower, more exhausting. Each step was a labor requiring an effort of will to make. After several steps at a funereal pace a pause was necessary to regain enough strength to continue. I was already beginning to gasp and fight for breath.

In this distress I tried a different technique: resting for a minute, then starting forward as fast as I could—it was doubtless ludicrously slow—for eight or nine consecutive paces without taking account of the need to co-ordinate my movement with breathing. I would then hang upon my axe until once more sufficiently controlled to go on. This was an agonizing performance which on reflection I do not recommend to future Everest climbers. That I experimented with it at all, flouting all the limits of mountain climbing, was a gesture of desperation.

Toward the top of the couloir Tom and Charles had traversed across it to set foot on a steep slope of mixed rock and snow; direct ascent had become awkwardly steep. We followed in the steps they had made and I sat upon the first rock ledge to take in Da Namgyal's rope as he came toward me. He did not say anything but looked woefully tired.

We went on, for the ridge was now close, up steep but easy ground until we reached the crest. Quite suddenly we had arrived at the little tent left by Lambert and Tenzing almost exactly a year before, or the ragged remains of it. Like those on the Col

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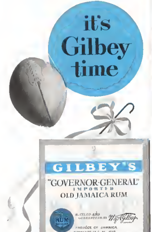

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below it had only the struts held upright still with scraps of orange cloth flapping in the wind. We fell on to the small level space just above the tent. My lungs seemed to be about to burst. I was groaning and struggling to get enough air, a grim and ghastly experience in which I had no power of self-control. But only while it lasted. For as had happened lower down in the couloir normality came quite suddenly and with it a desire to go on and ability to take an interest in the surroundings.

I looked around, first out on to the world, for we were now on its roof. Kangchenjunga and Makalu stood now above a sea of cloud which was rising rapidly all around us. The wind was already strong but we were fairly well sheltered, for as usual it was blowing from the northwest. Then I gazed down to the South Col. This was highly satisfying: the tents looked minute, for we had climbed more than twelve hundred feet, even though it had taken us almost three hours to attain this height. Below the lip of the Col we could now look straight down the Lhotse Face and upon the top of Camp VII despite all its twenty-four thousand feet. It looked an infinite distance below, and I wondered how we had managed to climb those apparently precipitous slopes above it. Lastly I glanced up the ridge, now half hidden in mist. It was snowing and the wind was in my face as I turned. There were Charles and Tom climbing the steeper ground toward the Snow Shoulder. They seemed to be going very strongly indeed, at least three hundred feet above us now. I wondered how they managed to go so steadily without taking rest.

Up till now Da Namgyal had, I believe, been climbing with less effort than myself. But now he seemed utterly done up. I spoke of going on and he was apathetic. But it is not Da Namgyal's nature to give in. Leaving one oxygen cylinder, for it was only too clear that we should not be able to continue much farther and I decided to carry this back to supplement the supplies of the second assault, we followed in the steps of the summit pair. The going was not steep at first, the ridge narrow but not uncomfortably so. But there was a tiresome layer of about three inches of powder snow upon a harder under surface masking the rocks on the crest. The track made by the others where we could trace it was a help. I resorted to some attempt at achieving a rhythm—a step, four or six gasps, another step, and so on. It was a little less painful than the rush tactics but we climbed no faster than before.

After about twenty minutes—we might have climbed a hundred feet above the Swiss tent—Da Namgyal said he could do no more. I knew him too well to doubt it, for there is no stouter hearted and less complaining man. I urged him on, for there was no satisfactory place to leave the gear at this point; a likely looking shelf could be seen above another fifty feet up. We got there and stopped. As so often happens it was disappointing—scarcely room to sit, let alone place the equipment securely. I felt I could manage yet another fifty feet and again saw what appeared to be a better ledge up the now steeper section rising toward the Snow Shoulder; the shoulder itself seemed to be only about three hundred feet above us now. But Da Namgyal could not do it and I cannot say I was sorry that he had reached his limit: I was near enough mine. So we stopped and built a cairn upon a rock on the crest of the ridge immediately above a little gap, just big enough for the tent and other stores.

There we placed the tent, food and our own oxygen bottles. To these I added a candle and matches to provide a small measure of comfort for the second summit party. The height, like others, has yet to be calculated exactly. Taking 27,300 feet as the altitude of the Swiss tent, as they had estimated, I then believed myself to be at 27,500 feet. Later we agreed to a general scaling down of all our heights and reckon this dump to be at 27,350 feet.

For no reason that I can now explain we moved a few yards across the southern slope and began very feebly to scrape out a platform. This was not logical, for I had long determined that the highest camp must be in the region of twenty-eight thousand feet and I had in mind the Snow Shoulder. Being short of one Sherpa it was fairly certain that we must leave the final lift to the second party. We again rested until about 11.30 a.m., when we were ready to start back.

It must have been while we were there that Da Namgyal removed a glove. Two days later he had a badly frostbitten finger. This was skilfully attended to by Michael Ward, the expedition's doctor, and the trouble cleared up without his having to take any drastic measures. This was the only serious case of frostbite during the whole expedition.

A Step at a Time

Carrying our empty oxygen frames we went down the ridge, now enveloped in mist, the snow on our backs. We were terribly slow and wobbly, so much so that on reaching the platform where the framework of the Swiss tent stood I decided to use oxygen from the bottle left there, at any rate for the steepest part of the couloir, to reduce the risk of an accident. But this made matters worse and I quickly took off my mask. So far I had given no thought to the efficient working of the oxygen equipment. It had never failed before and it did not occur to me to check in case there might be some blockage. This worsening effect, when tried only for a few minutes as we descended toward the couloir, may however be significant. It was not until twenty-four hours later, when unscrewing the tube connecting the mask with the set, that I discovered this was completely blocked with ice. It is mentioned here not in any sense as an excuse but simply as a possible explanation of the otherwise quite extraordinary difficulty in breathing and climbing which I experienced going up.

In the couloir we took extreme precautions. Although it has a good run out on to the stone-covered ice slopes of the Col, the height from the point where we entered it is certainly over a thousand feet above the Col and a slip would have had serious consequences. We moved singly, each alternately securing the other with a turn of the rope round the head of the ice-axe driven into the snow. First Da Namgyal would go down and I would join him, then he went down further, so it went on, rope length by rope length. Once he slipped and slid for several feet, but only until the slight amount of slack rope was taken up. It was a warning for additional care.

As we descended we could see figures spread out across the Lhotse Face coming up toward the South Col. The second assault party was approaching to join us; this was a pleasing sight.

At last we were on easier ground. When we came out of the couloir and on to the upper slopes above the Col, two of the party arrived at the tents; shortly afterward they came toward us. We were now sitting down every few paces or so, although the difficulties were over and the angle was no longer steep. We recognized Tenzing and Hillary approaching us over the icy surface. I suddenly felt as though the strength was leaving me like water. My knees gave way and I collapsed, a ridiculous figure, as they came up. Da Namgyal flopped down also while we were plied with lemonade from Tenzing's flask. Hillary helped me toward the tents, but finding that I could not make the distance hurried off to fetch his oxygen set. With a boost of six liters a minute I soon revived and we were able to complete the few remaining yards. I shall never forget their exceeding patience and kindness.

We spent an anxious afternoon with a lurking uncertainty lest Charles and Tom should not return. Later they told us the story of what they regarded as their failure but which I insist was a great triumph.

On reaching the ledge where we first stood upon the South East Ridge of Everest at 27,300 feet, Tom Bourdillon and Charles Evans were feeling well and confident. They arrived there soon after 9 a.m., having taken one and a half hours to climb thirteen hundred feet, only about the same height had to be covered to reach the South Summit. At this rate of progress—almost a thousand feet in one hour—they should have time to spare for the suspected difficulties of that final hidden ridge leading to Everest itself. Best of all, the oxygen sets were functioning well in spite of the anxiety caused earlier that morning and the fact that Charles Evans' apparatus had perforce been set at the low flow of two liters per minute. Only the weather was unfavorable, but even this was not a serious hindrance. They set off determined and full of hope.

But from this point onward the going became worse. The overlay of fresh snow called for greater care, covering the ledges and making for difficulty in getting a grip with their crampons on the hard surface beneath. They moved much more slowly. In two hours indeed they had not covered more than half the distance toward the South Peak. But they had now reached an important landmark. This was the Snow Shoulder, so noticeable a feature when seen from the top of the Geneva Spur. As Tenzing pointed out later it is probably about the highest place reached during the attempt by himself and Lambert in the spring of 1952. Clouds were all around them, snow was falling and being blown off the ridge.

As they paused on this less steep ground an awkward problem arose affecting the oxygen equipment. The soda lime canisters which form a part of the mechanism of the apparatus have an endurance of approximately three hours. They had now been going at least two and a half hours and the canisters in use might be expected to have at most a further half hour of useful life. Each man was carrying a second canister and it was now a question whether they should change to the fresh ones at this point. By doing so here they would have the advantage of a fairly spacious resting place and this might well not be available higher up. Equally important was the fact that there is a tendency for the valves in the apparatus to freeze up after a new and cold canister has been connected. This had happened only three days before when they had introduced new canisters at Camp VI on their way up to the South Col. The risk would be better faced here than on top of the South Summit, where a breakdown of this nature might have very serious consequences. Against these arguments was the objection that

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by rejecting the canisters in use they would be wasting the endurance of their oxygen equipment and would thus shorten their day. If I have gone into this problem in some detail it is merely to stress what a dilemma it must have been for Charles and Tom at twenty-eight thousand feet on the South East Ridge of Everest, hardly the most congenial place in which to consider and discuss such a nicely balanced problem, especially wearing oxygen masks.

They decided to change the canisters and went on. Charles was now having trouble again with his set, resulting in rapid labored breathing which may or may not have been due to the new canister. They arrived at the foot of the final steep rise, a great slope tilted abruptly at a high angle sweeping up toward the South Peak. The snow was unstable, a fragile crust overlying loose deep snow underneath, and Tom, who was ahead at this point, suspected its safety. Away to the left were rocks bordering the South Face where it falls away toward the western brink of the South Col. They traversed across to these, half expecting the slope to break away beneath them. The angle of the rocks was also steep and they were somewhat crumbling, but the strata dips invariably to the climber on this side of the mountain and the ledges, small though they were, tilted so as to provide accommodating holds. On and on up those last four hundred feet, very slowly now, Charles Evans in considerable trouble with his breathing. Then quite suddenly the angle eased and almost at once they found themselves standing upon the South Peak of Everest at 28,720 feet. It was one o'clock. Charles Evans and Tom Bourdillon had climbed higher on Everest by many hundreds of feet than anyone had ever climbed before. Better still, they had reached the highest summit so far climbed.

Clouds were all round them, obscuring the view, adhering like a banner to the tremendous eastern precipice falling away from the final ridge toward the Kangshung Valley. But that final ridge was clear and they were now gazing upon a problem which had intrigued all mountaineers and which we especially had all been longing to see. It was not encouraging. Viewed thus end on, it is narrow and apparently rising steeply. On the left it falls sharply away to the edge of the rocks topping the West Face of the mountain, which drops sheer seven thousand feet into the Cwm above our Advance Base. On the right, or east, is an even more abrupt precipice of even greater height, masked now by cloud. Huge ledges of snow hang over it from the crest of the ridge, cornices formed by the prevailing westerly wind.

Should they go on? For them here was a unique chance to climb to the top. But unless it were to be a one-way journey it obviously depended on the factors of time and weather; the question of time was directly linked with that of their oxygen supply. Unless they had sufficient oxygen to last the traverse along the ridge both ways and also to descend the ridge by which they had climbed it was not feasible. To estimate the time required to climb an unknown ridge, seen foreshortened in this way so that you cannot be sure the farthest visible point is the summit, is not easy. Charles Evans reckoned that it might take three hours to the top, another two hours back to the South Peak. At that rate they would long since have exhausted their remaining oxygen supply and, even had they been able to return to the South Peak without it, they would not be back there until 6 p.m., with nearly three thousand feet to descend to safety. In fact it was out of the question.

Yet it was with some reluctance that they turned to go down. Both were now very tired, emphasizing, if any further persuasion had been needed, the futility of going on toward the summit of the mountain. The trouble with Charles' oxygen set persisted. They did not fancy the small ledges on these steep rocks and took a chance now on the snow slope to the left, sinking deeply into it through the crust, but probably too tired to think of the possible consequences. The descent of fifteen hundred feet to the Swiss tent took them about two hours. Charles' state of exhaustion is shown by the fact that, sound climber as he is, he slipped on a number of occasions on the technically easy part of the ridge above this tent. It was about 3.30 p.m. when they arrived there.

Then they, like Da Namgyal and myself a few hours before, had to face the couloir. They too took the usual precautions but they were understandably more groggy than we had been. Tom led down and had just reached the end of the rope and fixed his axe as a belay when Charles came hurtling down the slope from behind "like a bullet." As the rope tightened round Tom's axe it was wrenched out of the snow and Tom was dragged from his steps, sliding with gathering speed down the hard surface of the couloir. But the jerk on the rope as the axe checked it had slowed Charles' fall. Tom instinctively took the correct action, turning on to his stomach and jabbing the pick of his axe above him into the snow as a brake. They came to a stop, waited to recover and started on down again.

On the Col I was resting in the "blister" tent, talking to Tenzing. George Lowe, our second New Zealander and the most tireless worker, suddenly put his head through the entrance. He was tremendously excited. "They're up ... by God they're up!" he shouted. This was indeed electrifying news, quite sufficient to banish the weariness of my own efforts that day. Everyone was overjoyed. The Sherpas were no less thrilled than ourselves. Indeed, perhaps more so, for they were under the impression that the peak rising from the South Col was in fact the highest point. They believed that Everest had been climbed. When they reached the tents Ang Nima turned to me and said in slang Hindi, "*Everest Khatm ho gya Sahib*," which in equally slang English may be translated "Everest has had it." For them, the spectacle had been particularly dramatic. They had been watching our progress all that morning, but Bourdillon and Evans had been hidden for some time by the clouds which now screened the mountain. At about one o'clock there was a break in the mists around the sharp snow cone of the South Peak and upon it, like insects on a wall, two little dots could be seen. They climbed steadily up that forbidding, impossibly steep-looking snow slope and soon disappeared over the top. It was as if they did not trouble to stop, intent on going farther to the utmost point beyond.

The clouds completely obscured the ridge and the wind had increased in strength. At 3.30 p.m. there was a thinning of the cloud at the top of the couloir and there they were. They came down slowly and we prepared to receive them. At 4.30 they approached the tents and we went out to meet them, burdened with their cumbersome equipment and bulky clothing, their faces frost-covered, looking like strangers from another planet. Both were utterly weary.

Failure Was a Triumph

It was natural that disappointment should have been among their feelings, to get so near the ultimate goal and then be denied it. Yet it must be remembered that they had achieved exactly what had been hoped of them. I had been insistent that the South Peak was the objective and that, by reaching it, they would provide invaluable information to the second summit pair; indeed, the two assaults were intended to be complementary. Their feat in climbing to over 28,700 feet and back in one day from the South Col was a magnificent effort, and a triumph also for the oxygen equipment on which Tom and his father had taken such infinite pains. They had sighted that last part of the ridge and were able to describe it to Tenzing and Hillary. They had given us all, by their example, incalculable confidence in final victory.

With the second assault party and their extra stores safely arrived on the South Col, preparations were made for their departure next day.

First, the Sherpas who had accompanied them, bringing up these stores, got ready to go down. Da Namgyal decided to join them, in spite of his outstanding and exhausting effort that day, and Balu also left. They were a heroic little band, whose names deserve to be specially recorded in this story of the ascent of Everest: Dawa Thondup, approaching his fifties; Da Tenzing, a near namesake of Tenzing and another veteran; little Topke, who had sometimes exasperated us in the Icefall and the Cwm by his carelessness and his irritating cough, yet with the heart of a lion; Ang Norbu, sturdy and unshakable; the jaunty Annullu, whose pace was like that of "a lost Swiss guide." No praise is too high for them.

George Lowe had escorted them up and was now asked to stay to assist in the "carry" of stores to the top camp. This I very gladly agreed to. Of the three special Sherpas accompanying this second party, the team to carry the stores up to Camp IX, only one now appeared likely to be fit to continue. This was Ang Nima, already renowned among us for his work with Lowe in the early days of preparing the Lhotse Face. The other two, Ang Temba and Pemba, my orderly, were both feeling ill on arrival. In the second team too it would be necessary for the climbers to become porters.

We were overcrowded that evening at Camp VIII. The pyramid tent was occupied by the four members of the second assault party, while we of the first party, having finished our effort, occupied the Meade designed for two. The three remaining Sherpas of the second support team somehow managed to squeeze into the tiny "blister" tent. It was a terrible night. For Hillary it was "one of the worst nights I have ever experienced." For those of us whose third night it was on the South Col, packed like sardines, managing without oxygen and exhausted after climbing high on the mountain throughout that day, it was a nightmare. The temperature was minus twenty-five degrees Centigrade and the wind, which had been strong all day long, now rose again to gale force. Pressed as we were against the walls of the tents it was as if we had no protection at all. Constantly buffeted throughout the night, there could be no question of sleep. It continued hour after hour, adding greatly to our existing state of weariness. On the morning of May 27 there was no longer any doubt about it—the first assault party was in very poor shape indeed, especially, I think, Tom Bourdillon.

My diary for this day reads as follows: "It was no surprise to find at about 8 a.m. that Ed Hillary's party had not started. The wind was blowing like mad, so much so that it was a nightmare to go out of the tent. A scene of wild confusion reigned around Everest, which was shrouded in cloud with snow being torn from the S.E. Ridge. We huddled into the pyramid and discussed the situation while Tenzing made some attempt to work the Primus—of the Sherpas only Ang Nima was showing any sign of life. A postponement of twenty-four hours was imperative; fortunately we have stockpiled enough to make this possible and the important thing is to keep up our strength by eating and drinking enough. For me, this is my third day spent on or above the Col and I've had three nights of it. It is interesting to compare our condition with that of the Swiss who spent a similar period here last year and who scarcely got down alive. Here are we, well supplied with food, fuel and oxygen, eating at twenty-six thousand feet almost as if at Base."

At about midday Charles and Tom started off on their way down. Then Charles suddenly reappeared with the alarming news that Tom could not get up the slope to the top of the spur and was in a critical state. Another

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of us must accompany him down if he were to get down alive. Here was another difficult decision. My post was here on the Col to see the big assault safely launched and decide if need be on a further postponement or possibly a withdrawal. Yet I was supporting the first assault, and by sending either Gregory or George Band would only weaken the second assault's chances. I decided I must go. So rapidly packed with much willing help and plodded very slowly up the slopes of the spur, Hillary carrying my sack.

Left Ed with parting instructions not to give in if avoidable and promising to send up a reinforcement party. We (Charles, Tom, Ang Temba and self) started slowly—so painfully slowly—down the couloir and across the big slopes beneath Lhotse. We halted frequently and for long intervals, for Tom, and to a less extent Ang Temba, were barely in control of their legs. I led; Charles brought up the rear. So it went on until very nearly at the end of our strength (except, perhaps, Charles) we staggered down the last few feet to Camp VII. To our relief and delight here we were met by Wilf Noyce and Mike Ward, who helped us in. Just as we were coming down the ice pitch above the camp Temba slipped and fell into the big crevasse. He was held by Charles, and Wilf managed to remove his sack (he was upside down) and get him up. It is indicative of my state of exhaustion that I could not find strength to lift a finger throughout this incident.

Noyce's presence at Camp VII was very fortunate. Without him Tom Bourdillon, Ang Temba and I could not have managed for ourselves that evening; he looked after us like a nurse and prepared our supper. Moreover he was halfway to the Col and, unbeknown to him, I had told Ed Hillary before leaving there that I would send up Noyce and three more volunteer Sherpas with further stores to enable them to stay out yet another day of bad weather if necessary. I also had in mind that Noyce and one or more of these men might replace any casualties up there and thus take part in the second assault. So it was that Charles Evans, who found the energy to continue on down with Michael Ward to Advance Base the same evening, was to arrange for three men to come up and join Noyce here at Camp VII on May 28.

Tom and I descended to the Cwm next morning. On the way we met Charles Wylie with three Sherpas. Wylie had rightly decided that they should not go up to the Lhotse Face unaccompanied, and he had also felt that this camp should be occupied until the return of Hillary's party. These roles he took upon himself—a great contribution to the sound conduct of the assault. It is typical of Charles that as he passed I noticed in his bulky load an oxygen bottle. This and other items of replenishment he had taken over from a fourth Sherpa who should have been with the party but who had not been able to go beyond Camp V. He was of course climbing without oxygen.

We reached Advance Base in the early afternoon, our immediate task completed. There was nothing for us now to do but await the outcome of the second assault.

It had been an anxious day waiting for news at Advance Base. The weather seemed perfect; it was cloudless and there was apparently little wind up there on the Col. We were watching the Lhotse Face all day, observing Noyce and his three Sherpas going up from Camp VII.

At the top of the Lhotse Glacier one man dropped out; soon after we noticed another of the remaining trio go back to join this one. Two only continued; two started down again toward Camp VII. It no longer looked a very promising end for Ed Hillary, whether as a reinforcement or a rescue party. Meanwhile, three others were coming down from the Col; the two groups passed, and later the descending caravan reached Camp VII. It was all most intriguing and kept our minds from brooding too much on the unseen drama higher up. Some time later no fewer than five men emerged from Camp VII and came down to the Cwm; evidently this must now include the two men who had broken away from Noyce's reinforcement party. All this activity gave rise to much conjecture.

That afternoon we had some indication of the outcome when Gregory arrived with four Sherpas, including two of the three men who had been with Noyce. Greg had great news. He had seen Ed Hillary and Tenzing at nine o'clock that morning, just as he had seen Tom Bourdillon and Charles Evans three days before as they climbed the final snow slope toward the South Peak. They were going well as he watched them. This news and in particular the time of day when he had seen them gave us good reason to be confident, and we waited impatiently for the evening, when it was hoped we should have a signal which Wilfrid Noyce and I had arranged between us. We had agreed that he would place sleeping bags on some suitable snow slope either above or just below the edge of the Col, clearly visible to ourselves at Advance Base. The placing of one bag would mean that the summit party had been unsuccessful; two bags placed side by side would spell the second ascent of the South Peak; two bags placed at right angles in the form of an L would give the glad news of complete success—the summit itself.

Would They Make It?

Our feelings may perhaps be imagined when, toward evening, light mists came up the Cwm, veiling the slopes below the South Col. In vain we strained our eyes searching those snow slopes during an occasional thinning of the cloud; no sign could be seen. The sun went down behind Pumori. The suspense continued.

We waited on next day, hoping for success, not daring to contemplate a setback. Michael Westmacott had come up overnight after doing splendid work for the past ten days in the Icefall; according to his report, later confirmed by our own observations, the ice was undergoing rapid change and he had been kept continually busy on this thankless, risky but essential task of keeping the changes in our return route charted. Our numbers, apart from those engaged in the second assault and Charles Wylie waiting in support at Camp VII, were completed next day when James Morris, The Times correspondent, came up the Cwm from Camp III, which he had reached the previous evening. The sense of expectation gripped us all and it was difficult to keep even outwardly calm.

Suddenly we saw five figures appear from behind the screening rocks of the Geneva Spur in the couloir. A sigh of relief escaped me. At least the whole assault party was complete and safe; although they were moving slowly, no one appeared to be in distress. Hillary, Tenzing, Lowe, Noyce and Pasang Phutar were on their way down. All we could do was to wait. Considering what they had been through they did not keep us long. Soon after disappearing into Camp VII three of them emerged coming down the Lhotse Face for the last time. The expedition's photographer Tom Stobart with one Sherpa set out for Camp V; he was intent on an early "shot" of the returning party, whatever their fortune.

Then five men appeared at the top of the shallow trough about five hundred yards above the camp. Some of us started out at once, Mike Westmacott and myself ahead, while our Sherpas crowded outside their tent, no less eager than the rest of us to know the result. But the approaching climbers made no sign; just plodded on dejectedly toward us; they did not even wave a greeting.

My heart sank. Weak as I was, this plod up the track was already an effort; now my feet felt like lead. This must be failure; we must now think of that third and last attempt.

Suddenly the leading man in the party—it was George Lowe—raised his axe, pointing unmistakably toward the distant top of Everest; he made several vigorous thrusts. The others behind him were now making equally unequivocal signs. Far from failure, this was IT; they had made it!

Feelings welled up uncontrollably as I now quickened my pace—I still could not muster the strength to break into a run; and Mike Westmacott was now well ahead. Everyone was pouring out of the tents; there were shouts of acclamation and joy. The next moment I was with them: handshakes—even, I blush to say, hugs—for the triumphant pair. ★

This account is part of a book, The Ascent of Everest, by Sir John Hunt, to be published soon by Hodder & Stoughton Limited, Toronto.

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MAILBAG

THE ORDEAL OF SIDNEY KATZ

My 12 Hours As A Madman (by Sidney Katz, Oct. 1) is truly the most fascinating article I have ever read. So vividly does Katz describe his tormenting hours of insanity that one cannot but help have sincerest sympathy for the mentally ill.—Ken Seely, Edmundston, N.B.

● It was a revelation. I believe that it will start the ball rolling for new approaches to the care of insanity.—Ray Eark, Victoria.

● Bravo! I think you have struck a hard blow for a very good cause.—Dr. Humphrey Osmond, Superintendent, Saskatchewan Hospital, Weyburn.

● This is just to pin a medal on Sidney Katz.—Dorothy Fuller, Kentville, N.S.

● Katz's sojourn into the realms of madness smacks of cheap publicity. Maybe he fools himself and some readers that he was ready to give his all to mental research.—Mrs. W. Hewitt, Cloverdale, B.C.

● For unadulterated trash the article by Sidney Katz takes the cake. I have been visiting my son—a schizophrenic in a military hospital for the past nine years—almost every week. During his lucid moments he can talk of the things that trouble him and they are certainly not the Arabian Nights that Katz describes. The doctors involved should hide their heads in shame to be parties to an article of this kind and Katz' "phantasmagoria" could be induced any time by a less expensive pill.—A. Samson, London, Ont.

● My observation of schizophrenics has convinced me that they do not endure the tortures that Katz—a well-balanced individual temporarily under the influence of a powerful drug—experienced and at the risk of being considered hard hearted I would say that he should not identify his feelings with theirs.

As some of the remarks indicate the schizophrenic has no, or only transient, interest in his fellows whereas Katz obviously realized throughout the ordeal that salvation lay in human contact.

While not denying that a weakening of the body does lessen the health of the mind my experience leads me to uphold the view that mental illness in all its forms—apart from congenital mental deficiency—is primarily caused by absence of the ability to reason due to self-interest being allowed to overcome social interest. This occurs as the result of mishandling in childhood.

What we need so urgently is not more and more funds for chemico-physical research but large sums for psycho-social research.—Dr. Marian N. Sherman, Victoria.

● What a noble effort in the service of science!—C. Hollwood, Saskatoon.

● In God's name never again ever another cover like that latest one on your magazine! We took ours off immediately and burnt it.—Mrs. R. M. Davis, Kitchener, Ont.

Are We Proud of a Million?

Re David MacDonald's article on K. C. Irving (The Wrong Way to Make Millions, Aug. 15). Has the time arrived when Canadians have nothing to be proud of but their millionaires? While I realize this article was not intended to portray the social, political and economic picture of New Brunswick, a follow-up on these subjects and the relationship to them of Mr. Irving and others like him might prove illuminating to Upper Canada and the rest of the country.—Mrs. M. B. Hunter, Shadyside, Ohio.

How Far to North Luff?

McKenzie Porter in his article The Jet Propelled Squire of Tolethorpe Hall (Oct. 1) says North Luffenham is twenty miles from London. Oh dear, it is over eighty miles.—P. E. Corby, Victoria.

● The correct spelling of one of the towns near North Luffenham is Oakham, not with a "n" as printed. London is between ninety and one hundred miles from Stamford, which is ten miles from the airfield.—R. M. Chilcott, Toronto.

● North Luffenham is only seven miles from Oakham. I have often cycled there to see my aunt.—John Brown, Medicine Hat, Alta.

Even by jet, it's one hundred and thirty six miles from London to North Luffenham.

An Echo of the Royal Tour

Catching up on your back numbers containing the series on The Family in the Palace (by Pierre Berton, March 15 to June 15), I see that readers have been castigating you for saying that Elizabeth occasionally used a pretty strong adjective.

I was present as the royal couple arrived at Victoria. Just as the Princess began an inspection of the naval honor guard the cannon salute boomed out. Even the necklace around her neck rattled. She said loud enough for me to hear: "They've got those damned guns too close again!"—Les Wedman, Vancouver ★

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Keeping Up (puff, puff) With Karsh

BACK from another cross-country tour, which occupied him for the better part of six months, and into our office, tired but happy, as they say, comes Yousuf Karsh with an enormous quantity of photographs, some of which you can see on pages 12 to 19. Karsh's last series of picture essays on Canadian cities was so successful that we asked him to undertake a second supplementary series and the results will be appearing in the magazine.

Maclean's readers will remember that Karsh did not please everybody with his pointed photographic remarks on various Canadian communities last year, and we suspect there will continue to be some dissidents who would prefer to see picture-postcard views of their town. For these people, who are certainly entitled to their opinion, there always the picture-postcard rack at the local drugstore.

Karsh himself, as he told newspapermen across the country, has continued to strive "for honest treatment, not for glamour or scenic effects, and to avoid the obvious wherever possible." This means that, as before, his pictures will contain some surprises and some shocks.

As usual he kept no steady hours but could be found at work at almost any time of day or night. At the Lakehead, for instance, he rushed from an evening gathering at midnight to photograph a bus chassis being washed down at Canadian Car and Foundry. The next morning, dawn found him at the ore dock. That afternoon, in hip boots, he was in the rushing waters of the Nipigon River. At Pool No. 7, the largest grain elevator in the world, Karsh watched the grain pouring out of the freight cars into storage and got an idea for a picture. "Stop the grain, please!" he cried, but for once he found himself stymied.

On several occasions Karsh had to break into his trip for other assignments. For example he went from Fort William to Ottawa to New York to Port Arthur to Calgary to Herschel Island to Aklavik to Victoria.

But this restless motion has been part of his life since he left his native Armenia in 1924, at the age of fifteen, to come to Canada. He soon won a photography prize and has been winning them ever since, including a recent award for a picture taken for Maclean's first series of city photographs. Recently he scored another photographic scoop by being the first man in North America to be allowed to photograph the priceless collection of Polish art treasures in custody in Quebec City. The assignment was carried out for Maclean's and we will present them as a special six-page full-color gift to our readers in our Christmas issue ★

In Calgary Karsh's path crossed P.M.'s.

During Stampede Week, this pose was colloquially known as the "Karsh Krouch."

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PARADE

IN WEEKES, Sask., a farmer out hunting grabbed his gun hurriedly when a covey of ducks flushed by him. He missed on his first shot and loaded without taking his eyes off the target.

But this time there was no report. He'd loaded his gun with his bullet-shaped cigarette lighter.

• • •

A resident of Shanty Bay on Lake Simcoe was napping one afternoon when the doorbell rang. She put on an old housecoat and tied a bandanna around her head before she went to the door. Through the window, to her dismay, she saw the rector so she ducked out of sight.

When his car drove off she picked up the card he had dropped through the letter slot. Under his name he had written, "You didn't duck soon enough."

• • •

When the Great Morton, hypnotist, sharpshooter, folk-song singer and memory expert, was playing Halifax recently, he appeared on the radio demonstrating his power of memory. He recalled names, dates and shirt-sizes of people he had met years ago. He added that anyone could improve his memory — "there's no reason to go through life forgetful."

Next morning the cleaner of the radio station came across a cigarette lighter and case Morton had forgotten there.

• • •

A Fort William salesman accepted a pair of rabbits as part payment on a deal. When he bedded them down for the night in his closed-in back porch, he was careful to put a batch of clover nearby.

I SAID YOU'VE GOT A REFUND COMING TO YOU!

But by morning they hadn't even sniffed at it. Instead they had snipped clean off at ground level a dozen expensive house-plant slips freshly potted by the salesman's wife.

• • •

An Edmonton family entertained a boy from the air station who was learning English. After the huge meal the hostess offered her guest a tray of nuts but he held up a restraining hand.

"No, thank you," he said. "I'm fed up."

• • •

An Ottawa housewife varnished her kitchen floor, and then went shopping, leaving firm instructions with her elderly tenant that he must not, on any account, step on the varnish. When she returned she found he had obeyed her implicitly. In order to enter the kitchen he had first laid sheets of newspaper down—and stepped on that.

• • •

In a northern B.C. village a housewife pinned up her wash while chatting with a neighbor. When she tried to string up the line with her clothesline pole it would go up only a few inches.

A lustier shove showed her why, in her haste she had pinned the flared skirt she was wearing to the line.

• • •

A young Montreal girl took in the sights of Toronto by taxi on her first arrival there. Just north of College Street the cab stopped for a policeman guiding children across the street.

As the traffic rolled on, the cabbie pulled in beside the policeman and quickly reached out and pulled the officer's cap over his eyes and then zoomed off.

The passenger cringed. "How do you get away with it?" she said.

"It's easy," said the cabbie. "He's my brother."

• • •

Two Vancouver residents in London, Eng., had arranged accommodation for everything but their car. They could find no parking place or garage for it anywhere. At last they put the problem to a bobby. Where can we leave a car for five days while we go across the Channel?

The bobby gave them his number and name and address, and they handed over the car keys. The bobby drove the car for five days, garaging it safely every night while the Canadian visitors holidayed with easy minds.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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